

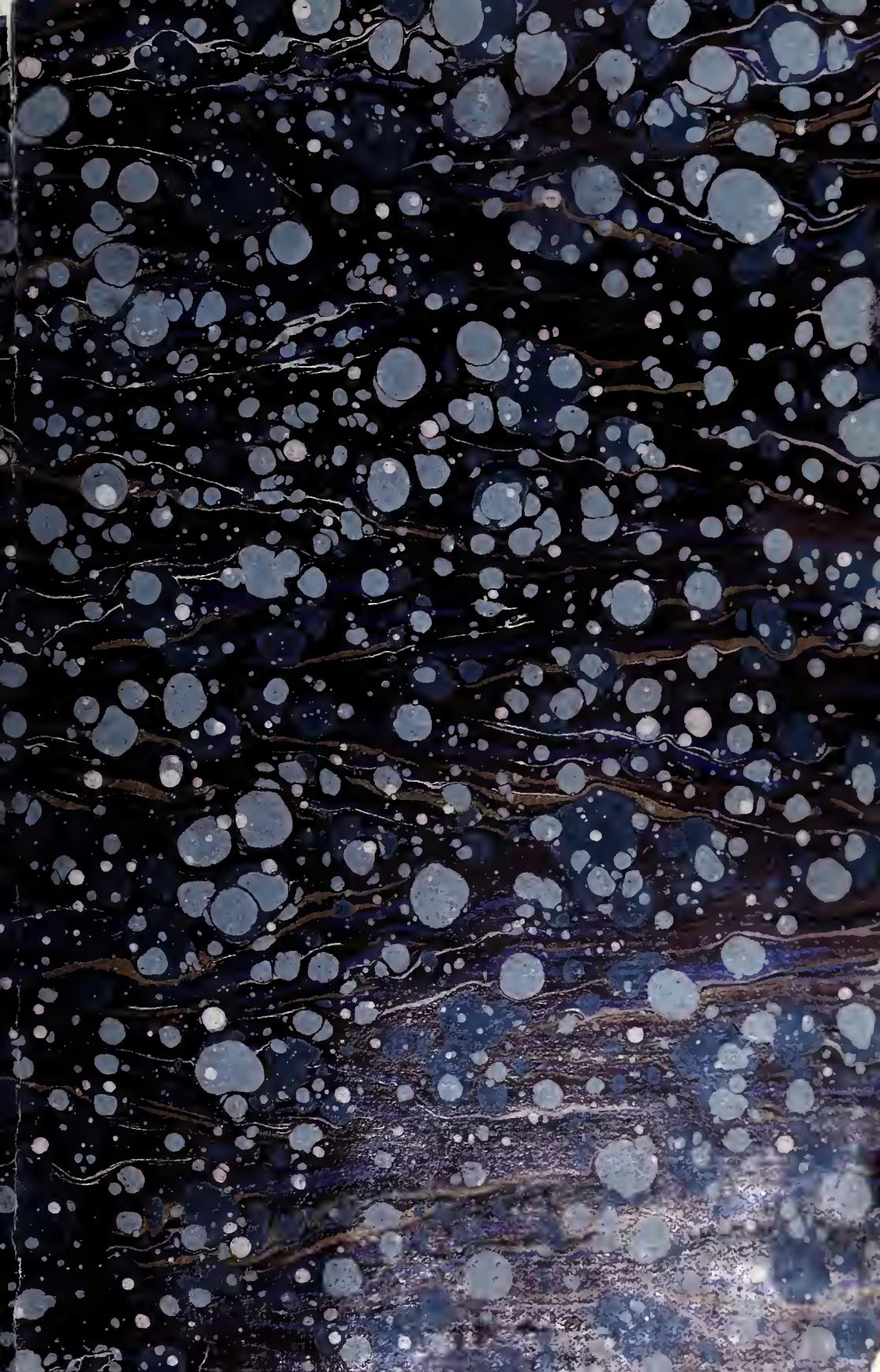


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The DOAN
~~~~~ OUTLAWS;  
or Bucks County's Cowboys in the  
REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN P. ROGERS.

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PENNSYLVANIA

The Doylestown Democrat.

DECEMBER 5, 1895

THE DOANS.

Interest in the Old Revolutionary Story Growing.

ROGERS' STORY OF THE OUTLAWS

It will be Reprinted Entire and Unabridged.—It is a Vigorous, Vivacious Narrative, Containing Charming Bits of Scenery, Word-Painting and an Absorbing Tale of Adventure in Bucks and Surrounding Counties.

Year by year, as the stirring times that tried the souls of men who sought Independence of Great Britain, recede farther into the domain of history, every incident connected therewith, however unimportant, acquires a deeper interest to the people who to-day enjoy the fruits of that struggle. Hence it is that never in our history has such an eagerness been manifested to inquire into the doings of those romantic times. Genealogy has become a passion with some, a science with others, and much pains, labor and money are employed in tracing family history. Bright minds have organized societies to look up and preserve both the real and traditional events of the Revolution, and at the present time no human struggle for freedom and existence excites so much inquiry and interest as the American Revolution. Its influence upon politics, religion and literature, not only of the fighting colonies, but of the whole civilized world, was most marked and will probably be felt for all time.

These reasons alone would be sufficient justification for the republishing of the romantic history of the famous Doan family, now out of print; but there are others. When the idea was first suggested to the DEMOCRAT, it was proposed to construct the story from all the rich materials at the command of this office. The plan has been partially abandoned, and instead the DEMOCRAT will, as the first portion of "The Doan Outlaws," republish verbatim the matchless "History of the Doans," contributed to the DEMOCRAT over 40 years ago by the late John P. Rogers, of Doylestown.

To revise Mr. Rogers' inimitable narrative by weaving other matter into it would have been to destroy much of its

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# AMERICAN HISTORY

## VARRELL'S

charm and individuality. No one can read this absorbing story without forming a very high opinion of the writer's literary ability. Rogers read man like an open book and to him nature revealed her secret beauties. His descriptive powers when he wrote this story and was in his prime are exceeded by few writers of the present day. The wood, the glen, the babbling brook—all of nature's varied beauties—are pictured with a strength and brilliancy that carries you captive to the spot. The luxurient and beautiful county of Bucks never had a poet who mirrored her beauties so perfectly in word pictures.

But the chief charm of the story by Mr. Rogers is the masterly handling of his subject. In Revolutionary history there is nothing more romantic than the deeds of daring and prowess of the Doan family. Tradition and history are inextricably mingled in the tale of love, adventure and crime here related; but it must be recollected that history is not machine made, and a great part of it rests upon tradition as its cornerstone. But tradition or fact, like the minstrels of the Romance countries, Rogers presents to us a story that has not been excelled in beauty by a local writer, while it preserves to future generations what, but for his facile pen, would have been lost, or imbedded in the triteness of sterile commonplace.

Says Mr. Rogers' in his preface: "Pity it is, that long years ago, when events with which the Doans are so intimately connected were fresh upon the minds, and their feats of daring and bravery were as familiar as household words, some one had not written graphically and faithfully their entire history! Our fathers, who then could repeat so many of their deprivations, have been called to slumber in their tomb, and we are left without compass to guide us in unraveling their mysterious conduct."

But the author's lament is not ours, for has he not done the work for us? and with such a vivacious, captivating style that there will be no regrets that his was the pen destined to immortalize the Doan history.

The public interest in the story is already manifest by the number of new subscribers added to our list. The DEMOCRAT would suggest that subscribers promptly forward their subscription at once, as it may be difficult to supply back numbers of the paper.

### The Story of the Doans.

To-day, the *Democrat*, in both the daily and weekly editions, will commence the republication of the history of the Doans, the famous refugees of the Revolution. It was written over forty years ago by the late John P. Rogers, one of our county's most prolific and, in some fields, most interesting writers. The "Doans" is his best production, and is destined to live in our county literature. The salient points of the story are true; such men were born in the near-by township of Plumstead, and played their part in the drama of the Revolution as robbers and outlaws; some of them met their death at the hands of an outraged community, while others suffered for their crimes on the gallows. They were remarkable men, and had they devoted their ability and their perseverance to gaining an honest livelihood they would, probably, have reaped equal renown in peaceful paths. As time passes, the judgment of public opinion, here in Bucks county, has undergone some change, and many, in making up their verdict feel that in some things the Doan boys were almost as much "sinned against as sinning." They were sons of Quaker parents, who took no sides in the war, and it is said they proposed to remain neutral; but living in a Scotch-Irish settlement, whose population was red hot for the Colonies, the young Doans were not allowed to take a middle course, and were finally compelled, in self-defence, to take sides with the British. Their exploits are told in Mr. Rogers' inimitable style, only dressed up enough to lend fascination to the truth. It will make delightful Winter reading for young and old, and those who do not secure it while it can be had will live long enough to regret their loss.

CHAPTER I.

Contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeling, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV.

I know that there are angry spirits  
And turbulent mutters of stifled treason,  
Who bark in narrow places, and walk out  
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;  
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,  
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.

BYRON'S DOGE IN VENICE.

**A**RNOULD for his treachery—  
Alexander for his triumph—  
Bruce for his prowess—Byron for his melancholy—  
Cromwell for his ambition—Cicero for his intellect—Webster for his statesmanship—and lastly, though purer than them all, Washington for his unsullied patriotism; with a host of others celebrated for their goodness or depravity, are names which will descend to posterity inseparably woven together upon the glowing or dark pages of this earth's history.

To acquire a notoriety boundless and illimitable, mankind has established two post roads for the dreamer after renown to pursue; one leads him on to an acknowledged supremacy of virtue; the other goal witnesses him supremely depraved. He who halts by the wayside of either is forgotten and his very bones are crushed to powder by those who eagerly follow in the race.

History, which we are accustomed to regard as the impartial chronicler of past events, telegraphs to the mind, in the same paragraph, the unequalled bravery of the undaunted Spartan who, against the most tremendous odds, defended the pass of Thermopylae so gloriously, along with the sacrilegious depravity of him who fired the Ephesian Temple. Gessler, the tyrant, and Tell, the patriot, are names which will live forever; but, alas! for reasons how different; the former for his cruelty; the latter as the intrepid champion of freedom!

Let gray-bearded moralists dispute the theory forever, if they will; but around each one, from his cradle to his grave, is unfurled the banner of fate, whose sunlike colors float in radiant hopes, or whose folds bear only in blackened characters those terrible words of misery and despair. This truth is as uncontrovertible now as when Avon's bard wrote

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we will!"

We pause not now for proof from the record to sustain this self-apparent

proposition—the annals of the world abound with illustrations of it.

Dick Turpin, the wild and reckless highwayman of merry England, possessed all the courage and energy to have qualified him for a Murat, charging with wild impetus upon a terror-stricken foe; and he who bore the dancing white plume in pride at the head of his invincible cavalry, could easily have been transformed into a marauder—if it had not been for the mysterious finger of that destiny which controlled every impulse.

If those who composed that band of refugees (whose history we are about entering upon) had not been fated to act as they unfortunately did, in that terrible contest for liberty and freedom between the mother country and our infant colonies, but had enlisted to battle for the oppressed, who may tell what blessings would now surround their names!

This noted family, from the father to the youngest son, were celebrated for courage, agility, physical strength and endurance to a most astonishing and remarkable degree. Had they espoused the rebel cause, their names would now be lauded as among the Marions of the war—the Mad Anthonys of the Revolution.

In the Autumn of 1770, at the close of a day remarkable only for those mellow tints which the dying year enrobes our own only favored clime with, when the lengthening shadows of the setting sun were throwing a golden halo over the forest trees and open heaths, might have been seen, in a sequestered dwelling, situated within sight of where the village of Plumsteadville now stands, and within about a stone's throw of what is now known as the Fisherville turnpike, two men engaged in bitter and recriminating conversation, if the countenance is any indication of what fitful temper is playing upon the mind,

The elder one belonged to that stalwart class of nobly formed men whose herculean strength and kindly bearing are, as it were, in this Liliputian age, now almost extinct. Upon his lofty brow time had marked more than the revolutions of a half a century; and his hardened hands gave token unmistakably plain of the labors they had performed. Though past what is generally estimated as the prime of life, you could easily perceive upon his furrowed features the indomitable will and firm purpose which was still struggling with the decay of years for the supremacy. His eyes bright, flash-

ing, as when the rays of the sun play upon the sword-blades of Damascus, gleamed still with all their fiery lustre of youth undimmed—keen and piercing, in truth, they were; for seldom had man been gifted with such orbs of vision. In the hey-day of merry youth, they had but to glance upon some rural maiden, and her heart surrendered to their possessor at discretion! When manhood came on apace, in all the sportive games which, in the olden time, served so admirably to expand the chest, nerve the sinews, and give strength and vigor to the human frame, his eagle eyes met such scenes in triumph as the conqueror over all competitors. It had passed into a proverb even then, "*Woe unto that man upon whom rests Doan's eagle eye in hatred!*" Its truth had been proved scores of times, and had been witnessed by hundreds; and vain and futile had been the efforts, though frequently attempted, to match him in strength or prowess. The stealthy Indian feared the stern gleaming of that eye of his—and well he might; for he never brought his trusty rifle to his shoulder but what its report told that its aim had been sure and true. In one of those ballads, a verse or two of which are now only remaining, but which were then familiar strains to the entire neighborhood, were the following:

" Well may he fear and tremble  
    Around whose arm is thrown  
        The bear-like hug and pressure  
            Of the powerful arm of Doan !

" The mightiest in wrestling  
    When out the gantlet's thrown ;  
        Let him beware ! who enters  
            In contest with the Dean !"

He whom we have been describing to you was no other than old Joseph Doan, the parent of that noted band of refugees whose deeds are now so famous.

The other occupant of the room, seated in the corner of one of those mammoth fireplaces which were then the joy and boast of our ancestors, you can easily discern, even by the dim light flickering out from the huge backlog and playing fitfully over his massive features, to be the son of the senior occupant of the apartment.

Ay! gaze intently upon him; for a more nobly formed man your eye never rested upon! Is he not the fit progeny for such a sire? a proud offspring for such a father? Of an imperial stature that Atlas might have envied, and a frame as if of iron. Admire as you must his powerful limbs, his well-knit person, his broad chest,

his maul-like hands, and his largely developed sinews and symmetry of person! Look into those dark orbs of his and quail—as well you may—for, flashing proudly out from beneath their shaggy eyebrows, as if it came welling up from his very soul, you may discover the bold and reckless spirit of a brave, yet wild and untamed youth! There is no room to criticise his shape or bearing; though large, he is not ungainly—though powerful, he is not rough, as men of extraordinary size sometimes are. You would never dream of his being fitted to grace a ball-room, or imagine him as a follower in the wake of fashion. But you would term him a forest child; fitted for the manly task of being the pioneer to civilization, the acknowledged leader in the chase, the champion whom you would select to cope with the savage. His birthplace had been where nature had displayed the wild and terrible; in infancy his ear had oft been greeted with the shrill war whoop of those desperate tribes that still fought desperately for the homes which had been wrested from them; and his eye had gazed in joy upon the mad and leaping waters of the Delaware, as they rushed adown its bosom in springtime. In boyhood, he had wandered by the banks of the Tohickon, clambered up on the heights at Point Pleasant, gunned by every cow-path in the neighborhood, fished on every stream, until every road and ravine, hill and valley, mountain and glen, were familiar to his footsteps. Is it strange then, that his mind should have been influenced by the scenes around him, when arriving at more mature years, he was allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination? Certainly it could not be presumed otherwise; and such was the result with the elder son of this household—the dauntless leader of the band of desperate men that he afterwards became—the fearless Moses Doan!

Suspend we now for a moment our narrative to explain and correct a false opinion which has, for many years, been prevalent in the community, because the truth of history imperatively demands it.

It has been repeated so often, that we regard it as almost impossible to contradict it, that one reason for the sons pursuing the course they did was that their passions were allowed full sway at home, by their parents, who were as lawless and immoral as themselves. Such was not the case. And for this emphatic denial of

slander, as unjust as it is untrue, we have the most reliable authority from the children of those persons who lived near neighbors to them at the time; and who, of all others, were the most competent judges. The father, like all of the early Friends, was proverbial for his acts of benevolence and charity; moral in his deportment, noted for his hospitality, and urbane in his intercourse with his brother farmers. The mother possessed a disposition so frequent in womankind, which may be termed gentle negativity; the most of her time being employed upon matters relating to the domestic economy of her household, or else in providing physical comforts for the welfare of her children, but little time or opportunity was left to her for the purpose of watching over them—a duty which, as they were all sons but one, she properly considered was the province of her husband. Her disposition was exactly the reverse of that which rumor has attributed to her; for, instead of being the coarse and ill-natured parent we have been led to believe, she was mild and indulgent almost to a fault; and we enter our protest against ascribing to her these degrading epithets which have been linked with her name, and which we unhesitatingly pronounce a libel upon her character and a sacriligious outrage upon her memory!

It has also been asserted that, from early infancy, the sons were given to an immoral life—that they were entirely regardless of the rights of others, and that they were accustomed to enforce their demands and wishes by a resort to blows. These statements have their origin only in the lips of those who are lovers of fiction. We will not pass judgment harshly upon their conduct when, in so doing, we would disregard the truth. The manners and customs of people, at the time we write of, were widely different from what they now are. At that period, the humane philosophy which has given birth to common schools, where the minds of youth are properly tempered and attuned to play well their part in life's arena in after years, was slumbering, with many other wholesome regulations, in the bosom of the future. The Lyceum and the Lecture Room were not dreamed of—and, as people always will have their needful amusements and proper recreations from toil and labor, the early settlers invented such games of their own, or trials of skill, congenial to their tastes; and it is unfortunate that many of them have not been continued to the present day;

for, if they had been, our generation would doubtless, see many more full-proportioned, giant-formed men, instead of the sickly, effeminate race of dwarfs which greet us in every household.

Then it was customary, on Saturday afternoons, for the young men for miles around to gather together, by a preconcerted arrangement, at some farm house and compete for supremacy in trials of manly skill; which not only tested their courage and strength, but was the talismanic wand of both these distinguishing traits of character.

Among these sports was that of pitching quoits most accurately, for from ten to twenty yards; and the precision with which they were thrown is still a theme for controversy. The trial to determine which could throw a large bullet of iron the farthest, excited the deepest interest. Then followed corner ball, jumping the cat, and terminating with wrestling and foot races.

In all these varied scenes, the Doans not only bore a conspicuous part, but were, in each of them, universally victorious over them all; which led to a wide-spread feeling of envy against them, the expression of which led to many a violent brawl, which invariably resulted in the aggressors receiving severe chastisement at their hands. The brothers, however, did not commence these difficulties, but invariably acted upon the defensive.

Return we again to their home.

"Moses," said his father, with a darkened brow and trembling voice, "I am getting old and feeble; a few more years, at best, and I will be called away from you. To you, as my eldest born and pride, has ever been given the deep solitude of a parent, but I fear me that the life you are now leading is destroying your early habits of industry and unfitting you for usefulness hereafter. Is it not so, my son?"

"You have said it—what use of my contradicting you," replied Moses Doan.

"Then you admit the error of your conduct?"

"No," he replied gruffly, "but go on; I am here to listen."

"Speak not so harshly—have I not ever been kind to you?"

"Generally; but once—" he paused and bit his lip.

"What mean you, Moses?"

"Once you struck me—an insult never before borne from friend or foe; and not soon to be forgotten."

"Did you not deserve it?"

"And if I did, could not you have used means less harsh to reprove me?"

"It is your duty to obey me, boy!"

"Duty, sir; remember that I am no longer a boy;" and he rose proudly from his seat, while his manly frame attested the truth of his assertion.

"Think you to defy your father?"

"No! but I would speak as becomes the son of such a parent."

"Never has man crossed me yet, but what this right hand of mine has rebuked his insolence; it might not be prudent for even a son of mine to tempt me too far."

"I came here at your command; not to quarrel, but to listen."

"Then hearken. It is seldom of late that you are at home; where you wander I do not know, but I fear it bodes no good to you. There are trees to be felled, woodland to clear, and crops to gather for the winter; yet you are not here to aid us."

"I eat not of your substance; this pet of mine, my darling rifle, never fails to provide me with all I need."

"Still you do not mean to be another Ishmael?"

"No; but I love the forest-wild and the pursuit of game; this dull, plodding life does not suit me. Let others plow and plant if they will; but a free and merry life for me!"

"Aye, that may do now; but it will not last, Moses."

"Well, I am in for the present; let the future take care of itself."

"Be it so, then, ungrateful child!"

"I have said it."

"Then burden me not longer with your presence."

"Have it as you wish," replied Moses, as he placed an old felt hat upon his head, and examined the priming of his gun.

"Stop, Moses! I am not angry; but duty to my other children demands that you should leave; or if you remain, be more steady and industrious. Already is your example having its influence upon Levi."

"Farewell, then!" he answered, and strode moodily out of the room.

The old man's eyes filled with tears; and he sobbed piteously.

CHAPTER II.

Misfortune brings  
Sorrow enough; 'tis envy to ourselves,  
To argument it by prediction!

QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

Ay, think upon the cause—  
Forget it not; when you lie down to rest,  
Let it be black among your dreams; and  
when  
The moon returns, so let it stand between  
The sun and you, as an ill-omened cloud  
Upon a summer day of festival.

BYRON'S DOGE OF VENICE.

**W**HEN Moses Doan, after leaving his father, came out of the house, night had covered earth with her gloomy mantle; yet myriads of stars were gleaming out from the blue dome of heaven, and twinkling a welcome o'er rill and meadow. Over the range of hills which hid the home of the Doans from the river, the moon was just rising; and its mellow light was flung in splendid spangles o'er the bounding brook that played through the meadow; and gambling amid the foliage of the trees around the old homestead. The murmuring sigh of an October night wind was wafted upon the air, as if responsive to that desolation which weighed down the spirits of Moses Doan.

As he came out into the yard, his brothers crowded around him; for his strange whims and eccentricities made him a favorite among them.

"I hav'n't much time to talk, boys; for I am going to pull up stakes and leave."

"What's up now?" said Levi.

"Never mind—" and then putting his arm around his neck, he whispered, "Go up the back way and meet me at the corner of the woods, and I'll tell you."

"You are not going to leave to-night, Moses?" asked Eleazar.

"Yes; just as soon as I can saddle my bonny horse; then I'm off."

"Why, what the devil is the matter?"

"Well, the old man and I can't hit it; and so I have concluded to leave."

"But where are you going?"

"Ah! that's hard telling—God only knows."

"Nonsense! you and dad had better make up."

"Gone too far now for that; he's obstinate, and I'm stubborn. Ah! here comes my gay and prancing steed, that bears me as if I were a feather. Ho! Wild Devil!" he shouted, and then giving a shrill whistle, the horse trotted to him and put his head

on his shoulder.

"Here's one true friend, El, that will never desert me; I've watched him from a mere colt; trained him hour after hour—well does he know my signal whistle and the sound of my voice—his foot never falters—his speed never flags; though I can guide him with my finger, there is not an arm in the entire settlement can hold him. I named him well when I christened him Wild Devil."

"Good bye, boys—God bless you!" he shouted, as with the spring of an expert horseman he rose to his saddle; and the horse galloped away with him down the lane. Reaching the place of rendezvous where he had promised to meet his brother, he found him leaning moodily against a tree.

"Cheer up, Levi! don't get the dumps about me. The old man has left me as a legacy the wide world, and I'm for the venture."

"Well, I'm tired of this dull, monotonous way of living, but the trouble is I don't know what plan to invent to mend it just now," replied Levi.

"Don't be chicken-hearted or you'll never get through; I'll make the trial, and if I'm lucky, I'll let you know.

"I think you had better stay; for I guess the old man will relent."

"Not a bit of it—too much of the Puritan blood left in him yet."

"But have you counted well the risk you run—the dangers that may and will beset you?"

"Danger, Levi, is a word whose meaning I have yet to learn."

"No one who knows you, Mose, will accuse you of cowardice; but the present unsettled state of the country where those cursed Indians are—"

"There you have hit it; that race of redskins must be exterminated; and I'm not afraid of a regiment of 'em."

"Still, if you travel alone, they will lie in wait for you; and maybe, Mose, your scalp may yet be worn as a trophy of their bravery."

"If so, you will live to avenge me."

"To be sure; but that will be a mighty poor consolation to you."

"Well, I'll risk it anyhow; now you return to the old man; and I'll take care of myself."

Wheeling his horse rapidly around, he turned him into a cow-path and galloped on, as merrily as if it was mere pastime.

"Outcast! ay, that's the word; from home and family; for what? Why, because I love the wilds of nature—its purling brooks—its rural dells;—let it be so; but heaven hears the vow, not uttered inconsiderately, but

solemnly registered at this still hour  
of nightfall—witnessed by yon stars  
and the rugged crags around me—  
*Revenge upon all Mankind!*

“ Yet,” he murmured, “ there is one  
perhaps who does care for me; who  
mayhap loves my wild and roving dis-  
position—Mary!” and as his lips ut-  
tered that rippling musical name, it  
seemed to meet an echo as it floated  
on the breeze of eventide; “ though  
words have never revealed, her eyes  
have spoken it most eloquently a hun-  
dred times. But what has one like me  
to do with love? To me it is a bauble  
not worthy of the effort to obtain; but  
I will meet that gentle maiden yet  
once again—tell her all; and then,  
Vengeance, I will be thy devotee for  
life!

“ Yes, I’ll see her ere I bid adieu to  
these scenes of my boyhood.” And  
reigning in his horse, he changed from  
the cow-path to a narrow opening in  
the dense forest, between whose banks  
of velvet moss leap the blue and dan-  
cing waters of Cutalossa creek, one  
of the prettiest of our border streams.  
Then he commenced humming over  
one of the ditties or catches so much  
in vogue at that time; whose simple  
strains were as much, if not more, the  
true interpreters of the heart, as those  
more finished warblings of modern  
birth.

Moses Doan was gifted with a voice  
of softening melody; and he gave free  
vent to it as he sang—

“ With a step like a fawn’s  
And a heart bounding free;  
She skips o’er the heather  
Like waves o’er the sea!

“ She roves o’er the mountain  
In frolicsome glee;  
Like a seraph of love-light  
Is my Mary to me.

“ Her hair like the sunbeam,  
Her brow white as pearl;  
Oh! angels might envy  
That pure forest girl!”

Onward his gallant steed bore him  
to the Delaware. There were not then,  
as now, magnificent bridges spanning  
its waters; and the only way of cross-  
ing was by fording. Even that, how-  
ever, perilous as it would now seem,  
did not daunt him; he knew full well  
the trusty horse he rode, for he had  
carried him safely o’er many a time  
before. Giving him a free rein, Black  
Devil swam with his rider over to what  
is now known as Armitage’s Island—  
that spray-encircled gem of land  
which the Creator himself set as a  
jewel on the bosom of its waves.

Here on this beauty-spot Moses  
Doan paused to rest his steed, and  
gaze with an ardor and enthusiasm of

his own upon the enchanting scene around him. Well he might; for it would be a heart more callous than his could look unmoved on the panoramic view which this Island unfurls.

Yonder from its southern point, mingle in fraternal embrace the ripples of foam parted by its obstruction; while far as the eye can reach, its waves are echoing upward in their star-worship; while as if wrapped in majesty, afar off, is upreared the frowning, rugged front of Goat Hill, off to eastward; while in the west rises, dim in the distance, the mound-like summit of Bowman's Hill. Above rise the beetling cliffs at the Narrows, but faintly visible, where old Delaware makes its imperial bend; around him on the side which bounds with a fringe of silver and a garland of green, our own county, is many an unexplored ravine and undiscovered grotto; on the other rest the sand-like lawns of New Jersey, extending in sparkling splendor far as the reach of vision itself. Earth like a wearied child was slumbering upon the bosom of its parent, with the wind for its lullaby and moonbeams for its watchers. Night is ever holy time for the loving and the loved; the trysting hour of the spirit's deep communion with its chosen mate; ay, and this it was that humbled the proud and desperate man who then gazed upon its manifold emblems of hope.

But it was no time for thought or reflection with Moses Doan, as he turned his horse to breast the stream once again; and in a few moments he had landed safely upon the opposite shore.

After riding in a brisk trot over a winding road near four miles, he came to the residence of Mr. Doremy, (the real name suppressed, for reasons which must appear obvious,) the father of the young lady who was the object of his visit.

It was now past ten o'clock, and the family, as was then the custom, had retired very early. After dismounting he wended his way to the house. As he was turning the northern corner he observed some object moving, which prevented the rays of the moon from falling upon the wall. This was in itself a slight circumstance; but then when depredations from savages were of such frequent occurrences; when night after night the torch of the incendiary sent up lurid flames from burning farm houses, followed by the deadly war-whoop and the agonizing shrieks of their many victims, it was

indispensably necessary to exercise the greatest caution and vigilance to foil their plots, and prevent the carrying out of their nefarious schemes of murder and pillage.

Moses always had his wits about him, and was proverbial through life, for his great presence of mind in the hour of trial. His keen eye had detected something wrong; and hastily kneeling down behind a pile of brush wood that was near him, he was in a position to observe everything that was passing, without himself being seen.

He listened intently for several moments, but he could hear no sound save the wind toying with the branches of the trees. The deep and earnest eyes of his were fixed upon the spot which had first riveted his attention, but there was no perceptible movement there. He was not to be thrown off his guard, for he was familiar with their mode of warfare and the deception which they practiced to lure the unwary. For a moment he had a belief that his suspicions were unfounded in reality, and that he had conjured up a phantom from his disturbed imagination; or that he had been observed in his approach to the house, and that the sound of his footsteps had given warning of his coming.

There was no tremor of the hand, no damp sweat upon the brow of Moses Doan, no nerve unstrung, no pallor of his cheek as he examined the priming of his trusty rifle, and drew from its leathern sheath a long knife, upon whose bright steel flashed the moon-beams.

It suited well his love of adventure, and his passion for excitement; he would have taken deliberate aim and fired at once, but he knew not yet whether the object crouching under the window was real or fanciful—human or brute—friend or foe; and he had not as yet become so familiar with crime so to reconcile his mind to cold blooded murder; so he determined to remain in ambush and await the result.

Suddenly there was a flash like that produced by tinder, and then arose a flame quite small from the very spot on which his basisk eyes were gleaming; and by whose lurid glare he distinguished the features of an Indian warrior which he thought he had encountered somewhere before. There was no time to be lost, for he was aware by the hissing, crackling noise that proceeded from the combustible fuel heaped against the dwelling, that

but a few moments would be necessary to envelope it in flames and utterly destroy it; yet as he heard not the war-whoop as a signal for his comrades to aid in the work of destruction; following the lead of one of those sudden and uncontrollable impulses for which he was so famous he leaped over the pile of wood behind which he had secreted himself, and quick as lightning his feet had stamped out the fire. He had however in his haste neglected his rifle, and there was no time now to return to it—for as the last spark was crushed beneath his foot, the wily savage, who was thunderstruck at the sudden appearance of what he thought to be an evil spirit—recovered from his astonishment, and raised his tomahawk high in the air, hurled it with all his strength at the head of the intruder.

It was well that Moses at that instant inclined his head a little to the right side, or that deadly weapon would have been buried in his skull. Fully sensible of the narrow escape he had made—for although he did not see it, his practiced ear readily detected its whizzing sound—he immediately commenced the pursuit of his enemy, who by this time had, coward-like, turned upon his heel and fled from him. Doan, maddened with rage and foaming with anger, rushed after him with the ferocity of a fiend unchained.

Then commenced a most gallantly contested foot race for life, for they were both well matched for the contest. The Indian was lithe of limb, and as agile as a deer; trained for running from his infancy, and against any other live man than his pursuer, the result could not long have been doubtful. But it was just in such emergencies as this that Dcan always gloried in manifesting his fleetness of foot. On they sped at a stride truly astonishing, over the level plain back of the house and up over the little hill that rose beyond it. The Indian was making a most gigantic effort to reach the place of refuge among his brethren, and escape from the power and grasp of his revengeful pursuer; knowing well his purpose, it added renewed energy to Moses, who determined if possible to overtake him before he could give the alarm.

Now the game grew desperate, indeed, as one-third of a mile had been passed, and yet the distance between them had not been shortened; while redskin, who had about twenty yards the start of him, most gallantly maintained it. They continued on till they

reached a little brook embowered in a ravine, upon either bank of which were growing the tangled bushes of the wild briar in such thickness that rendered an entrance through them extremely difficult at any time. Here the savage vainly hoped to elude him by one of those desperate leaps which he did not think Doan capable of making, but in this as the event proved he reckoned falsely.

Swinging his arms back and forth three several times to give more force to the motion, he made the jump and alighted safe on the other side, but Moses had anticipated this stratagem, and with a single bound cleared the ravine and briars. There is a reliable tradition, as much so as is possible, which I have heard from friends in Kingwood, within the past few months, that on the very next morning the space was measured from the edge of the bank where he had stood to the deep marks of his shoes on the other side, and found to be full twenty-one feet? The place was marked with stakes driven into the ground, and was for many years afterwards shown to visitors, and pointed out as the panther-leap of Moses Doan!

The Indian had been fairly outwitted and foiled, and seeing now the utter uselessness of any attempt to flee, he placed himself in a defensive position, drew his long knife, and hurriedly prepared himself for a combat which must end in the death of one, perhaps of both the contending parties.

This aroused the lion of Moses's nature, and his knife was instantaneously drawn, while his keen eye and muscular arm upraised, proved him to be as eager for the fray as was his foe.

A grand sight they presented then—both of powerful frame, immense strength, and undisputed courage. From the orb of the savage seemed flung that intense hatred with which the North American tribes universally regarded the pale-faced despoilers of the hunting ground, and by the glance of him, who claimed to be more civilized, and his proudly curled lip of defiance, you could easily surmise that thrilling through his bosom, were the oft repeated stories of innocent children butchered, and defenceless women mercilessly scalped by their bloodstained hands.

Such encounters at the period of which we write in the infancy of these colonies, were of as frequent occurrence as many years after they were on our western frontier; and from early youth the children of the first

settlers were brought up, skilled with the rifle, and expert marksmen to defend and protect their property and themselves.

It needed no bugle blast, no clarion's peal to summon these two champions into the area of deadly strife; but in the hushed hour of evening, when nature seemed whispering of peace and contentment, face to face, and arm to arm, they met like the clashing of mighty hosts. The Indian sprang first towards him, and had you seen the sharp blade in his hand and the arm that wielded it, it would have sent the life-current back cold to your heart as you predicted the result of the battle.

Raising it high above his head with an eye fixed steadily upon its glistening point, he aimed directly at the heart of his enemy; it came down with the force of an avalanche—but Doan, with one of those feats for which he and his brothers were afterwards so justly famed, and which has never been imitated by others since then, suddenly changed his position, and as the arm of the savage came down at full length, he turned from his crouching position, and struck him either near or immediately on the elbow joint, and the blow sounded like the crashing of bones. The hold upon the knife was gone, and the rebound of his arm sent it darting like a serpent through the air.

"Ha! villain; you are powerless now, and at my mercy," said Moses in a tantalizing voice; "don't you think you had better surrender, old redskin?" and he clasped his arm around him.

"No! I will die first!" was the response.

"Well, you can have your choice, old copperhead, to die either by the rope or on the fire, which you kindled a half hour ago—which do you say?"

There was no answer—but the savage realizing how desperate was his situation, wreathed his arms around him, and although he was on his guard, his foot caught in a root that protruded above the ground, and he fell heavily with the Indian upon him. This accident revived the hopes of the savage, and they rolled over and over until they reached the briars which lined the creek. Up to this time Moses had not even surmised his purpose, but now it occurred to him, that as his enemy was unarmed, he would undoubtedly endeavor to throw him in the water, and hold him under until he could drown him. Over the briars they went, the Indian straining every

nerve and muscle, and both their persons so lacerated by the thorns that pierced them, that they were bleeding profusely.

They reached the edge, and as the overhanging earth gave way beneath them, Moses loosened his hold around his body, and grappled him by the neck. Man could not bear that pressure long, and the eyes, wild and unnatural glare told plainly that suffocation must speedily ensue, had not the victor designed not to complete the tragedy so soon.

"Dog," he muttered between his closed teeth, "did you think too fool me?"

The moon shone through the trees directly upon his features, and revealed not only the despair they portrayed, but the countenance familiar to him for years past, and if the angel of mercy might before have pleaded with him to forego his purpose in accomplishing the death of his victim—her presence would not longer have been needed.

"Wretch of an off-cast race, tell me your name?" said Moses in a voice of thunder.

"Galanquo!" stammered out his prostrate foe,

"Will you lie to me?"

"It is as true as the Great Spirit knows."

"The Great Spirit knows your name to be Walking Thunder—the pretended friend of the white man—the recreant offspring of a renegade tribe! You have enjoyed our hospitality, and been the ungrateful recipient of the white man's kindness. How have you returned it? By firing our dwellings, and acting as a spy upon our conduct. I had long suspected you of treachery, and to-night I have the proof, which, as there is a God, shall send you headlong into another world! Look on me—do you not remember with whom you talked but this day week up by the Devil's Half Acre? and told me you would conduct me where the authors of the many depredations, recently committed, were concealed that we might destroy them?"

"Ah, I did not know you before," answered the savage, "your name is—is—"

"Doan, you lying hypocrite," hurriedly replied Moses, "and had it not been for my arrival here, yon dwelling, fired by your hand, would, ere this, have been a smouldering ruin, and its inmates, I doubt not, barbarously butchered. Why did you not give the signal to your partners in iniquity? Speak!"

"The flame was to be the signal, and they are waiting for it even now."

"Ha! they will wait long, I think, ere your hand gives it."

"I do not ask for life—it is at best a poor gift, and with me doubly so—shunned by my brethren, and suspected by the pale-faces, I do not fear to die. Strike when you will."

"Bravo—old Thunder; you have a happy way of suiting yourself to circumstances, haven't you?"

"Our hunting grounds have been broken up—our wigwams destroyed—our game has fled—and the leaves of our autumn are pressed no more by the light-footed deer—while the eagle has left his nest, and the bear is wandering to the setting sun; yes, I would sleep with my Fathers in peace."

"It would be glorious for you to depart as the honest chief or brave warrior goes; but you die a traitor and a foresworn wretch."

"If I do, I know that in life I have had revenge with the blood of your kindred, and more than a score of scalps have decked my girdle."

Moses had loosened his grasp to hear him talk, for he admired his boldness, when the Indian rose desperately up, and tried to throw him again, but he was unsuccessful in the attempt.

"Trying to play possum again, are you?" said Moses, as his knife was drawn—one moment he paused and looked upon his victim, and the next the steel sank to the hilt in his heart. A groan—a gurgle—a convulsive throe, and he was a lifeless corpse at his feet. The waters were crimsoned for a moment with his blood, and then resumed their crystal-like loveliness.

Thus perished most justly Walking Thunder, known through the Middle States at that time as the Spy of the Delaware!

This was the first time the hands of Moses Doan had ever been imbrued in human blood; but the safety of society then did not admit of mild punishment for grave offences, and he but acted in obedience to the dictates of self-preservation, in ridding the community of the prowling pests which invested it. As the story became circulated, his courage was the theme of universal commendation, and the children of the hardy pioneers were taught to lisp with reverence the honored name of Moses Doan.

### CHAPTER III.

Oh ! she was all !  
My fame, my friendship, and my love of  
arms,  
All stooped to her; my blood was her pos-  
session;  
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart,  
She lived with life, and far the dearer she.

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

Live not the stars and mountains ? are the  
waves  
Without a spirit ? are the dropping eaves  
Without a feeling in their silent tears ?  
Ne, no ;—

BYRON'S ISLAND.

**I**MEDIATELY after the events described in the preceding chapter, which were not as long transpiring as we have been occupied in relating them, Moses Doan left the Indian spy and retraced his steps to the house, with a consciousness of having acted right, under circumstances, and of having been the means, under Providence, of saving the life and property of a family to whom he was so much attached, as well as protecting from injury and insult that fair maiden who was to him an especial object of solicitude—at the thought of whom his manly heart bounded with an unwonted joy within its prison house.

We are not the advocates of acts of violence, or the apologists for rovers who wander idly o'er God's heritage; but commend us to the man of chivalrous and daring spirit, of free and open disposition—even wild and reckless as Mosos Doan is reported to have been—in preference to your sordid, callous, cunning man who is eternally plotting mischief in secret, to injure your character and cast a blight upon your reputation. The first one you always know where to find, for he is either your devoted friend or your unrelenting foe; and if he wishes to strike, he does it at mid-day, in the presence of a world of whose smiles he is regardless, and to whose scorn he is indifferent. The latter personage will greet you with a smile, while venom is festering in his bosom; and with a pretended esteem of the sycophant, will await a secret opportunity to plunge to the death the dagger of the assassin.

At the house of old Doremy he was no unwelcome guest, as frequent visits had abundantly satisfied him; for it was one of the many good and old-fashioned customs of our fathers, which their wiser children have seen fit to dispense with, to give the rites of social hospitality to the wanderer

and wayfayer, whoever he might be, who asked for food and shelter beneath their roof.

Moses took a searching and careful survey of the entire premises, to convince himself that there were no other intruders lying in ambush, and then threw a handful of small pebbles against the second story window upon the western side. Whether this was in accordance with any pre-existing arrangement between the parties interested, history leaves us to conjecture; but certain it is, that they have been the favorite night signal for lovers from time immemorial until the present hour; and we are equally certain that maidens are never very deaf to the approaches of any favorite suitor.

It might have been that Mary was reposing upon her couch half awake, building castles in the air; or that she had been startled from her dreams by a sound similar to the rattling of hail against the window pane. This is mere surmise, however, with us; but Moses did not need to repeat it to enable her to hear; as few moments elapsed ere a figure in white was looking out upon the moonlight. She was not spectre-like, whom to gaze on would conjure ideas of ghosts—but robed in purity, a living form of hope and consolation. His slouch cap was raised respectfully, with all the grace of a cavalier, in recognition to her; and soon the bar of wood fastening the old oaken door was removed and the house was open to his reception.

Mayhap you think, reader, that Mary incurred rather a hazardous risk in opening the mansion to one at whom she had hastily glanced by the dim and feeble rays of the moon—and that she might have admitted a stranger or a foe! Tell us, if you can, ever if the eye of woman was deceived in the recognition of a lover.

Mary Doremy received him kindly, cordially—with a heart-warm welcome, unmarked by that affectation or false embarrassment which marks our day, as she pressed the hand of him whom nature had intended as the cynosure of woman.

She was beautiful! as roses in spring-time, or planets at midnight—as lovely as are autumnal flowrets—noble and grand as the forests around her—pure as the sighing wind, that morn and even left upon her cheek the ruddy glow of health; and more than all, her mind was trained to act well her part amid the scenes and trials in which she lived; to bear her portion of the labors of the farm and

the management of the domestic affairs of the family; for the early death of her mother left her the guardian angel of that rural fireside; to gladden with her smiles and toil, the home of her remaining parent--and well had she performed most cheerfully, and faithfully, as only an affectionate daughter can, the cares that had devolved upon her.

We might indulge in rhapsody upon the color of her hair, were it not that it did not mock the raven's plume in blackness and did not imitate the golden tresses which poets love to dwell upon; for it was simply a dark shade of brown, yet of such silken luxuriance that the belle of a court might have envied her its possession. Her fingers did not taper gently, or her hand was not as velvet to the touch or white as marble--of the kind that idle wax fixtures now delight in displaying--but hardened by labor and sunburnt by exposure.

Yet, did we not say she was beautiful? We adhere to the opinion--for she possessed the nobility of soul, the loveliness of mind and a firmness of purpose that advancing years could never steal away. A devotion to pious thought, blended with a confiding tenderness that peculiarly fitted her to fulfil the important and sacred relations of a wife and a mother.

It was these prominent traits of character, revealed to the keen perception of Moses Doan years before, that had held and kept him as strongly attracted to her as the steel to the magnet. From that remembered hour when first they met, at one of the customary frolics held at a neighboring farm house, when, to the merry sound of the fiddle, she moyed o'er the sanded floor, his queenly partner in the dance; why it was, he knew not, but since then his lips ever faltered when lisping her name, as it would oft-times steal up unhidden from his heart; while her form would hover around him to the time of night-music, as the spirit of his dream.

Mayhap that the name of witching melody and silvery tone which she honored by wearing, had somewhat to do with the spell that enthralled him; that pretty, winsome name, which the lyre of Byron has embalmed in poetry, and the harp of Burns has immortalized.

Mary! how I love that simple yet holy name, for it belonged to the sainted mother of our Saviour--worn by her who gave birth to our Washington--and which was the title of the illustrious beauty of Argyle! Since then it has ever been the passport of

affection—the heritage of the lovely.

Do we weary you, reader, by pausing to remark on matters which are not wild and tragical, and which you may deem not pertinent to this history? If so, be patient but a little longer; it is well to sip from the fountain of peace ere we partake of large draughts of discord and warfare. There will be fearful events and blood-marked scenes enough for us to chronicle, and for you to weary upon, ere this history is concluded.

Moses Doan followed his fair guide through the entry into the kitchen. Upon the hearth still feebly burned the waning embers; and throwing upon them a quantity of dry wood, which was speedily kindled, and then spreading out upon the capacious fireplace, its bright flame roared, and its sparkles crackled, until the room was warmed by its heat and lighted by its glare.

Before it was drawn up one of those huge, old-fashioned high-backed settles, made for ease and comfort, which has since been expelled to make room for the modern break-neck settee. Upon this Moses reclined at his ease, with a brow as unruffled as if he had not but a short time before participated in a quarrel which had ended in death to his opponent; and like all truly brave men, he was not of that braggart mould which delights in making themselves the heroes of a vaunted prowess. Beside him, on a low chair, was seated the only one of her sex to whom he had ever given a moment's thought, with her clear blue eyes resting in joy upon him.

That interview, if portrayed by the pencil of an artist, would have made his fame eternal. The strong man, with his eagle eyes, his face still flushed by excitement, his rough and disordered dress, his brow still darkened by the rage that had recently swept o'er it, resting like a lion from fatigue. The girl of slight and graceful figure, her position indicative of a spirit of humility, and her crimson lips weathered in smiles. The shadows from the fire dancing like fairy forms o'er the wall—the loud ticking of the old eight-day family clock—the moon peering slyly in from the half-drawn curtain—the portrait of her mother above the mantle, whose eyes seemed resting upon each of them—the cat dozing in the corner—the time, midnight—the place, wilds of New Jersey.

It was a happy scene—a glorious meeting!

“Mary,” said Moses, taking her hand, which rested upon his like a

slender violet upon a rough heath;  
"Mary, you wonder I am sure, what  
brought me here at this unreasonable  
hour!"

"It is unusual for you; but candor  
impels me to say you are always—"

"Always what, Mary?—do not hesitate  
in telling me."

"Welcome." The word was uttered  
with a trembling sweetness of tone  
that stamped it with sincerity.

"God bless you, girl, for your kind  
greeting. I would have been long ere  
this, if—" and he paused, for he did  
not want to give her uneasiness.

"Tell me why."

"No matter now; some other time.  
I'm getting tired of this motinous,  
everyday life; and really, I have half  
a mind to turn savage just for the  
fun of it."

"Moses, do not talk so," she re-  
plied; "it worries me to hear you give  
expression to such foolish thoughts."

"Forgive me, but I must; you are  
the only one on earth with whom  
I converse unreservedly; and you  
surely will listen?"

"Yes, if you insist upon it;" and she  
turned her face confidingly towards  
him. "But see! why, there is blood  
upon your arm—have you been  
wounded?—has any one attacked  
you? Tell me all."

"It is only a slight scratch, that  
does not pain me."

"What cause it?"

"Well, how inquisitive you women  
are—it was Eve's curiosity, they tell  
us, that turned her and Adam out of  
Paradise. Let's change the subject."

"You will please me by telling from  
what came this stain of blood."

"I suppose I must gratify you;  
although I would rather talk upon  
something else."

"There, I knew you would oblige  
me."

"Are you not afraid to hear horri-  
ble stories? It might disturb your  
dreams?"

"Not at all; the truth, however  
dreadful, is always preferable to an  
uncertainty."

"When I came here to-night, I  
found one of those rascally, skulking  
Indians prowling about the house,  
and—"

"You shot him?"

"Not so fast," replied Moses Doan,  
quickly; "you should never ask for the  
sequel until you have got the story,  
girl. I watched his movements very  
narrowly until I saw him apply the  
brand to this very house; then I  
thought it time to stop him. Seeing  
me he ran, while I pursued him to the

creek, and there we had it rough and tumble; but he came off second best, for he is lying there now quite helpless, I imagine. There now, that's all."

"No; but did you kill him or only wound him?"

"Well, if he gets up again, it will be when the dead are raised."

"When, oh! when is this horrid warfare to cease between these two conflicting parties?"

"God only knows. But you do not blame me, I hope; for it was for your sake that I destroyed him."

"You are entitled to my deepest gratitude, not only for my own preservation, but that of my father; still these scenes are terrible to me."

"Let it pass from thy memory, Mary; I would fain speak to you upon another more pleasing subject—at least to me."

"I cannot refuse listening to anything that concerns your welfare."

"Here goes, then, in my own blunt way and few words. I feel almost alone in the world—my friends do not appreciate me rightly; they wrongly ascribe my roving disposition and high impulses to other than the proper causes; and now the old man has issued his proclamation and declared me in a state of rebellion; ordering the old homestead to be barricaded against me, as if I were an outlaw. What do you think of that? for I want your opinion upon the matter, as I sometimes believe you do take more than an ordinary interest in me."

"I should suppose you knew my opinion well by this time."

"Yes, your general opinion, Mary; but I wish to know what it is under present circumstances?"

"As you desire it, I will give it frankly; I think you act very precipitately, without regard to consequences, and thereby wrong yourself and create enmities where no offence was intended. You are easily crossed, and, if thwarted in your plans, commit acts of retaliation which do injustice to your own noble nature when calmness succeeds passion."

"Pretty near correct, Mary; I guess you can read me better than any one else."

"It is because I have discovered many traits which are worthy of admiration in your character that I have always spoken freely of your faults. Prudence and careful watching over your conduct will in time increase the former and lessen the latter."

"I always liked your preaching,

Mary; but hang me if I like to practice it."

"You may live to regret not doing so; this wandering life you are leading must eventually prove of injury to you, to use no harsher term."

"For your love, dear girl, I would sacrifice most anything; now that is an honest confession."

"I can but be flattered by your preference; and if you would have me to reciprocate it, return at once to your father—acknowledge your error—abandon your present associates, and resolve to reform and become a peaceable and industrious citizen."

"Then I cannot hope to win you except by humbling myself in that way?"

"No, Moses; I am firm in my convictions of duty."

"I had not expected this from you." And he the strong man wept, for he was not hardened then.

"You would not have me deceive you. I hope always to be your friend, but never your bride until you have changed for the better your present course of life. It pains me to say it, but you desired my answer."

"Mary, the old saw says that troubles never come singly, and I believe it, for I have realized it to-day?"

"Can you blame any one for them but yourself?"

"Even if I cannot, the blow falls more severe."

"You are too generous, I think, to ask me to sacrifice my firm convictions of duty to gratify my feelings?"

"True, very true; but now there is no other course left for me to pursue but to follow out my own wild inclinations. Estranged from a father's love, and rejected by you, I am determined to war against the entire world."

"But you should not resolve so rashly, Moses."

"Oughtn't I though, when even you, the joy of my life, forsake me?"

"You speak cruelly; have I not more than once owned my partiality for you? Nay, more than that, I fear that I have loved you to deeply."

"Then say that you will be mine own, Mary—my wedded love!"

"Never! until you pursue some settled plan to obtain a livelihood; and I am satisfied you have done with sowing your wildoats."

"You are governed too much by the opinion of the world, Mary."

"There again you mistake me; I am only governed by the monitor of my own conscience, and to it alone am I responsible."

"Then why did you speak so?"

"Because you are inclined to be as reckless as you are brave—as wild as you are courageous—and are not fitted yet to bind yourself with domestic ties."

"Some evil spirit told you so."

"No; only last Saturday night you were over at the grocery, drinking the poison whiskey; and a prominent actor in the midnight revel. For this offence my pride tells me to forget you; but woman's ever faithful love whispers to me to deal with you gently."

"Our frolic wronged no one, Mary; and you cannot expect me to put on the long face of a Puritan and renounce all jovial company."

"No, I do not require that; but a love for dissipation will grow upon you—and, to be candid, Moses, you have enough of it already."

"I cannot bind myself by any promise inconsistent with my love of freedom—the fawn pines when captive, and the eagle submits not to chains."

"Then you have my answer, deeply as it grieves me."

"Perhaps some day you may learn to appreciate me better, and remember this meeting with regret."

"Heaven grant it may be so! but I fear it will not be. I had a strange presentment of coming evil last night."

"Did it relate to me?"

"Yes; but do not ask me to reveal it now; you are doubtless fatigued, and soon the morning will dawn—will you retire?"

"No!" he replied, in a voice so loud that his fair companion trembled; for in his bosom raged the fierce passions of hate and disappointment.

"Oh! speak not so unkindly."

"Woman! I have loved you with the wild and passionate devotion that has been boundless; you have, for reasons that I consider light and trifling, spurned the gift—and now, if it were possible, I will forget, but never forgive you. Alas! how true it is—there is no lasting affection—no firm constancy in womankind!"

That he felt the rejection keenly was evidenced by the tears that coursed down his cheek and buried themselves in his bosom. Yes, that man, so rough and rude to his fellows, wept—but it owed its cause more to anger than sorrow.

She mistook his emotion, and ventured to remark: "Moses, for my sake will you not act differently, and more as becomes a man?"

"No—not for you or the whole of

your perfidious sex! I have always acted as becomes a man." And as the frown upon his brow grew darker, he added—"I would bear these taunts from no other one on earth save you."

"But let us drop this unpleasant conversation; remain here to-night; think over what I have said; and in the morning you will be more calm, and judge my motives more wisely."

"If I sleep to-night, it will be with the green moss for my pillow, and the blue sky for my covering."

"Can I not persuade you to remain? The air is chill, and father will be glad to see you."

"My head reposes never again under this roof, girl; henceforth my chosen home will be in the wild-wood."

"If you will go, Moses, God's blessing linger with you ever! and Mary's prayer will ever be for your happiness."

"I need them not," he answered, pushing back from his forehead the long and silken locks of his coal-black hair, which gave him the look of one both desperate and insane.

The last remark of his was so callous and wretch-like, that she did not reply; when raising himself from off the settle, and buttoning to the neck his coarse grey coat, he added:

"I hear Wild Devil pawing the ground; he is impatient at my long delay, and he will bear me swift as an arrow far from you and the haunts of men. Good-bye!"

"Farewell!" answered Mary; and as he closed the door, pride gave way and tears came welling up from her wounded heart.

Thus they parted—like many others have done before and since; and as such instances are familiar, we need not dwell upon it.

One thought, however, we wish to transmit to our readers for reflection.

Is it not possible—nay more, is it not probable—that this proper rejection of his suit by the prudent and careful Mary Doremy, so weighed upon his sensitive spirit, and troubled his mind, as to have made it the prime cause of his after follies, in plunging him into the vortex of dissipation and crime?

Let the cold in heart smile at it as they will; but we all know that men more bright in intellect—more gifted in mind than our hero—have mourned through a solitary lifetime, in secret and sadness, upon the memory of their lost and early love; and in their dying hour have breathed in worship the name of the cherished idol, which

for many years had been to them a magic spell! How many more have had their ambition crushed—their day-dreams blighted—their panting after fame destroyed in its chrysalis, by a bitter rejection from the lips of the charmer, and become dissolute and hardened—with life a burden, without an aim, and the sky of hope not illumined with the gladsome rays of a single star!

Ascribe his after conduct and his blind career of infamy to any other cause that you consistently can; for tradition and vague rumor themselves, prolific as they are, have never given us the key to the mystery—but we are justified in assuming and believing that the true reason for his becoming an outlaw, and setting at defiance the laws of both God and man, as he afterward did, owed its birth principally to that answer which a noble sense of duty to herself and her own welfare forced her to make.

Men with his high and mettled spirit love with an intensity that whelms all else in passion—and they invariably hate to the same extreme.

This incident in his early manhood embittered him against society and social laws; and with it commenced the headlong career of the bandit Moses Doan.

CHAPTER IV.

I've been disgraced—felt a monarch's frown,  
And consequently quitted down;  
But have my fields refused their smiles so  
sweet?  
Say, have my birds grown sulky with the  
king?  
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refused to sing?  
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet?  
WALMOTT'S PETER PINDAR.

A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop  
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine  
was full  
Already. BYRON'S DOGE OF VENICE.

**D**ESPAIR has ever been a miserable companion and an unwelcome guest within the human heart; and woe and misery will ever be the portion of him who tolerates its dreary presence—yet how often do we welcome the phantom of melancholy with open arms and listen with grand and gloomy interest to its syren whisperings until they revel amid its misanthropical teachings.

God has given us his love to uphold us in the hour of trial—the stars to cheer us in our night wanderings, and rainbow rays of hope to rest upon our dreary pathway; but there are some persons who are unfortunately so constituted that a passing shadow will crush their energies, and the storm cloud blight all their visions of happiness.

To this class Moses Doan gave in his allegiance; in one day he had braved a father's displeasure, vented upon him as he conceived without sufficient cause, while his budding love for Mary had withered ere its blooming.

To one of his impetuous disposition, the first blow would have been sufficient to have embittered his mind; but coupled with the latter it was overwhelming.

As in that dawning hour of morn his steed bore him away from the presence of her whom he supposed was henceforth to be as a stranger to him, even his horse usually so spirited seemed to partake of the sullen temperament of his master, and exhibited more restiveness than was his wont.

"Ho! Wild Devil!" said his rider, as he patted his neck, "you are more uneasy than usual; what's wrong with my pet? Brute as others may deem you—to me, there seems more kindness in your heart than has ever been shown me by those of human kind who professed so much. Henceforth our pathway will be the same; our

destiny be twin : and God forgive me if we ever part until the hour of death separate us. There, what say you to that ?"

It could not be expected that the horse would reply in words; whether the gentle tapping of his neck or the welcome sound of his owner's voice aroused him we do not know, but at once his teeth champed the bit—his age rested upon his rider, and he sped merrily over the plain throwing the sand from his hoofs in clouds behind him.

"Onward my pet—bear me quickly from the haunts of sadness, to—I don't care where, so it is to new scenes and other companions—to the wigwam of the savage, or the hut of those scarcely more civilized."

Then as if to drive away sorrow he broke out with—

To a home in the wild-wood,  
Or to one by the sea—  
I reck not—I care not;  
So its distant from thee !

Though a father may frown,  
And hope disappears ;  
Though storms are around me,  
Who cares—or who fears !

Wild Devil will bear me  
Right onward—alone—  
Where love will not trouble  
The proud heart of Doan !

In the din of the battle  
By the dying one's groan ;  
At midnight will ring out  
The vengeance of Doan !

Then he relapsed into his former train of thought as to what plan would be best suited to carry out successfully his schemes of hatred.

After due reflection, he determined to join a tribe of the red men and instil into their minds that principle of hate and vengeance which was now, with him, an all absorbing passion. This was not absolutely necessary at that time, for their animosity to the pale-faces had already been manifested to an alarming extent.

At the council fires which were then burning from the waters of the St. Lawrence on the North to the Potomac on the South, and from the sea coast of the Atlantic on the East to where dance the white caps upon the bosom of the waves of Lake Erie—there was but one theme discussed, one subject talked upon. That was the rapid encroachment of the whites upon their forests and hunting grounds and the means to be adopted to prevent their advancement.

They believed conscientiously, for it had been handed down to them for generations, that the Great Spirit, pleased with their worship of him, had bequeathed this Continent to

them, to be the heritage of them and their children forever; and whoever trespassed upon their grounds without permission was committing an outrage upon their property which it was their duty to avenge by destroying the property and taking the life of the aggressor.

Whether this firm belief cherished in the bosom of these brave children of the forest was correct or not, is not our province to determine, as we have to deal with facts, not theories, in the present instance; but certain it is that many of their acts of violence were provoked by the insults and injuries of the whites, and which a people like themselves could not be expected to submit to without seeking for a retaliation which, however deplorable, must be admitted to be just.

At the time of which we are now writing, there was a regular and unbroken chain of communication existing between all of the numerous tribes of the aboriginal race that were warlike or brave.

Thus the deliberations of any one council or an account of their respective grievances, was quickly transmitted to each of the others by trusty messengers chosen for their fleetness and endurance of fatigue; and these accounts, often times exaggerated, kept alive the evil spirits of discord and dissatisfaction among what was termed the combined Lenni Lenappe nation, who were divided into three separate and important parties, the first and most celebrated of which was known as the Wolf tribe, who held their council fire generally at the Minisink flats, a short distance above the Delaware Water Gap.

The other two consisted of the Turtle and Turkey tribes; and were scattered over a wide extent of country from the Atlantic sea board on to the Blue Mountains. They were in friendly communication with the renowned Aquannschioni, otherwise termed the Six Nations, but it was with that portion of them known as the Cayugas that they were the most familiar, and maintained for many years the exchange of those courtesies which were peculiar to themselves.

Of all the tribes which then roamed over Pennsylvania and with whom this narration is more intimately connected, none were more powerful, than that known as the Monsey or Wolf tribe; and sometimes called from their place of meeting, the Minisinks.

In peace they were ever relied upon as firm and devoted friends—in war

the most relentless and unforgiving enemies. Their love was as firm as the mountains wherein they dwelt and their hatred equally as lasting. Their enmity when aroused was never quenched but with the annihilation of those who were the victims of their ire. These traits of their character had been as familiar to Moses for years as the gurgling streams around his own home; and it was to them that he determined to ally himself and wreak his hatred upon society; for in their mode of life and plan of warfare there was a congenial feeling of wild daring and a remarkable similarity of disposition that was admirably suited to display his recklessness.

To rouse them up to a sense of their injuries—to stir their blood to avenge their wrongs, there never was a man better qualified than the desperate one who had now resolved to do it. *Heart and hand—impulse and will—energy and resolution were given to the foul plan by Moses Doan!*

In the early gray of the morning, when the mist on the mountains was still waiting to be merged in love to the rising beams of the sun, he had recrossed the Delaware, nearly where its waters were sportively dashing o'er the rocks of Tumble Falls, and just above what is now known as Soliday's Island; where all that is grand in nature and picturesque in scenery is blended together, even at this day; but beautiful as it appears now, it is not as lovely as it then was—for the despoiler man has there, as everywhere else, mutilated and blurred the handiwork of God. But the gray and rugged rocks—the green and velvet moss—the playful rills and the leaping waters are there yet to gladden the eye, and wake to joy the heart of the enthusiast.

It was not then either convenient or safe, as it now is, to follow the river, on account of the jutting rocks and stones which had become loosened and fallen below; and Moses Doan struck off through the eastern part of Tinicum township, and kept inside of that long range of hills, which rise so majestically along the river, and from thence through the northern edge of Nockamixon township, and then wended his way by Falls Creek, to between the hill and the Ringing Rocks,\* and from there to the river

\*These are curious stones which when struck give forth a musical sound as the finest bell; they are solid and the reason for their peculiar and ringing tones has always remained a mystery. An investigation of the cause would prove interesting to the curious of such matters.

side, near where the hotel of John Hollahan now stands; and then following the stream to that mass of stones which are yet an object of the greatest wonder and admiration, and decidedly the greatest natural curiosity in our county, known as the GRAND Rocks, rising as they do to the height of three hundred and sixty feet from the river bank, not gradually, but like a wall, so that at a short distance they seem like the ruins of some stately castle.

As his horse carried him by the Narrows, he observed between him and what is known as Linn's Falls, a party of savages numbering some ten or twelve. As there was then no open hostility between the two races at that time he rode leisurely up to them. Their common dialect was the Algonquin, and although Moses Doan was familiar with some of the phrazes used by them, he was not sufficiently versed in it to make himself intelligible; but this difficulty was obviated by one of their number stepping forward and acting as the interpreter.

"What would our pale-faced brother say?" commenced the Indian.

"I would say that I could join your clan and wander with you," replied Moses.

"Ah! indeed—what motive have you to link your destiny with ours?"

"Hatred and vengeance of the pale-face race."

"But why not remain with your kindred; each moon is adding to their strength, while ours in glory and power is gradually wearing away?"

"You have been injured and deceived; but is not the tomahawk still within your grasp, and the torch and scalping-knife you own?"

"True; but we are powerless now; short time has passed since the tribe of Mingoes<sup>†</sup> to which we belong were many and noble—now we have to seek the hunting grounds of the Monseys, and depend upon them for safety. A few more suns will rise and the red man will sleep with his fathers, and your tribe become mighty."

"Fight on! they have betrayed your confidence; let their blood atone for the wrongs you have suffered."

"We have been in battle often, but the Great Spirit has been angry with his children, and has suffered our enemies to triumph."

"Yes, but follow secret warfare—let flames destroy, and the knife slay."

"You speak strange, brother."

<sup>†</sup>For proof of the existence and disposition of this tribe, see *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*, published in 1813.

"But true—I hate and despise them."

"Ours is a life of hardships and game is scarce now."

"No matter—go and tell your brethren I wish to join them."

"It is strange, indeed," muttered the savage."

"Will you tell them at once?"

"Let it be as you have said and wished."

"Tell them I will make common cause with them against their foe, smoke the pipe, and share the same wigwam."

"I will so tell my brethren. We are now wandering to the North, and may permit you to accompany us."

The Indian accordingly went and communicated the strange and unexpected offer to his companions, while Moses dismounted and leaning against a tree, watched their movements intently. After a long and solemn council the messenger returned and said:

"The pale-face may join our camp, and be our friend if he will promise to follow us and obey our chief—for my people have said they love his big power and they see he is mighty."

"In the presence of the Great Spirit, I promise!" was the decided reply of Moses Doan.

Then the interpreter gave a signal and others rushed to him, clasping his hands, and embracing him. They gazed with pride upon his gigantic power and strength, and examined his horse; but as he was not so fond of their caresses as his master, and manifested a repugnance against being too familiar upon a short acquaintance, they deemed it prudent to let him alone.

They journeyed on together till the lengthening shadows of the sun warned them it was time to encamp, and they selected a spot suitable for resting during the night.

The place was admirably chosen, being upon the borders of Durham township, than which there is no place more favored by nature, or more romantic in scenery within our county. Opposite to it the blue waters of the Muskonetcung pay their perpetual tribute to Mother Delaware. There, too, is located the celebrated cave, sometimes known as the Devil's Hole,<sup>†</sup> which has ever been, until within the past few years, an object

<sup>†</sup> Its position is a little north of the stream, and not far from the Delaware. It has a length of about 300 feet, an average height of twelve, and a breadth varying from four to forty feet. The floor of the cave is not level but descends as we penetrate the in-

of great attraction and wonder; but the enterprising spirit of the age has invaded its domain. Just below is Rattlesnake Hill, formerly noted for its game, and from whose summit is a magnificent view of the surrounding country; while in its rear is another equally famous, known as Mine Hill.

While seated upon the ground just before sunset the Mingoes were remarking upon Doan's rifle, and wondering among themselves if it would carry well, and whether he was accustomed to its use.

Moses, observing how curious they were, told the interpreter that if they would like to try their skill with him they might put up a mark, and he would fire at it along with them.

This proposition was willingly acceded to, the distance of one hundred yards measured, and a target, consisting of a piece of bark of the size of an ordinary quait, with the white side out, so as to make it visible, was fastened against a large tree by a wooden pin, about the size of a common nail head. There were five of their number fired, all of whom hit the tree and three of them the bark, for they were celebrated marksmen.

It now came Moses' turn; all eyes were fixed upon him as he drew his trusty rifle to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, fired. They ran to the spot and discovered to their amazement, that the bullet had struck the pin in the centre of the mark, and, shivering it to pieces, had lodged in the tree!

They looked at each other and then at Doan, who was still standing at the spot where he had fired, as calmly as if it was nothing unusual. After a brief consultation the interpreter came up to him:

"That was a splendid shot, pale-face."

"Yes," answered Moses.

"But my brethren think it was mere chance."

"Perhaps so."

"Will you fire again?"

"No."

"I will wager my rifle against yours that you cannot do that over the

terior. Its rough walls are covered with a few pendants or stalactites. Much of the bottom of the cave is covered with water, the level of which is influenced it is said by the waters of the Delaware. About half way down occurs a narrow lateral cavern, terminating in the form of the letter T. The general direction of the main gallery is S. W., becoming S. towards the remoter end. The rocks show an antichinal axis about twenty yards S. E. of the entrance of the cave, the direction of the axis and the cave nearly coinciding.—*State Geological Reports.*

second time."

"Agreed," said Moses.

The mark was again placed against the tree, while Doan reloaded his gun. Raising it to a level and throwing the dash of his eagle eye along its polished barrel he fired the second time. The Indians ran and looked at it.

He had hit the wooden pin and cleft it in twain!

Their admiration and love for this unprecedented feat completely won their brave hearts to him, and they made the very rocks re-echo with their approval.

Doan refused to accept the rifle he had fairly won from the astonished Indian, with his proverbial generosity, and this act contributed still more to the sudden liking they had taken to him—for, say what you will of the vices of the Indian, they possessed a virtue (very rare with us) of acknowledging true merit and bravery wherever they found it; whether in friend or foe!

The next morning they started on their journey and continued their march for several days, amusing themselves by shooting game to supply their physical wants. Moses was becoming more accustomed to their manners and customs, and enchanted by the wildness of the new scenes around him.

No wonder that his eye dwelt upon the manifold beauties that everywhere met his gaze. New York glories in the fame of her Irving, who has immortalized her boasted river, and who has given to fame her crags and palisades which find an echo from the lips of every cockney tourist. The glens and mountains—the rivers and dells of the land of Penn, need no gifted pen to proclaim their grandeur to the world. I have ridden upon the waters of the Hudson, and admired the views its sides unfold; but give to me our love of a Susquehanna, whose blue and bounding waves glide on to the wind music of its beetling cliff that rise from old Bald Eagle's base; or where its gay cascades dash in joy at the foot of rugged Penobscot—for there the wild, the gorgeous, the terrible are mingled promiscuously together, far more imposing and sublime.

They pursued their march onward to that famed and holy ground where nature has lavished her choicest gifts, known as the Valley of the Wyoming, and afterwards celebrated as the scene of a most horrid massacre. While resting from fatigue on the beauty-woven banks of the Lacka-

wannock creek, they were joined by quite a numerous party of friendly Indians—and mirthful sports and pastime ruled the hour—in all of which Doan participated with a zest and a relish peculiarly his own. While thus occupied in amusing themselves, an incident occurred of more than usual interest.

Wrestling, always a favorite recreation with them, had been going on for some time, and participated in by most of them—their peculiar manner deeply interesting our hero. After numerous exciting contests, during which several men had been pitted against him in vain, a tall, athletic Indian, apparently about twenty-five years, named Lockawalon, was hailed as victor and held undisputed possession of the ground. Looking around him with an air of conscious superiority, he tauntingly exclaimed:

"Why does not the pale-face try?"

This intimation was enough to summon Doan at once into the arena, for he had proved conqueror so often at home that he was anxious to give them a touch of his skill. They closed at once and a ring was formed to witness the trial—not one of the spectators doubting the result being in favor of their kinsman.

The Indian was the most agile and active, while Doan was the most muscular and powerful, and this made a splendid match. The struggle continued for some moments, without any perceptible advantage upon either side, when Doan, grappling him with almost herculean power, bent his back, and by a sudden movement of his foot threw him heavily upon the ground. When he arose he was writhing with pain, and then, eyeing his victor keenly, as if he doubted his being flesh and blood, he gave him his hand in token of his submission and friendship.

Defeated as he cheerfully acknowledged himself to be in wrestling, he proposed to give Doan another trial of his skill in leaping—to retrieve his laurels—to which proposition he very willingly acceded, and at once started and made a prodigious running jump, and then sat down upon the grass, satisfied that he could not be beaten, but in this idea, for the first time in his life he was destined to be mistaken. The Indian made his leap, and the bystanders declared it to be a tie between them, and decided there should be a second trial to determine it.

Moses leaped, and went six inches over his first effort. The Indian fol-

second time."

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lowed him immediately, and beat him near a foot! Doan eyed the ground where the mark was, with an ill-concealed air of disappointment, but seeing the utter impossibility of exceeding it, reluctantly owned up that he was vanquished.

After he returned to Plumstead, he related this while in a maudlin state of intoxication at Roderick's old tavern, and added by saying with an oath: "I jumped further than I ever did before, but even a Doan couldn't have beaten him!"

How long he remained with his new friends we have not the means of knowing, but he was absent for some time, as he visited home, and returned with his brother Levi, who had been induced through his persuasions to accompany him, and, therefore, we may reasonably infer that their mode of living was adapted to his taste.

These incidents are now published for the first time, and we are satisfied of their correctness—we may be mistaken as to the time, but not as to the facts. There is a book published, entitled the "Seven Brothers of Wyoming," which professes to give an account of their depredations along the Susquehanna. This is a palpable error, as the Doans never wandered there as a band. Other persons, who who profess to know, say that neither of them went there at any time. This we are well assured is a mistake—for if it is correct, then Moses Doan wilfully falsified without any motive that we can see, and the early settlers in the northern part of the State were mistaken when they handed down to their children the story of a tall, strange and desperate looking white man, remarkable for his strength, dwelling with the Indians about that period of time.

The next chapter will introduce us to, perhaps, at least more thrilling scenes in their eventful career.

CHAPTER V.

For me my lot is what I sought, to be,  
In life or death, the fearless and the free!  
BYRON'S ISLAND.

The hand of Douglass is his own;  
And never shall in friendship grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.  
WALTER SCOTT.

**L**IBERTY had become a goddess enshrined within the hearts of the Colonists long prior to the actual declaring of open and avowed hostility between them and Great Britain. The odious stamp act and the heavy taxes were subjects broached not only by the fireside, but borne by every passing wind into the terrified ears of our rulers!

Freedom had at once sprung into a vigorous manhood from the cradle of oppression; while from the ocean to the lakes, one spirit seemed animating the hearts of all. The clear sky of prosperity had been swept o'er by the tempest of a most righteous discontent; while men of iron nerve prepared to do battle for God and the right!

The dawn of the American Revolution was a proud period in the world's history—a mountain wave rising upon the ocean of human progress—a mighty principle, involving, perhaps, the future destiny of mankind. Few in numbers—widely scattered over a vast extent of territory—without the appliances of wealth—unassisted by any other power—the history of that momentous struggle is the most splendid tablet in the archives of a world.

We know that this subject has been the chosen theme for orators and statesmen, school-boys and pedagogues; but still it can never be worn threadbare, or become tedious; and therefore we pay to it the proper and loyal tribute of our regard.

As we write at this solemn night hour, with our mind wandering back o'er the bloody path they trod, we have visions of a Patrick Henry addressing the Continental Congress "in words that breathe and thoughts that burn"—of Hancock subscribing his name in bold characters to that parchment scroll which made its signers immortal—of Jefferson dictating the truths which made a tyrant tremble—of Washington moving nobly forward at the head of that invincible army—of Putnam dashing down the flight of steps—of Greene the brave—Marion the bold—and a thousand others whose many deeds of prowess are

familiar to every school-boy. The laurel wreath, the garland of bay leaves was by them fairly won—and they have their reward; while a mighty nation's blessing and gratitude hails them with loud acclaim as her benefactors.

But we must on with our history.

The plains of Lexington had been saturated by the blood of those intrepid champions who became martyrs to the right, in April, 1775, and its echo came belching forth from the cannon's mouth at Bunker Hill, in the month of June in the same year; and these announcements kindled into flame the hatred of the colonists. Everywhere, as the news spread, the able-bodied men hastened to join their country's standard or revolt against the mandates of tyranny. Congress had enacted that taxes should be levied and recruits enlisted to carry on the war successfully; and although it was passed without a dissenting voice, the measure still had, as the event proved, many and formidable opponents.

After the lapse of near four-score years of our existence as a nation, and as a free and happy people, it will doubtless appear strange that there should ever have been manifested an indifference as to the result of the contest, by some, which was the fact; but worse than all that, there were many who, from motives unaccountable to our minds at this period, espoused with warmth and fervor the royal cause, and became the occasion of trouble and hindrance to our army.

The Friends or Quakers have ever been averse to war, and have invariably carried out this cardinal principle of their faith, both in theory and practice, from the days of the first founders of their sect to the present hour, at all hazards and sacrifices; and in the dark days of the Revolution they clung to this belief with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, refusing to pay their apportioned tribute, and submitting without a murmur to the confiscation of their property. Many of them believed that rebellion would increase the evils under which they labored—that resistance would in the end be found to be useless, and that it was better to wait patiently for the dawning of better times.

Our county was then, as now, in some portions chiefly inhabited by Quakers, from Plumstead to Bensalem, who were quietly worshipping neath their own vine and fig tree, and who lent a deaf ear to the many

rumors of trouble from without. This was owing in a great measure to their being an agricultural community, and as a natural consequence, depending more upon the fruits of their own industry than to the chances of trade and speculations, as was the case with the merchants and mechanics of our large cities. To this large class of persons belonged the elder Doans, and they had zealously endeavored to transmit the doctrine of non-resistance to their children—with what success it will be one of the objects of this history to illustrate.

To the west of Fisherville—say a quarter of a mile—there stood in the early part of 1776, and for many years after—although all traces of its existence are now obliterated—a comfortable dwelling, inhabited by Israel Doan.

Like all other farm-houses of that day, it had been built more with an eye to comfort than any architectural idea of beauty. The front, composed of logs resting upon the thick stone walls which flanked both ends of it, looked to the south; the large oaken door of which was protected by what may be termed a portico, formed by letting the joist extend out some three feet and covered with bark. To the main building was attached a sort of an out-house, under which was built an old-fashioned oven. There were two rooms on the lower floor, the one designated as the kitchen and the other as the company room, which was only used upon special occasions. Everything about it wore the air of peace and comfort, and indicated at least the temporal prosperity of its owner, and evidenced his fostering care and prudent management in husbandry.

The time of which we are writing was in the early part of the month of February, which was exceedingly inclement, as a heavy, blinding snow storm was drifting o'er hill and plain; and the wild, piercing wind of mid-winter was howling amid the branches of the leafless forest trees that were swaying to and fro.

Israel Doan sat in his high-backed chair before the fire-place, and appeared busily engaged in deep meditation as he kept pushing the live coals ever and anon back from the hearthstone by the use of a long, heavy staff, which he held in his hand, and which of late years he had frequently been accustomed to use when walking.

His wife, a stately, matronly dame, sat by the dough-trough, busily en-

gaged in knitting a pair of woolen stockings, to encase the limbs of her husband, by the dim light of a dipped candle. They had both been silent for some time, as if holding communion with their own thoughts, when she dropped her work, and observing for the first time how absent-minded he was, said:

"What a terrible night this is at sea."

She expected this would rouse him from his reverie, but he gave no heed to it whatever, and so she spoke again in a much louder tone of voice than usual—

"Israel!"

"Well?" he replied, without ever raising his eyes or turning his head around.

"Is thee beside thyself?"

"No!" he muttered; for, like all old Quakers that I have ever met with, he was a man of few words, and never spoke much either at home or abroad.

"But thee is, though," she pertinaciously continued; but she received no reply this time, and after looking at him in amazement for a few moments, she rose from her seat and approaching near to him, laid her hand upon his shoulder to secure his attention.

"Israel Doan, what does ail thee?"

"Umph!" rejoined Israel.

"Thee needn't 'umph' me—what is thee studying about?"

"War-war!"

"Why, thee is a man of peace—what has thee to do with war?"

"Nothing."

"Then why think about it?"

"I heard our son talking about it to-day, and I fear he will join the rebels and become a man of blood."

"What! our Abraham?"

"Yes."

"Not he, Israel—calm thy mind on that; he is too timid to think of such things."

"Nay; but I fear he may be led astray, for his head seems full of tyranny and oppression, and he talketh very wild about freedom, as he calls it."

"He cannot mean it."

"Well, I fear it is even so, and that he hath listened to evil counsellors."

"What is best for us to do?" she answered, becoming evidently alarmed at the unusually earnest manner of her husband.

"Well, I really don't know, for only this morning I heard him singing away—

"The British think they're very tough,  
Just like a side of leather;  
But we can handle them quite rough,  
And tan them altogether."

"Some time ago they showed us fight  
Upon old Bunker's Hill;  
And if our memory serves us right,  
Brave Warren they did kill."

"We're fighting in a glorious cause,  
And soon the world shall see,  
The triumph of good, equal laws  
In this land of liberty."

"Yes, and he kept on singing, a great many more such foolish verses, until I stopped him and asked him what he meant by it, and that I would not suffer such wickedness upon my farm. Well, before I reached the door, he was at it again, singing away—

"King George may hold the sceptre  
In his island of the sea;  
But we won't bear his stamp act,  
Or his duty upon our tea."

"Why, dear me, Israel, the boy must be out of his wits. As I live, I never heard the like before."

"I cannot imagine where he could have learned such nonsense, unless he heard the rebels singing it when he was down to market last week, and having a good memory, he has committed it to heart."

"Well, Israel, I think it is thy duty to admonish him, and warn him of his evil course."

"He has got too old for that, and then thee knows that the neighbors all say he is a chip of the old block, and will not bear control from any one."

"But thy duty, Israel—think of that."

"I have; and perhaps it is better to warn him of his folly—as he seems starting off in the same wild career of vice that has marked the life of his cousin Moses, who has given poor brother Joseph such a heap of trouble."

"May God preserve our boy from such a course," ejaculated the good old wife.

"Amen," piously responded the lips of Israel.

There was a long pause in the conversation—when, after giving the back-log another turn with his stick, he added:

"Their school-mates always called them twins, and truly, I fear their persons are not more similar than their dispositions; one thing we may congratulate ourselves upon, that Moses is away, or he might readily incite him to deeds of wickedness."

"Yes, Moses will come to a bad end. I wonder where he is wandering now!"

"No one can tell. He has not been home for many months. Well, I de-

clare, it is now after ten o'clock. What can keep Abraham out from home such a stormy night as this, so very late? I fear he is planning mischief somewhere."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when the familiar voice of his son was heard high above the storm that raged without.

"There, now listen."

"Though rebels they may call us,  
We are their deadly foe;  
And King George, with his adherents,  
We soon will overthrow!"

"Well, really, I never heard the like," she had time to say, when the latch was raised, and knocking the snow from off his heavy, wooden shoes, their boy, as they called him, entered the apartment, and without saying a word took a seat upon a low bench near the fire.

Truly, indeed, had old Israel spoken, when he likened his son to his cousin, for they were both of the same build, form, and stature. They had the same long, silken, wavy hair, and their features bore so striking a resemblance that a person but slightly acquainted with them would be very apt to mistake one for the other.

Yet, if you look well upon him you may readily discover a most striking difference in his character and disposition from his famous cousin. In the furtive glances of his bright and piercing eye, indicative of intense passion, you may easily perceive that he was never intended for a leader in anything—while you must admit that no man could ever make a more faithful follower upon a piratical cruise or in a bandit's wake.

There is the same recklessness of disposition manifested in both; but while there is more of the devil-may-care to be observed in all the conduct of Moses—you would pick out Abraham as the most vindictive and ferocious of the two.

Many persons even now dispute as to who took the lead in the plundering expeditions in which they were afterwards engaged, and very resolutely contend that the title of Captain was accorded to Abraham by the rest of the gang instead of Moses. This idea is entirely erroneous, and has no foundation whatever in fact. It was the crafty, cunning mind of Moses that planned every scheme for the others—it was the hand of Abraham that first struck the blow in obedience to the command of Moses, who was the Napoleon in council—while Abraham was the Murat of the nefarious band—whose voice cheered on his comrades,

and who was at all times first in the assault. Moses frequently dealt charitably with his enemies when in his power, and thus manifested one of the noblest and most characteristic traits which can adorn human nature in being magnanimous towards a fallen foe—whilst defenceless woman ever found in him a protector and a friend; and the acts of violence which some of them so infamously committed upon the sex, and which will ever constitute the blackest paragraph in the history of their énemities, never received his countenance or approval, though at times when these acts of violence were perpetrated he was undoubtedly cognizant of them; but for some unexplained, yet doubtless to him satisfactory reason, he deemed it prudent not to interfere. These virtues, which were like stars peering out from the darkened cloud that enveloped his career—truth compels us to say could never be ascribed to his cousin Abraham.

Moses might forgive an injury, but Abraham never! If you fell into the power of the former, you might hope for mercy; but with the latter, your prayers and entreaties would be met only with scorn and contempt. Of all this feared and despised clan, the most relentless in his hatred, the most bitter one of them all, in his énemities was Abraham Doan!

We confess with pain that we are unable to refer to a single instance of his conduct deserving of praise, but that all his actions are worthy only of the most deep and abiding detestation in the hearts of those to whom his history was a terror then, and is now a page of the most blackened infamy.

His first predilections in the commencement of our struggles for Independence, as the reader has already ascertained by the conversation between his parents and the songs he sung, were strongly inclined towards the rebel cause, and he had even then intimated to several friends with whom he had conversed, as we are satisfied beyond a doubt, his intention of joining the Continental army, and enlisting upon the side of an oppressed and undaunted people. What motive induced so radical a reversion in his feelings, it will be our duty to disclose hereafter, together with the influences that wrought the change in his sentiments.

"Where has thee been so late, Abraham, and out in such a storm, too?" commenced the mother.

"Out visiting."

"Yes; but where, child?"

"Over at the corner."

"Any news stirring?"

"Well, yes—I calculate there is considerable of it."

"Is there any body dead? or married? or borned? or anything of that kind?"

"Heard nothing of them."

"What is there new, then; tell me?"

"Oh, they are all talkin' about war—the Parliament and goin' to be free, and 'listin' and so on."

"Thee talks about it too, don't thee, Abraham?"

"Don't know but I do some. Whenever I see a big overgrown dog trying to take advantage over a little one, I feel like jumping into him."

"Thee should leave all these evil things in the hands of Providence."

"I'd sooner trust to the powder and ball in my old rifle a darn sight."

"Tut-tut. What nonsense, boy."

"Nonsense or not; I'm beginning to get my back up, and have got a notion to make tracks, and to whip these rascally red-coats as sure as my name is Doan."

"Why, Abraham; thee must be out of thy wits," continued the mother, more astonished than ever at his strange conduct. "Does thee forget that thee has been brought up as a Friend and a man of peace? and that thee should not follow the advice of evil-disposed persons?"

"Mother, thee don't understand it; we are going to fight for our liberty."

"Don't understand it; a woman of my age don't understand it? yes, indeed I do. Has thee not always had thy liberty to go and come when thee pleased?"

"Well, I'm going for freedom, right or wrong; that's the whole of it."

"Thee is very foolish, Abraham, to talk so; but, dear me, Israel, why it is past ten o'clock; we had better go to rest now."

"Yes," replied old Israel; "and Abraham, I warn thee not to be governed by these vain men of war, who will certainly get thee into trouble."

"Oh, you don't think of the wrongs we have suffered."

"Wrongs, indeed; that is all idle talk, boy, and I fear me that one so headstrong and thoughtless as thyself will be easily led away. Come, let us sleep now and be up betimes and fodder the cattle."

"I'll be up early enough, I'll warrant you."

His parents retired with heavy hearts, mourning over the son who seemed so determined to leave the paths of peace for those of discord.

and strife.

Not so was it, however, with him, whom we have seen was the object of so much care and solicitude. His heart was beating with sympathy for the patriot cause, and a desire to redress the injuries which his own conscience told him they were suffering from, for ideas of principle and right then held the sway of his judgment; if afterwards he had perilled life and fortune in manfully battling for the right with the same energy of purpose as he became involved in the wrong, his name would have been weathered with trophies as glorious as it is now regarded with utter detestation.

If we apply harsh terms to these banded refugees, it is only because truth demands it, and not to gratify any feelings of our abhorrence. Our pen is free, and while we do not fear the censure of those who may feel disposed to palliate their conduct, we will not pander to or cater for a depraved taste, which revels only in the horrible and unnatural. The dark scenes in their life shall be faithfully portrayed, and whatever redeeming traits of character they may have been possessed of shall be as freely given to our readers.

"For the first time in my life, I really begin to think that the old folks have got uneasy about me; and I guess they have got pretty good reason for it, too," muttered Abraham to himself, as the distant sound of his father's foot-fall in ascending the steps died away upon his ear.

"Sleep, ha! let them sleep that will," he continued, "I have other fish to fry which keeps me awake. Just think of it, why I may be a Captain some day—wonder if I wouldn't make a brave looking officer?"

With such reflections coursing rapidly through his brain, he threw himself in the arm chair which his father had just quitted, and gave himself up to the guidance of these pleasing and exciting reveries. The wind whistled without, and the storm fiend crept into every crevice, while the howling blast of a winter night kept time like wild music to the warring rage of daring elements. The dying embers were one by one quietly sinking into ashes, while the dim light from the solitary candle was glimmering faintly away in the corner. Yet still he cared not for passing time, for his thoughts were bearing him on to the clash of the conflict—the war-cry of freemen, the death of the foe. It could not be said that he was either awake or asleep; but in that blest, interme-

diate state, when life's dull clogging cares are banished, and thought itself is transferred into a vast pavilion, where revel the glories of joys of youth, with sunny hopes as their partners in the wild dance of life, to the weird melody of gay and bounding hearts. Yet there he sat by the fire-place, heedless of, and indifferent to, the passing hours that were imperceptibly gliding away.

CHAPTER VI.

Revenge impatient rose,  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder  
down.  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread  
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.

COLLIN'S PASSIONS.

When purposed vengeance I forego,  
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;  
And when an insult I forgive,  
Then brand me as a slave and live.

SCOTT'S ROKEBY.

**M**IDNIGHT'S pealing chime had rang out loud and clear upon the mighty bell of human time, yet Abraham Doan did not seek his couch. Suddenly was he startled by a loud knock outside the door, and he sprang at once to his feet, somewhat alarmed, for it was the hour when ghosts and spectres are said to visit earth and hold converse with mortals; but it was not the dread of some apparition coming from the grave that possessed him, but the fear of hostile savages, who were prowling o'er the county. And then, he reasoned to himself, that no human fiend could be wandering out in such a driving, pelting storm.

The knocking was repeated still louder than at first; and then, convinced that it was not mere imagination with him, he took from the corner a large, old-fashioned broadaxe, and inquired, in a tone of voice not tremorous, but resolute:

"Who is there?"

"Your friend and relative," was the reply of the intruder.

"What—not Levi!"

"No; but your cousin, Moses Doan."

That voice of power and melody had for years been too familiar to deceive him—its sound allayed suspicion at once; and he opened the door, and in walked the powerful outlaw, as if he were a king—with his coarse gray clothes, and his old, round-top hat covered with snow-flakes, which he removed from his head, and pushed his long, silken hair from his massive brow, which the storm had clustered into ringlets.

"Mose, where on earth did you come from, through this storm?"

"Some distance, I can tell you; but, no matter Abe, what is the best news down here? how is the old folks? seen Levi lately? heard tell there is fun ahead? goin' to be more war, eh?"

"Hold on Mose; one question at a

time, or else I'll lose the run of them. The old folks are out of humor; Levi has gone over to Jersey on a shooting match, and I'm in for fighting."

" Fighting who?"

" Why, these rascally British, and driving 'em all out of the country, or to the devil, it don't matter which. They'll have to look out for my Quaker blood, when it once gets up."

" All foolishness," whispered Moses Doan; " just listen to me. What is the use of being poor all your life? Do you know that these rebels have taxed the farmers more heavily, and to carry on this war, than ever Great Britain has?"

" They need not pay it, if they do not approve of it; for father and Uncle Joseph do not contribute to it."

" Hold on—I know all their plans, and if their share is not raised within ten days, our families will be declared outlaws—as sympathizing in the tory cause, and those broad acres, which it has taken them so many years to clear and till, will all be confiscated for the use of the rebel government."

" Is that so? just tell me how you heard it."

" From one who never lies, and who is in the secret of the plot."

" Mose, I swear, if they follow out that plan, I'll turn tory in earnest, and throw up my cap for King George."

" You always act too hastily, Abe; that is your greatest fault. Now, I have seen more of the world than you have, and I've got another and better plan."

" Well, spin it out, Moses; for every one says you have got a wise head set on young shoulders."

" That is not to join either army at all, but if these rebels persist in collecting these taxes out of the hard-earned money of our parents, as they threaten to; then let us claim the protection of the British army, harrass and annoy the Colonists. We will be rewarded for it, and hark ye! Abe; we can plunder wherever we chose, and make mischief wherever we please." The last remark Moses Doan well knew would have a powerful effect upon the avaricious disposition of his cousin; and his reply gave evidence of its truth.

" That's it; I'm in for it; might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, as the old saying is."

" All's fair in time of war, Abe; and if they will take our property, we certainly have as a good a right to take theirs, without asking any questions."

" You're right there; but when did you come home? Have you and the old man made friends yet?"

" I haven't been there yet to see; but I hear he has a notion of letting them have the tax; but I will stop that mighty quick, or else my name is not Doan."

" Good; stick to it, and we will have a merry time of it."

" Will you walk over with me after breakfast and talk the matter over with him and my brothers?"

" To be sure I will, and now as it is getting late, just wait till I draw you as good a glass of old cider whiskey as ever sparkled, and then for bed." The liquor was brought, and as Moses Doan raised it to his lips, he said:

" Here's to the company of free traders, law or no law."

" Amen," responded Abraham, as he finished the draught. " By the way, Mose, you have been away and haven't heard tell of Aaron's last trick. He went down into Solebury township last week in search of employment, and was hired by a farmer to trim his apple trees. He got along very well in the morning, but after dinner came on a rain, and in order to keep dry he cut down several of the finest ones and hauled them into the wood shed. When discovered he was trimming them in there very leisurely. The farmer swore terribly, and thought he was crazy."

" More devilment about it than crazy, Abe; he will make a capital fellow in our expeditions, mind I tell you."

Moses Doan having attained the object of his visit by persuading his cousin to adopt his opinions and plans, readily acquiesced in his wish to retire, and the two bandits in embryo were soon slumbering as soundly as if their conversation had been on the most common-place topics.

Israel and his good wife were much astonished at the presence of their nephew under their roof, and wisely judged that it boded no good to their son; still they greeted him kindly, but they did not ask him from whence he came or whither he was journeying. They knew full well of the difficulties between his father and himself, and his present wild and reckless habits; yet they acted out the charitable principle of dealing gently with the erring.

Moses was in one of his sullen humors, and immediately after breakfast proposed to Abraham to start out with him, to which he consented, and they started across the fields to hold the consultation with his brothers, which they had determined upon the

night before. As they reached the woods, they encountered Mahlon Doan, who had started out gunning for rabbits; to him they revealed their plan, but he refused to give in his adherence to their plans until Moses, with his deep cunning, had convinced him that it would be carried into effect only when the proscriptive course of the Colonial government would justify their retaliation upon them for wrongs of which they would first be guilty. They persuaded him to return home with them, where Moses was to give the information of their designs which had come to his knowledge, and then decide upon the proper course of conduct for them to pursue.

It is proper to remark here, that from early childhood, all the members of old Doan's household had been under the influence of Moses, and his opinion was law among them. This long accorded supremacy to him may have had its origin in his remarkable strength—his prepossessing appearance—winning manners or admiration for his reckless daring; perhaps to all these causes combined, so that the control he exercised through life over their opinions or conduct is neither as mysterious or unaccountable as some persons would have us believe.

To most sons, the interview that he was seeking with a father from whom he had parted years before in anger would have been peculiarly embarrassing, but it was not so with him as he led the way with rapid strides through the crusted snow-drifts to the home of his childhood, from whose roof he had long been a stranger. He estimated properly the stern and unrelenting feelings of his parent, and he remembered the mad flash of his eye at the time of their separation, but the same proud blood that coursed through the veins of the father was flowing in all the warmth of youth from the heart of the son, and he would not falter in carrying out the design which had so unexpectedly brought him there.

When the trio came round by the old log barn, they observed Levi and Aaron so intently engaged in conversation that they did not notice their approach until Moses stepped up to them noiselessly and slapped Aaron familiarly upon his shoulder, when he turned round and gazed upon him as wildly as if he were one raised from the dead.

"Why Mose, you look like a madman; with your long hair hanging over your shoulders and your unshaven face, you are enough to frighten the devil himself."

"You look quite natural, Aaron; and by the twinkling of your eye, I should think you just as mischievous as ever. You needn't mind flattering me now, for we have matters of more importance to talk to you about."

Then speaking in a lower tone he revealed to him all that he had determined upon, and being assisted by Levi, who was as deep in the plot as himself, he pledged himself to follow wheresoever they might lead.

There, in that old barn on that winter's morn, was finally arranged all the schemes and modes of carrying them out, that were to cause terror and alarm over a wide extent of country, and carry fear and dismay to the hearts and homes of the early settlers. It would not take more than a casual look to convince you from their stalwart forms, their stern and cold gaze, their grenadier like appearance, that they possessed all the elements combined to make them as desperate a set of men as were ever banded together in a despicable cause.

Their number has been variously estimated as consisting of from five to eight, but we have reliable and definite information, which has been kindly furnished by an aged and venerable gentleman whose word cannot be disputed, who went to the same school with them and was familiar with their conduct in after years, that this famed company of refugees consisted of Moses Doan, who was their captain; his brothers, Aaron, Levi, Mahlon and Joseph; together with his cousin, Abraham Doan, the son of Israel. Old Joseph Doan was the father of two other children, one of whom was a daughter, and the youngest, a son, named Thomas, who never participated in scenes of lawlessness with his elder brothers. This then fixes their number beyond all cavil or dispute at six only, when they first commenced their depredations upon the community, but which was subsequently increased at different times by various ascensions, the names and characters of which will be inserted at their appropriate place in our history.

We are not informed as to what transpired at the conference held by Moses Doan with his father; but we do know that it ended in a mutual reconciliation, and at its conclusion, Joseph Doan, the elder, announced to his sons, that in obedience to their request, as well as in accordance with his own conscientious convictions of duty, no portion of his money should ever go to aid in advancing the cause

of bloodshed and strife between man and his fellows. He did not coincide at all with them in the line of conduct what it had been hinted to him they intended to pursue, but very effectually gave his advice to them to bear patiently the wrath and curses which he doubted not would be meted out to his household and himself for following out what he was satisfied in his own mind was a firm and unyielding principle of religious duty. For this, his name has been execrated and his memory blackened from that period of time to this—and, as we conceive, most unjustly. While we value and regard with a devotion that is pure and sacred the inestimable blessings which were purchased by the sacrificial blood of our Revolutionary sires; while we are not the apologists for those who saw fit to stand aloof and with arms folded looked coldly on during that memorable struggle for a nation's liberty—still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that in thus following out the mandates of a faith in which he had been reared, old Joseph Doan was guilty of no more censurable act for opinion's sake than those who upon the rack and torture have been martyrs to their belief, whether right or wrong, and whose names have been immortalized and considered as beacon lights for others to follow. We are too apt to reprobate what our own minds do not approve, without giving the same latitude of opinion to our brother.

"Hello, boys!" said Moses, as he came out of the house into the lane, "the old man can't agree to quite let us have our own way yet, but we've got him half over now and he will soon go the rest, for it is the first jump that is the hardest, you know. Now I'll ride to town and see how the land lays, find out what the rebels are at, and who is furnishing them with money, so that we can have a hand in borrowing what we never intend to pay. I left our pet, Wild Devil, at a farm house just below here, yesterday. He is sound as a dollar yet—worth his weight in gold to-day, and as full of mischief as his namesake. He will take me down there in a jiffey and back to-morrow by noon, by that time I guess there will be fun in store for us, or my name ain't Moses Doan, that's all."

"Stop, Mose," interposed Aaron; "I know two or three first-rate fellows in the neighborhood, who hate the rebels, but are, most afraid to say so—perhaps they would like to join us."

"Let them take their own way—we

can get along ourselves without the aid of such chicken-hearted cowards," he replied; and, then hastily bidding them good-bye, he started off in a half run, for the road.

His brothers went to their daily employment, but their minds were not now upon labor or given to industry; and even the hours seemed to be flagging on more slowly than ever, while they awaited the return of their captain. High noon came and passed the next day, but did not bring with it their leader, and, as a natural consequence, their anxiety was greater than ever, and many were the surmises as to the cause of his delay.

"I have it, boys," said Abraham, just as the last golden rays of sunset were lingering in its western bosom, "an idea has just struck me."

"Good," answered Aaron, "that's new entirely."

"No joking about it. Do you know old Doremy, over here in Jersey?"

"Yes," answered two or three voices.

"Well, he is a rebel, regular built, out and out; and what is more, they say he furnishes them with silver. Now, as Mose ain't come back, suppose we take a trip over and borrow a few pounds of him, just for the fun of it, to get our hand in. What do you say?"

"Agreed," they all answered, and at once proceeded to saddle and bridle their horses. After waiting until night had fairly set in, they mounted their steeds and started off in a brisk trot towards what was known as "Hard Times," a name given to the little village now called Lumberton by a tavern keeper, who, finding his custom diminishing, took some tar and painted the words upon his shutter. The sun melted the tar and it ran down the sign in streaks—when travelers were accustomed to remark, it looked like hard times indeed.

It was late when they arrived at Doremy's farm. Upon asking for admission, which was refused them, Abraham Doan seized a heavy billet of wood, and with it broke open the door, when they all rushed in. So sudden and unexpected had been the attack, that old Doremy had not had time to arm himself for defence before they were in his room, when Levi took a rough hold of him, while Abraham tied his arms behind him. They then went to the room of his daughter Mary, and after giving her time to dress, ordered her to make haste and march down stairs, as they wanted a good supper provided for them in a

hurry. As there was no choice but to obey, she set about fulfilling their commands with a heavy heart. At first glance, she mistook Levi for Moses, as the likeness between them was very striking; but a second glance convinced her that she was mistaken. She was compelled to listen to their rude jests and rough remarks, which were of quite frequent occurrence, as they had searched the cellar for whiskey, and, after they had procured it, they indulged in potations often and deep; while her venerable father, whose gray hairs should have protected him, was made the miserable butt of all their ridicule. After supper was prepared, they sat around the table and ate with a most ravenous appetite—Aaron occasionally asking the old man if he were not hungry; and then, when he refused to eat, forcing him to do so, much against his inclination. The situation of Mary, at this trying time, can be better imagined by our readers than described by us. After they had partaken heartily, Levi leaned back negligently against the wall, and having commanded silence from the rest, addressed the old man very sneeringly with:

“Don’t fret, old graybeard; we are not going to kill you, but we have a small matter of business with you. Being a little short of rhino just now, I want to borrow a few of those shining pieces in your locker that have the King’s image stamped on one side of them; don’t be afraid—I’ll give the others here present for security; all you will be required to do is either to shell out or hand over the key.”

A deep groan from old Doremy, who was suffering from the tightened cords that bound him, was the only reply.

“Now, old slabsides, you need not go on so terribly about it, for it will have to come. You hand it over slyly to the rebels, and we think we are bound to have a share of it.”

“Do you make this attack upon a peaceable man in the name of the King? or are you in his majesty’s service?”

“Ha! ha!” said Aaron, “he’s coming to again; his tongue is not near so thick as it was. Keep on, Levi!”

“None of your preaching; we make the demand in the name of the Doans! We know all about you—you are a traitor to the royal cause—there is no use to deny it. Here girl, take the candle and show me where your father

keeps his treasure."

"Come along without blubbering gal," chimed in Abraham, as he placed the candle in her hand and took a violent hold of her arm; "and, boys, you stay here and keep the old fellow from cutting loose and giving the alarm."

Knowing well the utter uselessness of resistance, she did as commanded, and led the way up stairs to her father's bed-room, in one corner of which stood a large secretary, to which she silently pointed.

"But the keys, girl, where are they?" inquired Levi, fixing upon her the fiend-like gaze of his piercing dark eye. But he received no answer, for her emotions had deprived her lips the power of utterance, and with a cheek of ashy paleness she stood before him calm, mute and lovely as a marble statue.

"Won't answer, eh? Well, I'll make short work of it, then. Abe, you run down and bring the axe and I'll soon smash an opening into the old walnut."

The axe was speedily brought, and one blow shivered its lid into pieces. Papers were examined and thrown on the floor, and old letters torn into fragments during the search for the money, which they did not find, and they became impatient.

"Mind, girl, if you have put us on a wild goose chase, you will soon repent of it," muttered Levi; and then reaching his hand into a corner of one of the pigeon holes, he drew out an old woollen stocking, and holding it up by the light, said: "Ha! Abe, we have got it at last, but it ain't such a mighty haul after all; however, it will do to start on. Let us go down and divide it. Forward—march! both of you."

After reaching the kitchen, Levi sat down, and untying the stocking, poured the gold out and counted it leisurely into five different heaps, then pushing to each one his portion, which amounted to £5 apiece, he turned to the old man:

"Never mind, Mr. Doremy; he who giveth to the poor they say lendeth to the Lord; you have that satisfaction any how to console yourself with."

"Now, boys, as we have got the chink, suppose we have a dance and then for home. Come, old dry-bones, you be my partner, can't you? It will do your old withered legs good to be put in motion once more."

Now old Doremy had never much of a taste for "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," even in early youth,

and in his present enfeebled state, amusement of that kind was to him entirely impracticable; but Levi, becoming more excited by the whiskey he had drank, made him stand along side of him, and swore he should make motions if he couldn't do anything more. Whether from physical inability or a stubborn determination to submit to their outrages no further, we do not know; but certain it is, he did not move any more than a stone, except when pushed by the iron hand of Levi. This aroused the wrath of the whole party, when it suggested itself to Aaron that there was a way to make him perform, willing or not. His eye had caught sight of a large iron bake plate hanging in the chimney by a crook, and it was but the work of a moment for him to swing it around over the blazing fire, letting it heat entirely through.

"I guess as how he will hop when he gets on that, Levi, won't he?"

"Yes, he will be apt to move then; that's a bright idea in you."

The prospect of this novel amusement caused them to suspend their dancing, but still the loud laugh went around at the thought of making their victim bounce up and down, as they termed it. Finally, the plate was sufficiently heated, and despite the tear-wrung entreaties of his daughter and the feeble resistance of the father, they put the plate in the centre of the room, and compelled him to stand upon it, while Aaron whistled a tune for him to dance by. It was not hot enough to burn him severely, but still sufficiently so to keep him moving pretty actively, while their mirth became boisterous in the extreme. This sight was more than the nerves of Mary could bear, and she swooned away, being caught while falling in the brawny arms of Abraham, who was standing near her, and the ruffian kissed her lips as she lay unconscious of what was passing.

On Moses Doan arriving home late that evening and inquiring for his brothers, he was informed where they had gone; when, without a moment's delay, he remounted his horse, and started in pursuit—not to encourage or aid them, but to prevent any insult to her who still held a place in his heart—a gem of memory amid its desert sand.

Onward he rode like the speed of an arrow, but it was impossible, from the start they had, for him to reach there until the time we have narrated. He had heard the confused uproar of their voices long before he reached

the house, and when he arrived he hastily dismounted and peeped in at the window. One look at the scene there presented was sufficient, and with a single leap he broke through the windows, and ere they were warned of his coming, he was in their midst.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might!  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame.

MOORE.

'Tis he—'tis he—I know him now,  
I know him by his pallid brow;  
I know him by the evil eye  
That aids his evious treachery.

BYRON'S GIAOUR.

**M**OSES DOAN'S compressed brow and the mad gleam of his eye revealed the fire of rage that burned within him as he sprang into the midst of the revellers at old Doremy's house.

"Abe," he said, with a voice of thunder, "unloose that girl at once," and the order was obeyed almost as soon as uttered, and then, opening his knife, he cut the cords which bound her father. Turning his face full upon the astounded group, who could not fathom the motives of his conduct, he continued:

"Shame on you all, to act so cowardly and brutal to defenceless age and helpless woman—even a savage would scorn to behave so!"

They acknowledged how merited was the rebuke by the silence which they maintained, while Mary, who had recovered, and heard his last words, without dreaming who he was, in the disturbed state of her mind, ran to him and called him her preserver, as she threw her soft white arms around his neck. Then giving him one wild, searching look, she shrieked as she drew herself proudly away:

"Moses—these villains are your brothers."

"Yes, and I am an outlaw, Mary," answered their chieftain; "but no one will dare harm you while I live, fair one. I am unworthy of you, I know, but still I can protect and defend. Now boys, to horse; there is work to be done quite congenial to your taste."

And leading the way, the others followed him submissively out of the house, and thus ended their first expedition.

The old secretary with its broken lid is still kept as a relic by the descendants of the family whose house they first plundered.

There was much dissatisfaction among the party at the severe manner in which Moses had rebuked their outrageous conduct towards old Doremy, and as they rode along over the sands, their discontent found fre-

quent utterance in curses both loud and deep, which did not fail in reaching the attentive ear of their captain. He was prudent enough, however, not to exasperate them by even replying; but knowing well their disposition, he busied himself in planning out another adventure, which, while it would turn their thoughts in another channel, would, if successful, be to them all a source of pecuniary gain.

"Boys," said he, reining in Wild Devil and wheeling him round in front of them, "horses are bringing a high price now in Philadelphia, and I know of several fine ones up here in Bedminster, belonging to men too well off to ever miss them. Now, if you are inclined that way, and will help, I will run the risk of taking them to the city and disposing of them, dividing with you equally. What do you think about it?"

"I don't care much about going into it," replied Abraham, who was still considerably riled at him, "if you are going to cut up many such capers as you have to-night, and make a fool of yourself--that's plain talk, but I mean it."

"Well, you may have your own way hereafter, if you will only stop growling. I had particular reasons for acting as I did, which I do not choose to tell you just now."

"Let it all pass, boys," said Levi; "I am in favor of making a full night of it and getting the horses."

This proposal met with a unanimous response, and after a few moments spent in consultation, Moses gave them the proper directions to guide them, and then divided them into three several parties, of two in each, including himself, and then they all started upon different routes. Where they went has always remained a mystery, but before nine o'clock the next morning they had all arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous in the woods on the right-hand side of the Easton road, as you go up, about three hundred yards this side of what is now known as Keichline's Tavern, with three as splendidly formed and spirited young horses as ever champed a bit or carried a saddle.

The place, being lonely and unfrequented, was admirably chosen for concealment, and it was decided to leave them there during the day in charge of Aaron, while the rest should return home as if nothing had happened. At ten o'clock in the evening, Moses mounted his favorite steed and rode up there. Upon giving the signal whistle, the horses were brought out to him by Aaron, tied together, and

he started off with them at a rapid gait toward the city, where he arrived safe with them before daylight. An hour after breakfast they were all disposed of, at prices which, under the circumstances, he considered quite satisfactory, and the proceeds of sale stowed away in his pocket; but, during the day, the amount rapidly decreased, owing to the fact of his having started on a general frolic; for, although he was proverbially generous and liberal at all times, yet, when under the influence of liquor, money slipped more easily through his fingers.

While lounging in a low groggeries in Second street, below Pine, partially inebriated, he made the acquaintance of a low fellow, more abandoned than himself, and more lawless in his disposition, named Jim Fitzpatrick—commonly known by the cognomen of Fitz,\* a wild, reckless young man, who did not appear to care for anything except making an easy living by any other than honorable means.

The eye of Moses Doan had been riveted intently upon him from the moment of his first entrance into the room, on account of his tremendous physical frame, his broad and expansive chest, and his extraordinary development of muscular strength, for he was a great admirer of men of noble mould and kingly stature. His basilisk gaze attracted the attention of Fitz, and it was evidently displeasing to him, so, calling for a gill of whiskey, he asked the landlord who that lubber was who regarded him so keenly? Before the person inquired of had time to reply, Doan rose from his chair, and bestowing upon him a look of scorn and defiance, answered:

"My name is Doan, and I claim the right of looking at whoever I please, without asking you; and, as to my being a lubber, you may satisfy yourself, if you feel so disposed."

"Keep easy, sharkie," replied Fitz, "or you may get yourself into difficulty without much trouble."

"Never fear but what I will take care of myself, and if you dare to insult me, mind I tell you, you will rue the day."

"Ha! sir bully, do you want to fight?"

\*For an account of whom, we are indebted to the West Chester *Village Record*, containing a series of interesting articles written by Joseph J. Lewis, Esq., while studying law; which prove his researches in his ory at that time to have equalled, if possible, his after labors in his profession, which have since made him one of the ablest and most eloquent members of the Bar.

"Not unless I am pushed into it; and, if I am, I will take care of myself."

"That's right, show your spunk; but, do you know who you are talking to?"

"No—nor I don't care."

"Well, I'll just tell you, by way of variety. My name is Fitzpatrick; born and raised in old Chester county. Been in a hundred sprees and never whipped yet; and just now, I would just as leave fight as eat. How will you try it, neighbor? fist fight or wrestle? you can have your choice."

"I'm not particular—suit yourself about it."

"Make a ring; we'll see fair play!" shouted the bystanders—and one was soon formed for their accommodation. After going so far, it was too late for either to retreat, without being branded as a coward; and as both were confident of success, such a thing was not dreamed of by either party.

It would have been rare sport for the modern lovers of Fistiana in this, our day, could they have enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing this contest, originating in a mere drunken brawl, between two men so equally matched in strength, size, and symmetry of proportion, for the disputed championship of that grog-steamed and tobacco-scented arena; for, in their respective neighborhoods, they had never yet been vanquished, but had always left such scenes in triumph, the victors in every manly amusement and athletic exercise, exhibitions of which were then of such frequent occurrence.

For a time they parried each other's blows with most remarkable dexterity; long enough, at any rate, to satisfy both of them that their competitor possessed more than common activity; while their rage increased, as each successive attempt of the one was baffled by the other, and their eyes shone out the most bitter hatred. At length, a stunning, crashing blow, struck with almost the force of the sledge he was accustomed to wield, from the clenched hand of Fitzpatrick, took effect upon the cheek of Doan, and causing him to see stars, which would, doubtless, have felled any other man in the Colonies, but which so maddened him that he rushed into his antagonist, and threw his brawny, powerful arms around his waist, like the closing of a vice. But Fitz was on his guard, and clasped his foe at the same moment, with a vigorous grasp. Then commenced a most terrible and exciting struggle for the supremacy,

during which no sound was heard save the short and quick breathing of the contestants in the strife. Suddenly, as a flash almost, Moses made a mighty and herculean effort, and they both fell heavily on the floor.

"The Doan is on top!" shouted the spectators; "the Bucks county boy is too much for old Chester!" "Give it to him, now you have got him!" "Plank it into him right and left!" "Now is your chance, old gray-coat!" were the excited expressions that came from the lips of those standing around.

Moses did not need their advice to induce him to carry out his advantage by several well-planted blows, and Fitz would have received a most severe pummelling at his hands had he not manifested a very prudent discretion by halloowing out:

"Enough; I give in beat. Let me up!"

The victor, always magnanimous, as he could well afford to be under such circumstances, desisted from pounding him; and, as they rose to their feet, said to him:

"I suppose you will stand treats for the company?"

"Yes; and be glad to get off so easy. Stranger, here is my hand in friendship, for it is the first time I ever owned up. Haven't got many more men like yourself up in your diggins, I reckon, have you?"

"Yes, four brothers, so near alike you can't tell them apart."

"Well, I don't think my business will call me up that way very soon. Come up; boys, what will you take?"

As a usual consequence then, as now, of such requests, and in obedience to the requirements of an insatiate appetite for the "critter," they formed a line in front of the bar, and filling their glasses, drank toasts of luck to the loser, and health to the winner.

The bowl aided in promoting a harmony of feeling between the combatants in the late struggle; and, in a few moments, forgetful of the scene just passed, they were intently engaged in conversation in one corner of the room, which was carried on in a low, yet earnest tone of voice, for over an hour. When the time came for closing the house for the night, they concluded to remain, and, what surprised their host, was their both ordering the same room, after the difficulty that had taken place between them, for never was the old proverb that

"Birds of a feather,  
Will flock together,"

more truthfully illustrated than in their case. In one evening they had encountered each other for the first time, fought, became reconciled, and ere bed-time were not only "hale fellows well met," but sworn and devoted friends to each other. The landlord, Wilkins, used to relate this incident to his guests, after their names were on the lips of almost everyone.

Thus met, accidentally, as it were, the two most feared and renowned refugees of that trying period, who were destined to afterwards achieve a most unenviable notoriety, the sound of whose footsteps, and the ringing clatter of whose horses' hoofs were to be the forerunners of that terror and dismay with which they were afterwards feared and detested—*Fitzpatrick, the bandit of Chester, and Doan, the reckless brigand of Bucks!*

During that night and the next morning, they had matured and agreed upon their future plan of operations, in carrying out which they had bound themselves by a solemn oath to protect and defend each other, even with their lives, in case they became involved in any difficulty, as it was very probable they would; and if death by violence should be the portion of either, the survivor was pledged to revenge him at all hazards.

As Fitzpatrick took a prominent and active part in the schemes of rapine and plunder, and as he was well known to be a confederate of the family whose history we are revealing, as well as the fit ringleader of his care-devil companions, it is no more than proper that we should give a narrative of his early life. He had truly stated to Doan that he was a resident of Chester county; and as the best proof of it, tradition in that vicinity is still rife with his many deeds of bravery and his eccentricities of character. When quite young, he had been apprenticed to the blacksmith trade, and during his minority was remarkable both for his industry and moral deportment; fond of pursuing game and a noted hunter; while in wrestling, rolling bullets and throwing fifties, he had never met with a competitor who could take and wear his laurels, or to whom he was compelled to acknowledge superiority, while a youth more regardless of danger, or a more valiant man, in his peculiar way, never lived. It was doubtless these traits in his disposition, his wild impulses and his love of adventure, that constituted the magic key which unlocked to him the kindred heart and confidence of his new found friend, Moses Doan.

A short time after coming to the age of twenty-one, full of patriotic feelings and an inborn love of freedom, he espoused the patriot cause with warmth and ardor, and enlisted as a soldier under the banner of resistance to kingly oppression. The strict regulation which he was forced to observe, and the required obedience to his superior officers, was so galling and offensive to his spirit which would not bear curbing, that in a sudden fit of passion, for some real or fancied reason, he early deserted and returned to more peaceful avocations, where he might have remained in obscurity had it not been that his person was accurately described, and a reward offered for his return to headquarters by the officers of his regiment. While occupied in mowing hay a short time afterwards, in a meadow in London Grove township, he was arrested by two soldiers, who had given no notice of their approach, and who were therefore enabled to tie him securely, which they would not have been able to do had they have met him in a fair encounter and given him an opportunity for defence. It was their intention to have conveyed him immediately to Wilmington to undergo his trial and receive severe punishment for his desertion; but he finally managed to persuade them to allow him to say farewell to his aged mother, and also to procure a change of clothes, little dreaming that it was only a sly ruse of his to escape. On arriving at the house, he left them to stand guard upon the outside, while he went in; but instead of doing as he promised, he managed to loosen the cords which bound him, and seizing the trusty rifle which was standing in the corner, ready loaded for an emergency, he marched boldly out to the door, and taking deliberate aim at the terrified soldiers, swore he would shoot them both dead if they did not leave the premises within three minutes. Knowing as they did his desperate character, they were glad enough to avail themselves of the privilege to escape unhurt, and made tracks out of his reach as fast as possible, while Fitzpatrick, perfectly cool, went back to the meadow and worked on until sun-down, as if nothing unusual had occurred to him. He then in revenge espoused the cause of Great Britain with all the vehemence and ardor that he was capable of; being often times harbored and secreted by the Tories in the neighborhood, and was provided with the necessities of life very frequently by the true patriots who were fearful of awakening his anger against

them. The principal source of gratification to him consisted in plundering the rebels whenever he met them, and considering himself as a free agent, entirely irresponsible to human laws, he neither cared for nor feared the consequences of his eccentric actions. Mr. Lewis informs us that:

"He had his peculiar humor, which he frequently indulged at the expense of others. Even in his treatment of those whom he chose to punish, he often proceeded in such a manner as to render them objects of ridicule, rather than pity. He despised covetousness, and in all his depredations was never known to rob a poor man. Indeed, he often gave to the poor what he took from the rich. It is related that while lurking in the neighborhood of Caln Meeting House, he met with an old woman on her way to the city with all her little stock of money to procure a supply of goods. Not knowing the robber, and but little expecting at that time the honor of his company, she made known to him her apprehension that, as Captain Fitz was in the neighborhood, she might fall into his clutches and be deprived of her whole fortune. Fitz, after obtaining her secret, told her he was the man she so much dreaded, but there was nothing he would disdain so much as to wrong a weak and defenceless woman. At the same time he drew from his pocket a purse of guineas, presented it to her, wished her a pleasant journey and turned off into the woods.

"The Whig Collectors of public moneys were the especial objects of his vengeance, and all the public money which he could extort from them he looked upon as lawful prey. One of these men he not only plundered of a large sum, but took him off to his cave in the woods, where he detained him two weeks, to the great alarm of his family, who supposed him murdered. He was often pursued by whole companies of men, but always escaped them by his agility, or daunted them by his intrepidity. On one occasion, fifty or more persons assembled, well armed, and resolved to take him if possible, dead or alive. They coursed him for some hours over the hills, but becoming weary of the chase, they called at a tavern to rest and procure some refreshments. While sitting in the room together, and every one expressing his wish to meet with Fitz, suddenly, to their astonishment, he presented himself before them with a rifle in his hand. He bade them all keep their seats, declaring that he would shoot the first man that moved. Then, having called for a small glass

of rum and drank it off, he walked backwards some paces with his rifle presented at the tavern door, wheeled and took to his heels, leaving the stupefied company in silent amazement.

"Not long after this occurrence, another party of eighteen or twenty men was hunting him with guns and rifles upon the South Valley Hill. Stepping from behind a tree, he presented himself to one of the company separated a short distance from the rest, and asked him whom he was seeking? The man answered 'Fitz.' 'Then,' said Fitz, 'come with me and I will show you his cave where you may find him.' The bold man-hunter went accordingly. After leading him some distance from his companions, Fitz told the fellow who he was, bade him ground arms, tied him to a tree, cut a withe and flogged him severely. He then told him he might go and inform his comrades where to find the Fitz they were hunting. When they arrived at the place he had decamped.

"Shortly after a price had been set upon his head, to show how much he dared, or how deliberately he despised the cowardice of the multitude, armed with two pistols and a dagger, he deliberately walked in open day from the southern hill opposite Kennett Square, through a great company of people, who made way for him, to Taylor's tavern, took a glass of grog, and went away without molestation, though there were men present with arms and muskets in their hands.

"A man from Nottingham, once in pursuit of Fitz, entered the house of his mother, behaved rudely and broke her spinning-wheel. Fitz vowed revenge, and sent the fellow word that he would visit him shortly. The man swore he would be glad to see him, and ventured to predict that if Fitz appeared he should give a good account of him. The robber kept his promise, and having met his mother's injurer at his own door, ordered him in a peremptory tone to follow him to the woods. The man had not the hardihood to disobey, but did as directed. Fitz then tied him to a tree and inflicted upon him his favorite punishment—a sore flagellation."

We have inserted these instances in the life of Fitz, for the perusal of our readers, with a double purpose in view. First, because they are in themselves of deep interest in reference to the men of bygone times; and, secondly, to illustrate the strange and remarkable similarity of disposition and conduct which distinguished

Moses Doan and himself, and which contributed to form a deep and abiding friendship between them, which was as lasting as their hatred of the rebels, and that continued to the end of their lives.

On the next evening after the formation of their sudden acquaintance, having imbibed pretty freely of the ardent during the day, they started from the tavern in Second street in a brisk trot, and mounted on two noble horses, to commence their career of plunder; it having been decided the night before by the toss of a copper that Fitz should have the control over their movements for their first adventure in Chester; and then try his luck under the direction of Doan with the second trip in Bucks county.

CHAPTER VIII.

**A**FTER Moses Doan and Fitzpatrick left the confines of Philadelphia on their career of plunder into Chester county, the time was passed quite merrily in joke and song as they rode along the country roads, for they were both in quite good humor with themselves; and we cannot refrain from quoting a verse or two from a ditty sung by Fitz, and which, when he caught the words, Moses willingly joined him in. It might have been original with Fitz; at any rate, there are old men still living in Chester county who, when recounting his dare-devil exploits for their grandchildren, often sing it over by their now cozy firesides to amuse them with—one of whom has kindly forwarded them to us.

"Oh! we are free to ride.

Wherever we may please;

We care not for the world beside,

So we take our ease

We'll shout and holler and laugh,

Right joyfully we'll sing;

While whiskey we can quaff,

Success to our old King!

"The rebels fear and tremble

When the cow-boy's on their track,

And when they hear us coming,

They will cry alas! alack!

We'll shout and holler, &c., &c.

"For all the dirty rascals,

We have ever proved a match;

They have a right to hang 'ns,

When our horses they can catch!

We'll shout and holler, &c., &c.

"We're in a glorious land,

And from forest to the sea;

We are a chosen band,

The fearless and the free!

We'll shout and holler, &c., &c.

"Our rifles carry well,

Our horses they can run;

Our conduct let them tell,

When we are out for fun.

We'll shout and holler, &c., &c.

"We fear not now of danger,

We are ready for the foe;

As over hill and valley,

Right merrily we go.

We'll shout and holler, &c., &c.

"The day sees us asleep,

At midnight we will ride;

And eat and drink at will,

At the rebels' own fireside.

We'll shout and holler," &c., &c.

"What do you think of my musical powers, Mose?"

"Good—fine."

"Now keep your eye open and the reins tight, That dull looking mansion over the left is our halting place; it is about half a mile by the road, but we will turn our horses into the woods here, and cross old Brandywine, and that will shorten the route. Quiet now and leave all to me."

They rode on until within a hundred yards of the house; then, dismounting and securing their horses in the bushes of a small copse near by, they proceeded stealthily to the stable and untying three young, noble and spirited horses, they led them out of the barn and were about riding off with their plunder without being discovered, if it had not been for the mischief-loving disposition of Moses, who told his companion that he considered it quite impolite to pay a visit to a gentleman's farm without bidding him good-bye before they left; and as he was hungry, perhaps he might offer him something that would ease his appetite. No sooner said than agreed to by Fitz, and they walked boldly up to the farm house. Moses rapped loudly against the door several times before he was overheard by the inmates, but at length the owner was awakened from his slumbers by the noise they made.

"Who is there?" was his inquiry as soon as he had raised the window.

"We are strangers here," replied Moses; "my companion has been taken suddenly sick, and is unable to go farther on our journey to-night. Will you be so kind as to give us a place to sleep in until morning?"

"Well, I suppose so; but these are troublesome times, and it is rather risky to take in strangers at this time of night, there is so much robbing going on, and so many rascals prowling around in the community."

"We are honest men, and would harm no one, neighbor."

"I suppose not, and if you would not, why then I would be blamed for not giving you shelter. Wait till I come down and unbolt the door."

Fitz and his companion chuckled considerably at the adroit manner in which they had disarmed the owner's suspicions, and while waiting for him to make his appearance, it was agreed that Moses should be the spokesman for both, as it was in Fitz's own neighborhood, and their host might probably recognize him as an old acquaintance, and that might revive unpleasant recollections. Soon the steps of the farmer were heard coming down the creaking stairway, and immediately afterwards the door was opened by a large, bony man, whose look and form bespoke him as one able to endure toil and suffer hardship, and who would not quietly submit to be made the butt or laughing stock for any one disposed to make sport at his expense.

"Rather a cold night this for the time of year, stranger;" commenced Moses in a bland tone of voice.

"Yes, it looks as if we were to have falling weather for awhile yet. Any news stirring about the war in your parts?"

"Some talk of it. Our folks are all on-the side of liberty and freedom, and are only waiting for an opportunity to give the red-coats an all-fired drubbing."

"That's right. We have borne too much already from old England, and it is time a stop was put to their abominable tyranny. That was a glorious idea of throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, and if I had been there I would have had a hand it it."

"Well, neighbor, wouldn't you be so kind as to wet our lips with a little old whiskey while we are warming ourselves?" inquired Moses. "I think it would be a great help just now."

"Certainly; I can give you a prime article of pure, old stuff, with no headache mixture in it. Just excuse me for a moment while I go and draw it," and he started down stairs with a large earthen pitcher. After he had closed the door and the two desperadoes were sure of being quite alone, Moses turned to Fitz and whispered, quite low:

"The old fellow is a regular rebel, and very free to give his opinions. Suppose we drink to the royal cause, and then relieve him of his silver in a genteel way?"

"I don't know about that. He is regular game on a fight if he once gets started; suppose we take a drink with him and then start on with the horses, or we will not be able to reach the city by daylight?"

"No, I swear I won't go yet until I"—

Here the conversation was interrupted by the return of the farmer with the whiskey, which he set upon the table; and then procuring three glasses he filled them to the brim.

"Now for a patriotic toast, old fellow, before we drink," said Moses.

"Here goes—luck to the Americans and h—ll to the red-coats!"

"Good," responded Doan; "now wait for mine: Here's to King George and death to the d——n rebels."

Their host put down his glass in surprise, but he had not time to recover from his astonishment before Fitz rose, and placing the glass to his lips, bellowed out:

"Here's to old England and her brave army; may their shot blow all the rebels into eternity."

"Hurrah," said Doan; "but why don't you drink your rum like a good fellow, instead of standing there pale as a sheet."

"You told me you were on the side of the Colonists a few moments ago, didn't you?"

"Ha! that was all gammon, just to find out how your feelings were."

"Gammon or not, have it as you please; but if you have a mind to lie you need not expect to take any advantage of me by it, for I am not afraid to speak my true sentiments."

"Not quite so bold, if you please," rejoined Moses, fixing the steady gaze of his eye upon him; "we merely want you now to fork over a few pounds of the King's currency for our use, and then we will leave you."

"I have no money in the house, and if I had you would not be the better of it. I order you to leave my premises at once."

"Spunky, ain't he, Mose? Good grit in him for all."

"I don't care for his grit; here, Fitz, just take a good hold of him, and let him show us where his money is hid."

Fitz attempted to obey orders, but he very soon discovered that was no easy task, as the farmer was gaining the mastery over him, when Moses interferred, and taking a firm grip threw him on the floor and then pummelled him so severely that he was forced to give up. They consented to stop upon condition he should give up his silver, which, after threatening to blow his brains out if he refused, pointing the muzzle of a loaded pistol to his head, he consented to do, leading them up to his own room, where lay his wife, awaiting the return of her husband, unconscious of what scenes had been going on below. She uttered a scream, and then swooned away, supported by the farmer, who told them to open the second drawer from the top, where they would find what little money he had. This they were about doing, Fitz holding the candle while Moses made the search, when they were startled by the heavy tramping sound of approaching footsteps, and then followed the word of command in a loud tone, from one whom they judged to be the leader—

"Now, be firm, and guard well the stairs, while we four make search for the villains. They must be in the room to the right hand side. Keep a sharp look out for them!"

We must explain that the farmer had more shrewdness than the outlaws had given him credit for. When he came down stairs and admitted them it required but a single glance to satisfy him that the one who held his head down and his cap drawn over

his face was no other than the noted Fitz, whose robberies were the constant subject of conversation and dread through the entire neighborhood for miles around. Instead, therefore, of manifesting fear or surprise at the unexpected presence of the nocturnal depredator, his first impulse was as to the best means to be adopted to secure him and, if possible, hand him over to the officers of justice, who for some time had been in pursuit of him. How to leave the room without causing alarm or uneasiness upon their part, so as to apprise his neighbors of his situation, was the great difficulty in his mind, until Doan's calling for whiskey gave him the opportunity, as there were two stairways leading up from the cellar to different parts of the house, one of which opened into the room where they were sitting, and the other into the entry adjoining, so that while he went to draw the liquor, he hurriedly went up into the entry and waking up his bound boy, gave him orders to hurry off at once, and arouse the nearest neighbors to come over as quick as possible. This was done so speedily as not to excite apprehension upon the minds of the depredators as to the cause of his absence, and the first intimation the intruders had of help being near at hand, was when they were ascending the steps.

"We are in a bad fix, Mose, what's to be done?" was the first exclamation of Fitz.

"Fight through them; don't be alarmed at trifles," was the reply of Doan, uttered in a tone of voice purposely intended to be loud enough for them to hear outside. "Don't move or your life pays the forfeit," he added to the farmer, who was beginning to show some sign of resistance; and then with the aid of his comrade he barricaded the door with a large, old-fashioned mahogany bureau. Hardly had this been done when one of the party outside called out to them:

"Open the door, you rascals, or we will fire!"

"Here, old codger, move this way," said Doan to the terrified farmer; "if that is the game your friends intend playing upon us, suppose you stand up to the door and receive the first shot, just to see how it goes."

It was in vain that he resisted, as when they both took hold of him it was an easy matter to lift him up on top of the temporary barricade which they had erected, and with pistols loaded and pointed, compelled him to retain his position under the penalty

of immediate death if he dared to utter a single word to his friends.

"For the last time, now, will you open the door. This is the last warning," said a loud voice outside the door. "One, two—"

"Hold up, Henderson, for God sake, or you will shoot me," replied the farmer.

"Well, then, get out of the way a moment."

"Don't answer him," said Doan; and in fact, his position was so uncomfortable that he had no disposition to disobey the command.

"Mose, from the noise they make, they are about four to our one. The house is not guarded on the outside, and it will be better for us to make our escape without bloodshed if we can; this window is not so high from the ground but that we can jump."

"I'm agreed; you jump first."

Fitz raised the window and leaped out; then Doan walked backwards to it, with his eye fixed intently upon their unwilling captive, and crawled out that way, one hand supporting him on the sill, and the other holding his pistol ready cocked for use, until the moment he was ready to jump down, when he remarked:

"Now, old stare cat, you may give the alarm and be d—d to you."

A privilege which he at once embraced by loudly calling to his friends, who for several minutes had been at a loss as to what course it was proper for them to pursue.

"Out, boys, and chase the rascals; they are streaking it for the woods mighty fast."

And out they started in pursuit, but all their efforts were unavailing to lessen the distance which separated them from the outlaws, and although several shots were sent after them, they failed of injuring them in the least. When they reached the woods where they had concealed their horses they immediately mounted, and while Fitz took one direction and started over the creek, Doan put his Wild Devil on the run, and riding up to within hearing distance of Henderson and his party, hallowed out to them:

"Good bye; you may catch me if you can!" and then rode off.

One of the gentlemen composing the party always declared that when the horse was coming up to them they were sure he was without a rider, and that they were all taken by surprise, when Doan set up straight on his back and bid them farewell, after which the horse turned around, and then Doan was not visible. He had an idea that there was something supernatural

about it. But the mystery is easily solved by stating the fact, for which we have good authority, that all these brothers were trained and accustomed to ride when in danger of being shot, not on, but lying close to the sides of their horses and grasping their mane, which entirely hid them from the view of their pursuers, a practice much in vogue even to this day among the Camanche tribes, which infest Mexico and the northern part of Texas.

Although they were completely foiled in not securing any plunder, yet when they joined each other they did not give way to regrets, but had quite a hearty laugh to themselves at the manner in which they had fooled their pursuers and the ugly predicament in which they had placed the farmer when he hallowed out to them not to shoot.

After holding a long consultation upon what course it was now best for them to pursue, they decided it would not be prudent for them to return immediately to Philadelphia, as they would doubtless be pursued, and perhaps arrested; so they finally concluded to keep on the road running north and south and trust to chance for future good luck.

Soon after the dawning of day, they halted at a log house in Towauncin township, inhabited by a poor old widow lady, who had lost the sole comfort of her age in the death of her only son, who a year before had been attacked by the savages and brutally murdered, leaving his mother stricken with grief, and, as she was unable to labor, dependent upon the charity of her neighbors. Dismounting from their horses and reconnoitering the premises, Doan knocked at the door, and when the old woman opened it, he inquired for something to eat, stating to her very politely that they had plenty of money and would pay her well for provisions and the trouble she would be at to get a meal ready for them.

"Bless your dear souls," replied the old lady, as she looked at them through the dim glasses of a pair of rusty, iron spectacles, "I have but half a loaf left, but its welcome to that ye are, gentlemen."

"Have you no meat of any kind?" interposed Fitz, whose appetite had become quite sharp from the exercise of the last ten hours.

"Not a ha'penny's worth in my cabin has there been for the last ten days."

"Poor woman," answered Doan; "here's silver, go buy of your neighbors."

"Bless you, but I'm not able to walk so far."

"Stay here, Fitz, I'll go myself," was the reply of Moses, the generosity of his heart touched by the poverty and want of their kind hostess, and he rode off to the nearest neighbors, and purchased a large quantity of flour, two shoulders, several dozen of eggs, and one or two rolls of butter, contenting himself by answering the questions of the farmer and his family, who were, as usual in such instances, quite inquisitive, by merely remarking that he had been out hunting game, and had accidentally called at the widow's house for a drink of water, and thus discovered how poor she was. They did not even surmise who he was at the time, but subsequent events satisfied them of his identity. The farmer's daughter was very much taken with his noble bearing and manly appearance, and spoke of him ever afterwards as the most beautiful man she had ever seen.

He returned and joined his partner, making glad the heart of the widow at his unexpected and substantial liberality, and without intending it at the time, winning her confidence to such a degree that, though she afterwards found out that by his own confession he was an outlaw, and that there was a high price set upon his head, she could never be induced to betray his secret or disclose the place of his concealment, which she well knew, when large bodies of armed men were beating every bush and prying into every corner in search of him—a course of conduct gratifying to her benefactor, and alike honorable as a woman, as it was illustrative of the devotion peculiar to her sex.

After enjoying the plain and humble meal prepared for them, Moses reflected, that from the course they were pursuing and the direction in which the sun rose, the hut in which they were resting must be nearly in a line of and about equal distance between the scene of their operations in Chester and their home in Bucks, and that if this was so, it would make a very good place for them to halt at in their journeys, making the old widow their landlady, and furnishing her with plenty of supplies for her comfort and their advantage; and upon mentioning it to Fitz, the project at once met with his warm approval. Upon making inquiries of the widow, who, they ascertained, was quite familiar with all the roads in the neighborhood, she informed them that the old Bethlehem road, near by,

would take them to Line Lexington, and Doan knew that by following that to where Lunn's old tavern stands, and then turning to the right through Hilltown township, they were within a short distance of Dublin, a place with which he had long been familiar, and from there through Plumstead he knew almost every foot of ground and tree to his home.

Whether he entrusted his secret to the widow at that time or some time later, we are not informed, for she died without ever revealing to her neighbors any of the facts connected with her acquaintance with them; but afterwards she was never in want of provisions, clothing or money, and invariably refused all offers of assistance from neighbors who, knowing how poor she was, had formerly befriended her in time of need. Certain it is, however, that Moses carried out this idea and selected the hut as a rendezvous for his fearless band, as for many months afterwards the sound of horses' hoofs and the loud shouts of the refugees, as they drank and sang and told of their desperate adventures and narrow escapes from their enemies, were distinctly heard in the neighborhood night after night until it became a prevalent belief in those superstitious days that the house was haunted, and the old hag, as they called her, was bewitched; and these stories gained so much currency that children were afraid to venture out after nightfall, their parents always declaring that the unnatural noises were heard most frequently at the dead hour of night, and neither horses or riders were ever visible in daytime. One young man, the son of a worthy farmer, who gave no credit to the rumors, was surprised one night by two tall men, upon coal-black horses, riding up to him with the speed of the wind, and then separating, rode on either side of him without ever saying a word, until he reached the gate at his home, when they departed as suddenly as they came, leaving him unharmed, but frightening him so that he never visited his lady love again after nightfall. Years afterwards it turned out that his ghostly escort were no other evil spirits than Aaron and Levi Doan, who had played the trick upon him for mere mischief.

Upon another occasion a young lady of enthusiastic temperament and glowing imagination was sitting at her chamber window at a late hour, mayhap moon-struck or star-gazing, when she was startled by the sound of clattering hoofs approaching. Look-

ing out she observed a horse coming at full speed, and when he came opposite the house his rider reined him in and in true courtier style, taking off his cap, which revealed his noble brow and jetty ringlets, made her a most polite bow, and then vanished away. Her parents hinted next morning that it might have been old Satan saluting her, to which she replied, "He looked more like an angel." The unknown gallant was no other than Moses Doan, and when the old widow told him of the remark she had made concerning him, he sent her a diamond pin, which he had doubtless pilfered from some one, and which afterwards became the property of her daughter, who kept it until it was stolen from her some years ago in Philadelphia.

This cabin in Towamencin was with these outlaws a favorite resort, and many a scene of riotous dissipation was doubtless transacted under its humble roof. The widow and the refugees have gone to their graves, and all traces of its existence are now obliterated, but the spot where it was supposed to stand, and trees whose bark still bears the mark of horses' teeth, are pointed out to strangers as the "Haunted Ground of the Refugees!"

## CHAPTER IX.

War is honorable

In those who do their native rights main-  
tain ;  
In those whose swords an iron barrier are  
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak ;  
But is in those who draw the offensive blade  
For added power or gain, sordid and despic-  
able  
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

BAILLIE'S ETHWALD.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry, England and Saint  
George! SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY V.

**P**ROCLAIM Liberty to all the World! was the stirring motto on that bell which, o'er the sacred hall where was passed the Declaration of American Independence, pealed out deep and clear upon that bright and memorable midsummer morning the merry chime of an infant freedom; while as its mellow tones rose upon the air to heaven's blue dome, its echoes came wafted back by the balmy breeze fresh from the mountain, and then floated in melody on the murmuring billows of the ocean.

July Fourth, 1776! A nation's birth-hour, a republic's natal day! The glorious, holy time, when sounded the knell of oppression, and tyranny was arrayed in its charnel robes! The dayspring of the patriot, the midnight of wrong to our rulers! Ay! let it ever be a sacred era, graven on our hearts, sculptured on our souls, as life's most precious boon, until time itself shall be no more!

The morning sun was throwing his loving gleams over burnished spire and humble roof in the city which Penn had founded by deeds of peace. Yet you would notice that the contentment which nature lisped in sighing air and clear, blue skies, met with no response from the thousands of anxious, eager people who were hurrying into Chestnut street, not only from the city itself, but for many miles around, they came flocking on horseback and on foot. The deliberations of the Continental Congress then in session had begun to assume a most important phase, and public expectation was raised to its highest pitch. When the announcement was made from the steps of the old State House, that they had thrown off the galling yoke of servitude, and had declared the American colonies free and independent, the joy of the assembled mass was boundless; while as the tidings were communicated from one

group to another, they met with the wildest huzzas and acclamations.

This was not, however, the universal feeling, for at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets were assembled a reckless crew, whose compressed lips and frowning brows but ill-concealed their feelings of rage and hatred. And prominent among these were Moses, Abraham and Levi Doan, distinguishable by their coarse, gray coats, as well as by their uncommon stature, from the better dressed persons around them. The most prominent actor in this group, and who, by his low yet energetic whispering, seemed encouraging the others, was a physician of some reputation by the name of Dr. Kearsley, who was known as the firm and bitter advocate of the Royal cause, and the inveterate foe to the Declaration which, so long talked about, had eventually passed. He was evidently acting the part of prime minister in the conspiracy which was to aid so materially the tottering fortunes of the throne and cause such widespread terror to the hearts and homes of the d--n rebels, as he was ever accustomed to call them; and in this undertaking he exerted all his ability and cunning. The Doans were well known to him, and with his peculiar knowledge of human nature, he knew full well how to pander to their depraved tastes, and foster with parental care their base passions.

"This no place to talk, boys, where some spy might overhear us; call on me to-night, not altogether, but one by one, to avoid suspicion," said the Doctor.

This request they willingly agreed to fulfill, and gave token of their acquiescence by a silent nod of approval, and the intriguers against their country's liberty quietly dispersed to different groggeries, so as they might ascertain how public opinion was greeting this new movement of Congress, and rally their desperate comrades for the rich opportunities of plunder and pillage which the future would unfold to them, in the desperate struggle about commencing, the result of which they did not for a moment doubt would ultimately be the triumph of the King and his supporters and the complete overthrow of the rebel forces.

The consultation was held according to appointment, and various plans submitted and urged for their future action. In the protracted discussion which ensued between them, Kearsley showed the master mind which predominated in their deliberations as the Guy Fawkes of the band,

although for wise reasons he insisted upon his connection with them not being known. They adjourned, without arriving at any definite conclusion, to await further developments and information. The next morning a special messenger brought word to Congress that General Howe, with the picked men of the British army, had very suddenly and unexpectedly effected a landing upon Staten Island, where he intended to remain encamped until the arrival of his brother with reinforcements from England.

This announcement caused a sudden revulsion in the contemplated expedition of these banded refugees and confederated land pirates, and created a difference of opinion among them that it was impossible to reconcile. Moses earnestly advocated the expediency of starting at once for New York and following in the wake of the foreign army and under their protection, while Abraham and Joseph, his brothers, thought it was an elegant opportunity to scour the country, and in the absence of the patriots, plunder their houses by wholesale, thus evincing the great difference in their dispositions, the one anxious for adventure for the mere excitement and love of variety; the others intent only upon gain and replenishing their pockets. The difficulty was, however, finally adjusted by agreeing that Moses should pursue his own way by going at once to New York, accompanied by Levi, and the others were to follow out their own inclinations by visiting Bucks and Chester counties, under the lead and guidance of Fitzpatrick.

Moses Doan and Levi immediately saddled their horses and started from Philadelphia about ten o'clock the same evening, preferring to ride by night instead of daylight. They kept on the river bank of the Pennsylvania side until they reached Morrisville, and then crossing over to Trenton, pursued their journey on through Princeton, and from thence to Newark. On the way they managed to possess themselves of four very fine horses, with which Levi proceeded directly to New York; and Moses started to have an interview with the commanding officer of the Royal army.

The rosy flush of dying sunbeams were flung in gorgeous splendor o'er the wavy bosom of the emerald bay, whose silvery foam kisses the beach and dashes the sands of Staten Island. The light of departing day rested upon the golden-tinted banner of old England, as its spangled folds flaunted

gaily, moved by the cooling breeze that was sweeping landward from the tossing billows of the ocean, while away from the crags and glens of the Hudson came gently the mountain air that fanned its silvery ripples into life. Nature had put on her gala dress of peace and love, as if in mockery to the insignia of strife around her.

The sentinels in scarlet uniforms were pacing their allotted round in measured tread, when suddenly they observed a bonny boat start quickly out upon the mirrored waters from the Jersey shore, and manned by expert oarsmen, fleet as an arrow from its bow, was heading directly for the island. In the stern of it, with his eye fixed upon the barracks, set a large, muscular man, whose strange and, as it seemed to them, fantastical apparel, riveted their attention. A coarse suit of gray woollen was hanging loosely around his stalwart form, fastened at the neck and breast by dingy brass buttons, while a long and tattered red handkerchief was tied very negligently around his throat, giving to him the appearance of a thorough and rude backwoodsman fresh from the forests.

The boat had scarce touched land, when with his rifle in his hand, this uncouth specimen of humanity jumped on the shore, and was immediately hailed by the guard on duty, by the usual and formal inquiry of—

“Who comes there?”

“A loyal subject of the King.”

“Give the password.”

“Don’t bother yourself, I’ve had trouble enough to get here without bothering my head about passwords.”

“Your name, stranger?”

“My name is Doan, with Moses to the forepart of it.”

“Stand back; our orders are strict to allow no one to pass the lines in or out unless they have permission.”

“My business is with the commanding officer; will you conduct me to his presence? If so, lead the way and I will follow.”

“He will not be very apt to receive you, I reckon, unless your business with him is more urgent than I suppose it is.”

“D—n you and your suppositions! I came here not to bandy words with you, but to consult your master!” was the emphatic reply of the daring refugee, uttered in a firm tone of voice that carried a meaning with it, and closed the insolence of the upstart lacquey, who conducted him at once into the presence of the officer of the day, where he was very courteously received. After some moments passed

in trivial conversation upon commonplace topics, during which he carefully scrutinized the manner and appearance of his strange visitor, he informed him that he would acquaint General Howe with his wishes, and that doubtless he would be able to procure him an early interview with his Excellency. As he and his officers intended holding a consultation that evening, and from his knowledge of the surrounding country, to which they were entire strangers, he might be able to throw out some useful hints to aid them in their future plan of operations. In the meantime he would require him to remain under guard.

It was late that night, and Doan began to become impatient of the delay, when an officer entered and announced to him that it was the pleasure of General Howe that he should accompany him to his headquarters. After submitting to a strict search of his person, to ascertain whether he had any weapons secreted about him, for he really looked like a very suspicious character, he was ushered into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces, unheralded and unannounced. At the time of his entrance, General Howe was seated at a circular table in a fatigue dress, and around him were grouped the brave and noble born officers that composed his staff, in full uniform, busily engaged in the examination of various maps and charts, by whose directions their anticipated march into the interior was to be governed. And so intently were their minds occupied, that for some moments they gave no heed to the coming of the desperate refugee.

That room presented a strange and splendid, yet most saddening spectacle, for there were gathered the young in heart, the buoyant in hope, the representatives of England's nobility, sent by a mercenary ruler o'er the seas upon the futile undertaking of crushing the germ of American liberty, habited in that scarlet, national uniform which had long been the terror of the Old World. The scarf of crimson silk they wore, but half hid the diamond hilted sword with its polished blade of steel, while upon the table around which they were clustered, lay in careless confusion pistols and dispatches, sabres and blank orders in uncared for disorder, while the mellow light from the lamps fling tints of sparkling splendor upon their tasselled epaulets. Yet the wild outlaw in their midst, though clad not in fine apparel, was with his home-

spun suit the greatest object of interest, not merely for the perfection of his giant form, his regularly chisselled features, or the demoniac gleams that shot like lightning from out his wild dark eyes, but for the errand which had brought him there, to barter away the freedom of his native land to foreign hirelings for vengeance and for gold!

Yes, there he stood in that august company, with his cheek unflushed, his brow unknitted, the long locks of his silken raven-like hair swept back from his forehead and touching his shoulders, with his mind and heart fully intent upon schemes of havoc and mischief.

"General," said one of the junior officers of his corps, as gazing idly around his eye encountered the eagle glance of their visitor, "there is a stranger in the room!"

At once the maps were laid upon the table, and a pause followed as each one seemed struck with his manly bearing, his powerfully framed person, expanded chest and muscular strength of the refugee, until the silence was broken by Howe himself, who in that winning tone, and condescending manner for which he was so remarkable, inquired:

"If you wish to communicate with me, sir, I am at your service."

"You are the leader of King George's forces?"

"I enjoy that high honor, sir," rejoined Howe in the courtly mode to which he was accustomed.

"I am the bitter enemy, the deadly foe to all the cursed rebels who have taken up arms against their King for refusing to pay the taxes which the traitors levied, and declining to serve in their unholy cause, they have branded my family as outlaws and tried to disgrace us. I have sworn to be revenged upon the whole of them."

"Your name, stranger, if you please?"

"They call me Moses Doan."

"Would you like to enlist in the King's service?"

"No, I have a picked band of my own, as good and true men as ever shouldered a knapsack or carried a rifle, fleet as the deer, and whose aim never misses its mark."

"Ah, I understand you now, you want to pursue your own mode of warfare under the flag of England; is that it?"

"Yes, we have horses of our own, and when they fail, we can easily provide ourselves with others. We might

prove of advantage to you as spies upon the movements of the rebel camp, and during your marches could scour the country in advance, so as to warn you of danger, and would be of service in aiding you to harrass and annoy the enemy."

"Good, capital!" chuckled the General; "you are just the very man for us. How many of your company can you bring into immediate requisition?"

"Ten, who do not know or care for danger."

"Can they all be trusted?"

"I will answer for them with my life."

"'Tis well," answered Howe; "please excuse me for a moment. Officers," he continued, "a few words with you," and they retired to one corner of the room for consultation upon the proposed scheme which had taken possession of the mind of their commander. Their deliberating was of short duration, when Howe, advancing to the refugee, remarked:

"Doan, we have concluded to entrust you with a matter of the greatest importance to our future success, the fulfilling of which will call into requisition all your energy and tact—to spy out the movements of the rebels, and report the result of your observations to me daily, or as much oftener as you may have anything of interest to communicate."

"That's just the kind of business that suits me."

"Listen! That dare-devil Putnam, who everybody tells me is as sly as a fox, one of our trusty spies informs us is about taking his position upon Long Island, and as we have decided not to attack him until the arrival of reinforcements, we have agreed to confide to you the duty of narrowly observing his movements. If you accept, you will be furnished with what money or horses you may require."

"It will only be fun for me, but horses I need not, as I have one that goes like the wind. As to money, I want none until I have earned it."

"When will you start?"

"To-morrow by daybreak I will be in my saddle."

"You will remain here to-night as my guest, and anything you may order shall be supplied to you."

The interview over and the plan arranged, the refugee retired to quarters which had been prepared for his accommodation, and ere next morning was bounding away on his favorite steed to the rendezvous appointed with Levi. When they met, he revealed to him the important business

entrusted to his care, and directed him to return immediately to Philadelphia with a verbal message requesting the presence of the other members of his outlaw clan at Newark upon the next Saturday, where, if he was alive, he would meet them without fail.

He then returned to the neighborhood of New York, and until the time appointed to meet his comrades, slept during most of the day, lounging around in the evening to spy over all the movements of the patriots in a very unconcerned way, and by hard riding at night was enabled to convey to the British General all the passing news of any moment. Saturday came, and just about dusk, he rode out to the outskirts of Newark, where he was soon after met by his brother Levi and his cousin Abraham. Fitzpatrick and the others, having concluded that the harvest was rich enough near home for their satisfaction, did not make their appearance, but in their place, very much to the surprise and gratification of Moses, were two brothers, Solomon and Isaac Vickars, who were old cronies of his, and who, hearing of the success of the Doans, had been easily induced to take part in their schemes of robbery and plunder. The Vickars made pretence that they were honestly attached to the Royal cause from principle, but subsequent events leave us no room to doubt that their conduct of utter lawlessness had its origin in a more despicable motive.

After a long and deliberate consultation, in which their leader fully disclosed to them his plans, they finally determined upon his suggestion to erect a temporary hut in a secluded grove near the Passaic river, and within about three miles of Newark, to serve as a shelter for them, and so peculiarly situated as to elude suspicion if the rebels should become alarmed at their singular conduct and be induced to make search for them. Independent of this consideration, which was no small one in their minds, it was so located that they could easily hear the sound of the reveille in the morning from the British army at Staten Island and the tattoo of the American camp in the evening. For several days nothing occurred worthy of note now. Besides the strict vigilance with which they watched all the movements and intently listened to the designs of the patriots, which they enjoyed good opportunities of hearing, being at that time unsuspected, as they pretended to espouse the cause of the Colonists and were both loud and

rampant upon the abominable tyranny of England, they were enabled to gather much valuable information from those with whom they mingled, who were ignorant of their real sentiments.

One evening there was quite a large party of citizens congregated in the barroom of one of the numerous dram shops, then and now so common in Newark, discussing the many grievances to which as a people they had long submitted, and giving free vent in no very mild language to the fervent indignation which these outrages had everywhere met from the hearts of the early settlers. The great majority of those present were old gray-headed men, who from age and physical debility were unable to rally under the standard of freedom, but whose feelings nevertheless were ardently enlisted in favor of the downfall of that kingly power which was fast sapping the prosperity and blighting the progress of their country, and whose sons had left their peaceful homes and firesides to battle for the guerdon of liberty.

Among these, and coinciding with the views they expressed, was Levi Doan, pretending to be considerably under the influence of whiskey, which he counterfeited most admirably, in order to carry on more effectually and without suspicion the schemes in which he was now engaged. His appearance among them had at first created some low whisperings, which were not unobserved by him, but which he dissipated by answering that he was a regular built rebel on his way to join Putnam and his army.

"Hello, old red-nose!" he loudly exclaimed, during a momentary pause in the conversation, striking his clenched hand with great force upon the hard oak table to command attention; "I say, old fellow, bring me a steaming bowl of whiskey. Might as well drink now and enjoy myself before I'm put on short allowance, for they say old Put don't allow his men much of the critter, so move yourself, for I am getting awful dry, and my throat is just as husky as a corn cob."

The landlord soon brought the stimulating liquid in a pewter mug, and set it down before him.

"Now, boys, keep your chops quiet, while I drink off a toast. Here's long life and luck to old Put and America, and death and destruction to all the confounded Tories. I don't care who hears me say it."

"Good boy," chimed in a rubicund

faced, jolly looking farmer, named Shelton, who had been taking an extra toddy or two more than usual, accompanied by the usual consequence of indulgence—a thick tongue.

"Say, neighbor," said Levi, beckoning to him with a kind of mock drunken seriousness, "as you are one of us and on our side for freedom and liberty, suppose you take a drink along for company?"

"Well, I don't care if I do take a wee drap. I guess it won't hurt."

Levi called for another glass, and in a few minutes they were as intimate with each other as if they had been acquainted for years, praising Washington and cursing the Tories most heartily.

"I'll tell you what it is, stranger; they say that Howe is going to march into Jersey and let his army rob whoever they please. But they won't get my money, anyhow, for I've got it (hic) sewed up in (hic) a f-e-a-t-h-e-r (hic) bed. They would never find it there, I guess."\*

"I should rather think not," responded Levi, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. It will be quite safe there, if you don't tell any one. What do you say to takin' another drink before we part?"

"Oh! I'm (hic) agreed if you are; might as well be (hic) merry while we can."

"To be sure. Here, old fellow, give us another round, and make it piping hot, too, with some strength in it. Do you hear?"

The second potation was soon disposed of, and then with a warm pressure of the hand they parted without the least surmise of anything wrong floating through the muddled brain of Shelton as he wended his way homeward, happy as a prince, while Levi, chuckling to himself at the prospect of gain, hurried on with rapid strides to the hut they inhabited, to acquaint his comrades with the prospect of easy and profitable prey in store for them.

"Abe, what are you lying here asleep for?" was his rough salutation upon entering the rude, brush wood door of their habitation. "Rouse up, man; there is work to be done before

\*This reminds us of a very worthy, but unsuspecting old gentleman in Plumstead township, who, upon being robbed some years since, and giving an account of it to a promiscuous collection of persons some time afterwards, remarked: "I guess they won't get much if they try it again, for I have got my silver hid in the clock case." Of course, it vanished that night.

daybreak. I came across an old covēy to-night, who is a perfect trump, and the fun of it is, he took me for an honest man, and told me the precise place where he had his silver hid. He is fair game, for a more rank rebel I never saw."

"Do you think it would be beneficial to bleed him a little and relieve him of some of his surplus pewter?"

"Don't I, though? Certainly, for they say he is as rich as a Jew, and as he declared he would give all he is worth to help the rascals fight, it won't hurthim a bit to help us along a little."

"Did you find out where he lives?"

"Yes, the identical spot, for I tracked him home, true as a hound. Jump round and get ready, for business seems mighty dull around here, and if there ain't a change I'll die for want of excitement before long."

"Remember the orders of Mose, not attempt anything of the kind until he sees how the land laid."

"He be hanged; he's spending his time scouring around the country on a wild goose chase, and I ain't going to let every good chance slip through my fingers just to please him."

"That's my opinion on the subject," yawned out Solomon Vickars, who had been awakened by their conversation. "I started for sport, Levi, and I'm bound to have it. My eyes are aching now for a sight of some of the silver they say is stowed away in the lockers of these rebels."

"Get ready, boys, without any more parleying," replied Levi Doan, "and in less than two hours you will not only see it, but hear the merry jingle of pure coin in your pockets. Come, stir yourselves."

**T**HE idea which Levi had thrown out of making a rich haul of gold and silver removed all doubts from the minds of the rest of the refugees, and banished what little compunctions of conscience they might have before entertained, and ere the lapse of five minutes, the party of mercenary bandits had emerged from the woods, and on a half run were moving quickly over the sands, under the guidance of Levi, for the farm house of his quondam friend Shelton.

It was past the hour of midnight when they arrived at the mansion, when, after a careful reconnoitering of the premises, and satisfying themselves by the solemn stillness, which was only varied by the rustling of leaves in the grove around it, that they were not watched by anyone—they immediately commenced operations by endeavoring to find a place that would afford them easy ingress into the house without making any noise that would disturb the inmates, and thereby put them on their guard and perhaps foil their undertaking. The doors were all found to be locked, and the window shutters of the lower story bolted. A piazza, however, over the main entrance was quite near to a window, and it was decided to climb the columns which supported it—no very difficult task to men who were as expert climbers as they were dexterous wrestlers. Levi led the way and raised the sash, and followed by the others, proceeded with a noiseless and cat-like tread into the entry.

Here they listened to the heavy, sonorous breathing of Shelton, the sound of which came from a room opening to the right of them.

A few whispered directions were given, and then Levi raising the latch quite softly, opened the door and entered the chamber, followed by the others on their tip-toes; but the noise, slight as it was, proved sufficient to awaken his wife, who by the dim light of the moon perceived the intruders approaching the bedside, and immediately uttered a scream of terror and affright; but she had not time to repeat it ere the iron hand of Abraham Doan was placed heavily upon her lips, and she was prevented from making any further outcry.

Even that however failed of arousing her husband from his drunken snooze, and it was not until after he had received a pretty severe shaking at the

hands of Isaac Vickars that he vouch-safed to them even a grunt, when he, rubbing his eyes and seeing the state of affairs around him, attempted to halloo, but all to no purpose, and so he was forced to submit with as easy a grace as possible under the circumstances.

"Don't get into a rage, old fellow," commenced Abe; "we won't harm your old carcass, at all. We merely want to borrow a few of those yellow rings made lawful tender by our King, whom you hate so much that his picture can't be of much account to you."

"You are mistaken, men," replied Shelton, thinking to save his treasure by uttering a falsehood. "I am a true and loyal subject of King George's, and take neither lot nor part with his enemies."

"Ha! old sneaky," interposed Levi; "guess maybe your memory is getting short. Do you remember what you told me down in the tavern only an hour or two ago?"

"Why, I thought you were on your way to join Putnam?"

"You may think whatever you please, but I guess you were not up to snuff that time. So, shell out; and then we will take a parting drink with you."

It was in vain that he declared there was no money in the house, and avowed his story to Levi to be all a sham—for they were not to be tricked out of plunder in that way so easily. They commenced a thorough search

the bed by ripping open the ticking and carefully examining the feathers, but without meeting with any success.

They were beginning to think that they had come on a fool's errand and were about taking their departure, very much to the joy of the farmer and his frightened better-half, when Abe suggested that if they put him to the torture he might be induced to confess the truth.

This was no sooner proposed than agreed to by the rest, and Abe tied Shelton down upon the bed, and, while Levi held the candle, commenced tickling his feet with his finers, a most barbarous punishment, and which it is asserted is of all others the most aggravating in its nature, and the most difficult to bear. It was in vain that he laughed and cried by turns, in the intervals begging for mercy, for his persecutor did not heed as he continued very composedly at what he termed amusement, while the others stood around enjoying the writhing twitches and agony of their victim, occasionally advising him to own up

where he kept his money, which he as resolutely refused to do.

At length human nature could not endure the suffering any longer. Even with the loss of all his gold in the perspective, he finally was compelled to admit that it was sewed up in the bed in the best spare room.

Levi started with the candle to make search for it, while the others kept guard over Shelton and his wife. He had not been absent long before he returned with a large buckskin purse, which he relieved of its drawing strings, and emptying its glittering contents on the table for the greed eyes of his comrades to feast upon. Then, counting it out in equal quantities, he distributed to each one his portion, being £100 divided into four parts, which was decidedly the most profitable haul they had yet made.

"Good morning, Mr. Shelton," said Levi, with mock gravity; "if we happen to come your way again we'll certainly give you a call, for we never forget our charitable friends!" Then, without any more ceremonial leave-taking they departed, leaving the imprudent man to console himself as he best could with his heavy loss. It taught him a lesson which he never forgot, and was productive of one good effect, in inducing him to abandon his cups. Years after peace had been declared, and our difficulties satisfactorily adjusted, he was often called upon to relate the incidents of this robbery, and no matter where he was or in what company, never finished it except by saying, "D—n the infernal cow boys and the Doans!"

They continued their depredations after this in that part of New Jersey, and in their many pillaging expeditions met with unusual success; especially was this the case with their unlawful appropriation of many fine and spirited young horses for which they were paid a very exorbitant price by the British officers, who placed implicit confidence in their accurate taste and judgment regarding the speed and endurance of the animal which they desired to dispose of to them; while it is an established fact that the most splendid chargers that ever carried warriors on the battle field, were the horses belonging to General Howe and his staff, and for which they were indebted to these refugees.

In the meantime, Moses Doan had not been idle, although differently employed, and while his brothers had been busily engaged in scenes of robbery and plunder, he was, with the most indefatigable industry and dogged perseverance, haunting the out-

posts of the Colonists both by day and night, and his daily communications to General Howe were of the utmost importance to his army and himself. His movements were signalized by the most remarkable daring and recklessness, frequently riding up to the astonished sentinels, at the dead hour of the night, and within range of rifle shot, and hallooing to them, while before they were aware of it he would wheel his steed around and gallop off with the speed of the wind, causing his strange presence and disappearance to give rise to the most marvelous and supernatural stories.

On one occasion, two sentinels were conversing with an officer after dusk upon the probable plan that Putnam would pursue in attacking the British, and when they had finished their conversation, he jumped from the limb of a tree overhead, walked into their midst, startling them so that they imagined him an evil spirit rather than a human being, and ere they were aware of the true purpose of the intruder, he had bounded away from them with the fleetness of a fawn. They pursued him, but their efforts to overtake the outlaw were unavailing, one of them declaring through life that, when he reached the edge of the woods, he gave a whistle, and there came running to him a majestic coal-black steed, without either saddle or bridle, upon whose back he sprang, and rode off quick as a flash. The idea of the horse being without bridle or rein must have had its existence in the excitable imagination of him who related it, but the signal call was undoubtedly correct, for he had early trained him in that way at home while he was yet unbroken to labor, and before his speed had been tested. It is worthy of note that so accurate and correct were the tidings he conveyed to Howe, and so implicitly were his reports relied upon that the British officers distinguished him from those less vigilant in their employ by the title of "Eagle Spy!"

The crisis of our difficulties was fast approaching, and the prospects of the patriot forces were not looking very flattering. General Putnam had hoped that Howe would have attacked him early in the month of July, and thus give him a fair opportunity to test the bravery of their respective forces in a contest of nearly equal numbers, when he was convinced the result would not long have been doubtful, for relying upon the justness of their cause, and a firm confidence in Divine Providence, his men would have proved invincible to the foe unless overpowered by the

crushing weight of a greater number o' antagonists. This Howe knew fully as well as the American commander, and therefore awaited the arrival of his brother with reinforcements.

Lord Howe sailed up New York Bay and landed eighteen thousand tried and experienced soldiers on Staten Island, and with this powerful reinforcement it was determined to march without delay upon Washington and his army, and crush them by a single blow, as they were abundantly provided with arms and ammunition, and their troops well drilled and disciplined, which, from the information they had received, they were well satisfied was not the case with the raw militia and undisciplined volunteers of the patriots.

General Howe and staff were assembled in solemn conclave, deliberating upon the most feasible plan of attacking the enemy so as to insure an easy and signal victory. Their consultation had been prolonged until a very late hour without coming to any conclusion, owing to the wide difference of opinion that existed between them. Maps had been examined in vain, and charts critically inspected, yet still they differed as widely as ever. In the midst of the excited discussion, a sentinel came in, and presenting arms to his superior, said:

"Doan, our Eagle Spy, has just arrived with important information for your Excellency, which he is desirous of communicating before you retire. Is it your pleasure to admit him?"

"Let him be admitted immediately, sir." Then turning to his staff, he continued: "That Doan is a gallant fellow; he never returns without he bears a message of importance. His services are beyond all price to us. Perhaps he has now information which will put to rest this vexed question which we have spent so much time on."

Directly the tall and noble form of the reckless refugee was seen approaching through the open doorway, and moving with rapid strides towards the table where they sat, without manifesting, either by countenance or change of features, the least timidity or embarrassment in the presence of those who were, both by birth and fortune, his superiors. The old wool hat was crushed in his hand as, without bow of courtesy or salutation, he fixed his keen, dark eye upon Howe, who had ascertained that etiquette and he were strangers, and that it was policy to let him have his own way, without seeking to control him.

"Well, Doan, what word bring you to-night of the rebel movements?"

"News of the utmost importance and which demands your immediate attention. All you have now to do is to take advantage of their negligence and the victory will be easily won."

"Speak on, we are listening attentively," replied Howe, as he and his officers rose from their seats and gathered around the outlaw, awaiting with the most intense anxiety for further developments from the lips of their wild and courageous spy.

"Putnam is resting quite secure, as he thinks, upon Long Island, and by his orders every pass is strictly guarded as he supposes. But the fools have carelessly left one without a solitary sentinel, through which your entire army could enter and take them completely by surprise, ere they could be made aware of your coming. I have been over every foot of the ground since dark, and I am satisfied that nothing could be more easy for you to accomplish."

"They may have some stratagem in view to entrap us," replied Howe.

"Devil a bit, your Excellency; it is nothing more nor less than the absolute carelessness of some half-cut officer in thus leaving exposed the key to their camp. You are to decide whether you will pounce upon them or not; I have now fulfilled my duty," answered Doan.

"Percy," continued Howe, turning to a young, brave and noble looking officer beside him, who had been listening very intently to every word of conversation, "what is your opinion as to the practicability of Doan's plan? Do you approve of it, my Lord?"

"It seems to be so," replied the person he addressed, earnestly emphasizing the second word of his sentence, and looking very significantly at his superior officer, who took the hint conveyed by his glance.

"You will please retire for a few moments, Doan," continued Howe in a very bland tone, and the refugee, yielding a ready compliance to the request, went moodily out of the room.

The officers engaged themselves in a very long discussion upon the policy of immediately following out the plan proposed by their spy, and it was long after midnight when they at last decided to attempt it, even then it was concluded upon under the earnest protest of the gallant Percy, who opposed it upon two reasons, which no arguments could induce him to swerve from—first, that the mode proposed was more like the warfare of the savage, and that it would reflect

more glory and renown upon the arms of Britain to meet the ragged rebels in fair and open battle, and vanquish them at once; but he was overruled by the others, who, considering that all the advantages which they could avail themselves of in time of war were perfectly fair and honorable, insisted upon its being carried out immediately, as an hour's delay might jeopardize their eventual success.

General Howe at once dispatched a subaltern in search of Doan; with a request that he should bring him immediately to his presence. After searching for him for some time, he found the wild outlaw playing cards with some of the soldiers, and apparently more interested in the result of the game than he was in the heavy stake now at issue between the Colonies and the mother country. However, with an oath or two, he threw down his cards and accompanied the messenger to the headquarters of the commander.

"Doan," commenced Howe, "we have determined to adopt your plan of attacking the rebels at once, for which you will hold yourself in readiness. As you were the first to discover the neglected pass, as a reward for your vigilance I confer upon you the high honor of command over his Majesty's forces, until we shall arrive in the American camp, and we will depend much upon your sagacity and foresight for success in our expedition. Do you comprehend me fully?"

Moses Doan did not reply by words but assented by a mere formal inclination of his head.

"If we succeed, as I do not for a moment doubt but that we will, it will be a pleasure to me to give to you a reward that shall be commensurate with the important services that you have rendered to me. In the meantime remain here with me, and whatever you may desire you will need only to call for."

"I demand no reward, General," answered Doan in a firm tone of voice; "I am bent only on revenge upon the cowardly rascals that have taken up arms against their King and placed their rulers at defiance."

The interview here terminated, but immediately orders were given to the army, and the bustle and activity of the soldiers denoted that they were all preparing for a sudden march, but where even they were not permitted to know, for the secret was entrusted only to the officers. Still it was a relief from the ennui of the past two

weeks, which had been spent in idleness, and the prospect of excitement was therefore in itself sufficiently exhilarating to buoy up their flagging spirits; the day was passed in putting their arms and accoutrements in complete order, and congratulating themselves on the fun in store for them in routing the rebels.

An hour after sunset, on the evening of August 26th, the English forces were formed into line, and the order to march given in low whispers from one company to another, and with quiet, stealthy step they set out upon their expedition. There was no bugle blast sounding out its pealing summons upon the night air, no shrill screaming sife or tapping drum to lead them on, but all was silent as the grave, save the dull, heavy sound of their footsteps. At their heads were Generals Howe and Clinton, who with the right wing were anxious to gain the heights unperceived by their sleeping foes. It is an established and undisputed fact in the history of the Revolution that Moses Doan guided and directed the movements of the British army upon this memorable occasion, and that he rode at the head of the column as proud in his bearing as if he was the chosen champion and avenger of England's cause! It is worthy of note that Lord Percy insisted upon the right to command his own division in person and uncontrolled by the mandate of the vagrant refugee, as he termed him, which his brother officers were compelled to allow.

At the gray and misty dawn of the morning of August 27th, as the first faint gleams of approaching day were rising upon the horizon, Doan having guided them between the city of Brooklyn and the hills which concealed their approach, they arrived at the place which had been left unprotected, and from there entrance was to be effected. Satisfying himself that their coming had not been observed, by listening for a moment or two, then in defiance of Howe's imperative orders, flushed with the wild excitability of his impulsive temperament, Doan exclaimed in a loud, thrilling and commanding tone of voice, which was heard by the most distant man in the ranks and echoed by the hills:

"On, brave boys, and show the cursed rebels no mercy or quarter."

The men cheered by his manner, moved quickly on in serried ranks, and while with bayonet they charged upon the surprised and terror stricken soldiers, the Hessians commenced the

attack in front, thus surrounding them and giving to them no chance or time to rally. Washington was in his saddle as soon as possible, and by his presence and bravery encouraged the patriots to resistance; but the shock was so sudden, the surprise so unexpected, that although contending manfully and courageously against the most tremendous odds, some of the troops became panic-stricken, and gave way, fleeing from the scene of conflict in disorder along the dike of a mill dam and through a wet and dismal marsh where many of them perished. Four days afterward the American forces left Long Island in possession of the British army.

Thus ended in disaster the hope which up to that time had buoyed up the hearts of the Colonists, and for which Howe was indebted only to the shrewd cunning of Moses Doan, their Eagle Spy!

CHAPTER XI

Alas, poor country,  
Almost afraid to know thyself! It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave; where  
nothing  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to  
smile;  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that  
rend the air,  
Are made, not marked; where violent sor-  
row seems  
A modern extacy; and the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for whom; and good  
men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps.

SHAKSPEARE'S MACBETH.

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, an infant's trembling  
cry.

ANON.

**R**EVELRY and mirth, wine and song, ruled lightly o'er the festive hours in the British camp, that followed the triumph of their stratagem over Washington and his army, which had been so successfully planned and carried out by their refugee ally, who by his signal adroitness had inflicted a terrible blow upon the prospects of the patriot cause, whose future now seemed enveloped in the dark clouds of gloom and uncertainty.

Moses Doan became at once the favorite pet of the officers and the idol of the soldiery; yet be it said to his credit that his suddenly acquired celebrity did not cause him to become inflated with arrogant vanity, but that he wore his laurels as became a hero. In every scheme proposed by Howe in relation to the farther prosecution of the war he was an honored member of the council; while his strange, eccentric dress and manners made him an object of the greatest wonder and curiosity to the rank and file of the army, for despite the expressed wish of Lord Howe, that if he would wear other clothes they would be provided for him immediately, he preferred the old and more than half worn out slouch hat, the faded red handkerchief tied in a hard knot around his throat, and the old loose woollen frock coat which began to show the effect of long continued wearing.

He had achieved his present greatness at a sacrifice that made him moody and low-spirited, and a loss which only he could estimate the value of. As he was riding at full speed upon the affrighted Americans, one of the rebels whom he so much despised, doubtless mistaking him for a British

officer, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and taking aim, fired. The bullet missed its intended mark in not hitting the dauntless rider, but entered the shoulder of his horse, who fell at once to the ground with his master. Doan examined the wound and endeavored to staunch the flow of blood, but all to no purpose, for in a few moments his pet courser, who had borne him safe over hill and moor with the speed of the wind, gave several convulsive struggles, and then, stretching out his limbs in his death agony, laid lifeless at the feet of his master, whose large and lustrous eyes were filled with tears as bitter as ever a mother shed over the corpse of her child. "I swear, boys, I believe Wild Devil knew me as well as I know my old father, and when he was about dying, he looked good-bye to me out of his eye, just as plain as if he had said it. It won't go easy with the man who shot him if I ever find him out, for I'd follow him from here to Jerusalem, but what I would have satisfaction out of him." These were Doan's expressions, with which for weeks afterwards he invariably wound up the story of his horse's great feats and his unequalled racing powers.

Leaving the camp one evening, he returned the next morning before daylight, mounted on a jet black charger of such spirit, limbs and action as would make the eyes of horsemen of our day water to possess him. Where he obtained him he did not condescend to inform them, and they knew his disposition too well to attempt solving the mystery. But few days elapsed before he had him nearly as well trained as the one he had lost, halting at the word, and starting off at full run by a low whistle, without his ever drawing a rein on him. It is said General Clinton offered him £200 for his new favorite, but that Doan indignantly spurned the offer, telling him that he would not part with Wild Devil, for he had christened him by the same strange name, if he would give him his weight in gold.

General Howe kept his word faithfully in nobly rewarding Doan for his invaluable services to him, and the many risks he ran to aid him and the Royal cause. He sent for him and offered him a commission in the army with double pay; but, as he well knew his acceptance of any post of honor or duty would limit the freedom of his actions, he firmly refused the tendered promotion, preferring to accept a purse of gold from him as a present, which contained what would be equiv-

alent to five hundred dollars of our present currency. We read that Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and Judas Iscariot betrayed his Master for fifteen pieces of silver, and judging by these instances it would seem that Doan was what may be termed a high-priced rascal. It required a larger amount to bribe him to become the appropriate instrument of tyranny to aid in crushing the free-born spirit of Liberty.

After some time spent in dissipation and debauchery, and there not being sufficient excitement to employ his mind, he left the army and returned to Plumstead to ascertain how matters were progressing with his partners in iniquity. Levi and Abraham, together with the Vickar's, had been so hotly pursued in New Jersey that they were forced to leave and return to Bucks county for safety. He found the great mass of his neighbors indignant at their many acts of wickedness and cruelty, while a few countenanced their depravity and excused their lawless conduct as being nothing more than a just retaliation upon the rebels for attempting to make them perform military duty, and enforcing the payment of the taxes which had been levied by order of the Colonial government, to enable them to carry on the war against England.

Unable to procure information of their whereabouts from his parents, he started off to Chester county, where he found the whole gang of refugees busily engaged in robbing the Whigs of their horses and carrying on a thriving trade by disposing of them at high prices in Philadelphia, and sometimes when they were apprehensive of detection, driving them to Baltimore for sale. They offered Moses a share in the proceeds of their plunder, which, as he did not participate in obtaining it, he declined accepting.

He informed them of the excitement existing at home in relation to the schemes in which they were now engaged, of the many exaggerated reports in circulation concerning the motives which prompted their present conduct, and that they were denounced by particular persons, whom he named, as infamous robbers and dare-devil cut-throats. These epithets, which they did not think they deserved, roused at once all the hatred that slumbered in their hearts, and after he had concluded, Levi started up in an angry manner, exclaiming:

"Curse them all! If we have got the name we might as well have the game. I'm in favor of going back and pay-

ing them a friendly visit which they will remember and have cause to talk about. What do the rest of you think?"

"I wouldn't mind much," replied Abraham, "if it wasn't such a confounded losing business."

"There will be more fun in it, and therefore I am in favor of it," said Aaron, with that sly twinkle of his eye which always gave token of there being fun ahead.

"What do you think about it, Fitz?" continued Moses, addressing his twin spirit in crime and revenge.

"I'm ready for almost anything, and I don't know but what it is best to vary the scene of our operations once in a while; perhaps times will be better here if we stay away long enough to allay suspicion."

"Well, boys, it is agreed all round that we are to go; get your horses ready by sundown, and we will start for old Bucks, and let the braggart rebels attack us if they dare."

Ten in company, they galloped off about dark for their home, and by dint of hard riding they arrived at the inn kept at that time by Eleazar Doan, on the river road to Point Pleasant. Riding up to the door on a full run, and shouting as they came like fiends let loose, the motley group of loafers and farmer neighbors who had been cozily seated in the bar-room, and several of whom had but a few moments previous expressed a great desire to shoot them down like dogs, jumped up from their seats to ascertain the cause of the cries from without.

Their astonishment was great when the tall horsemen at a given signal from their captain, dismounted and hitched their horses to the posts, and then forming in single file, with a heavy tramp, marched at once into the bar-room, where the light from the candle on the counter of the bar revealed to them the stern features and flashing eyes of the refugee Doans, whom they had supposed far away, or they would not have boasted so a few moments before of their great desire to meet them and punish them for their transgressions against the peace of society.

"How are you, boys?" sang out Moses. "It's a good while since we met each other, what do you say for taking a little whiskey along with us? Don't be afraid even if those rebels have given us such a bad character; we are not near so bad as they let on to be, so come up and take something to warm you—all hands."

It did not need a second invitation,

for either afraid to offend them by refusing, or a strong desire "to gin a treat," induced them to forget all the hard words they had recently applied to the refugees, and they consented to take a horn.

"Here, old Eleazar; you crooked-faced south-paw. Just go into your den and measure out the liquor. Come easy, go easy," thundered out Levi at the top of his voice, throwing out a handful of gold upon the counter, "and if there ain't enough there to pay the score, I know where there's more of it to be had without even asking for it."

"What's the use of making flesh of one and fowl of another," responded Aaron; "here, old blackskin," he continued, taking a violent hold of an old negro, called Tom, and hurling him by main force against the bar, "don't stand there grinning, but come up and wet your whistle with the rest of them; for a white man is as good as a nigger any time."

"Now wait for the toast; don't any man drink before I give the word," answered Mose, raising his glass to his lips, "Here's mine:

"Here's to our King George!  
The royal, true and bold;  
Who gives us the freedom  
Of stealing rebel gold.

"Here's to all the cow-boys,  
And the gallant refugees;  
Who are wide awake in danger,  
And go where'er they please."

"Now drink, fellows!"

"That's fine, good, hurrah!" shouted they all at once, and they drank to it heartily with right good will, so far as concerned themselves; but several of the persons present disapproved the sentiment entirely, but deemed it prudent not to express aloud any opinion at variance with theirs, for fear of receiving a severe beating from the desperadoes.

"Fill up again, boys," bellowed Moses somewhat exhilarated by the first dram; "we might as well have a night of it. I wish that Bill Hart was here now. They say he has been threatening to punish us if we fell into his hands, and that he bothers himself going round the neighborhood declaring that we ought all of us to be shot. I guess he ain't got grit enough to try it on; if he wants to he can have the chance."

"Ha! dis nigga don't know about dat," chuckled old Tom; "if Massa Hart get hold of you once, golly—he'll chaw you up as fine as mince meat; dat am a fac'."

"Chaw who up, you impudent niger?" asked Abraham.

"Why, the whole off you, and do it just as easy as a coon can climb a gum tree; yes indeed, he would indeed, Massa Doan."

"He would, eh! Shut up your jaw, and take that for your insolence," replied Abraham, striking him a severe blow which felled the darkey flat upon the floor, where he lay hollering for mercy, while the others gathered around and made light of his misfortune.

"Let's have no fighting here, boys," interposed Moses; "let's take a general drink, and Fitz, you give us a song, one of your own making up, and may be it will put the devils in a good humor."

The glasses were refilled, and Fitz sang this little ditty, which was received by his confederates with hearty applause:

"Oh! we are a merry party,  
A right real, jovial crew;  
Who eat and drink quite hearty,  
Till often we get quite blue.

"We care not for the rebels,  
Or all their boasting band;  
We can whip them when united,  
Or beat them single hand.

"If they want to try us,  
We are ready now for fight;  
We are King George's friends,  
And can lick them out of sight.

"Our homes are in the forest,  
Our hands are fond of silver;  
If rebels we may meet,  
We always cry deliver,

"'Twas they began the battle,  
And thinking 'twould be fun;  
But when Howe started for them,  
Oh ! Lord, how they did run!"

"That's the way to sing; now for it. Here's to old England, and hoping the confounded rebels will soon have to surrender!" echoed Levi.

They kept up their bacchanalian revel, singing, drinking, and shouting, until near morning, when they considered it best to start off, and they departed pretty well intoxicated, without giving any information as to their future plans, or who next would be honored with a visit from them.

The next night, however, they were seen by several persons coming down the old Easton road, near Kachline's tavern, with their horses going at the top of their speed; they then crossed over the country until they came to the residence of William Darrah, who was a collector of taxes for the township of Bedminster. They entered the house without even alarming the family, and demanded the money which they had understood was in his possession.

This he refused to do, and being a man of strong nerve, persisted in his denial, in spite of the many threats and oaths they made use of. Finding

that it was useless to attempt longer to coax it out of him, they determined to resort to more harsh means to compel him to disclose where the money was secreted, and to do this they adopted a plan, the most painful and cruel. Placing the palms of his hands together so as to form a kind of bowl, Abraham took the tongs and dropped live coals of fire into them, compelling him to hold them, when, however, the pain became so agonizing that he could endure it no longer, he let the coals fall. Abraham, with the spirit of a fiend, then held his hands and placed new coals upon them, causing him great agony; but it failed of inducing him to confess, and they were compelled to leave without their plunder.

This outrage was committed in the presence of his wife. She, herself, by her presence of mind, prevented them from robbing the house at another time, when they came there after dark, by going to the kitchen door and calling for John, Jake and Tom, and other imaginary personages, when, fearing that there was help at hand, they speedily decamped. The truth was that she was entirely alone and no one near that she knew of, who could have heard her call for them. The hands of William Darrah were so dreadfully burnt that for some time afterwards they caused him the most excruciating pain; in fact they never became healed, and notwithstanding every remedy was tried, salves and poultices applied, they contiued running sores until his death. This incident in itself speaks volumes against the cruelty and vindictiveness of that infamous and tyranical refugee, Abraham Doan.

CHAPTER XII.

Thy forests are noble,  
Thy meadows are green,  
And lovely—thrice lovely,  
Does Lahasaka seem;  
But thy lasses are fairer  
Than flower or tree,  
The delight of us rustics,  
And an honor to thee.      ANON.

Lake Holi-Kong's enchantment reigned,  
The legended, the bright,  
The chimes of song rang o'er its wave,  
That moon-light summer night,  
  
How gracefully I glided on,  
Life loosed its curb of care,  
Until the mountain shadows crossed  
My path and visions rare.      NEWMAN.

**B**EAUTY-woven and cliff-bound is the gentle vale of Lahasaka, that slumbers in variegated loveliness at the base of Buckingham mountain. Above it from the long, dark range of moss-covered rocks that ward off the rage of the tempest, at its eastern extremity girded by forest trees of more than a century's growth, the wind-music of whose murmuring boughs sweeps gently over its rivulets and meads until it floats in melody over the crystal ripples that bubble forth so mysteriously from nature's fountain, upon thy borders, Aque-tong! its bosom, gemmed by rural cots and many a happy home, and its tiara jeweled by the deep blue eyes, the winning smiles, and greeting hearts of many a fair and beautiful maiden.

Thine is a worship spot, Lahasaka! The Mecca shrine of the enthusiast who sips renewed life and vigor from nature's lips, and to the lover of the picturesque the Cashmere of America. Chide and smile if you will, but these gushing emotions that steal up unbidden from the well-spring of feeling will have utterance, and to me the gleams of the rising day-god are more golden, the skies more blue, the streams more deeply threaded with silver, the hour of sunset tinged with a deeper crimson within that vale, than any other place I have ever gazed from on earth.

Doan and his comrades, after the unsuccessful attack upon William Darrah, decided to ride down to Buckingham, where their Captain was to hold a consultation with a congenial spirit, whose aid he counted upon, and whose advice might be of benefit to them in their undertakings hereafter. They did not arrive, however, at the time appointed, and were compelled to wait until he should arrive. We pause in our history to describe the place where they halted.

\*The vale of Lahasaka is situated near the middle of Bucks county, about four miles distant from the Delaware river. It is not large, being somewhere near four or five miles in length, and one and a half or two in width. It was seldom traveled in those days except by the hunter. The north side is bounded by hills, leaving a beautiful and fertile valley between, called by the Indians, Lahasaka.

The mountain was mostly covered by a dense forest, except where the rocks prevented the growth of anything but bushes. Near the middle of the mountain, a huge pile of rocks stood boldly out over the tree tops, reminding one of some old, feudal castle among the highlands of Scotland. They were at that time an object of curiosity and resort, and remain so to this day. Wild and mysterious legends were in circulation about them and strange noises were said to issue from their bowels, when night had flung her sable mantle over the earth.

The hardy followers of Penn discovered this valley, and charmed with the beauty of its location, as well as the richness of its soil, immediately formed the idea of establishing a settlement. A few families accordingly came with their amount of worldly goods, and after constructing for themselves rude cabins as a temporary shelter, commenced leveling the forests, and preparing their crops. Everything answered their most sanguine expectations, and in the course of time their number was increased by new arrivals. At the period when the beacon-fires of liberty were first kindled, and that Revolution burst forth which rocked the earth to its centre, the vale had become pretty well settled, and the smoke from many a cottage might be seen winding its way toward the clouds, or laying in lazy folds along the earth.

Among the earlier settlers was one John Merton, a person whose history was unknown to all of his companions. Rumors were in circulation about his being a broken merchant, some said he was a notorious gambler and counterfeiter, who had been obliged to fly from his country to save his neck, yet they were mere surmises and gained but little credit. One thing, however, was certain, that he was universally disliked by all who knew him. Proud and overbearing in his manners, he made but small progress in the esteem

\*For this description we are indebted to a work published by E. M. Paxson, Esq., in 1843.

of his neighbors, who were strangers to all distinctions of aristocracy. He lived without any visible means of support, in a style far superior to the wealthiest of the other settlers, and took no part in the laborious task of clearing the forest, while a strange mystery clung around him. Years glided by and still he remained in the valley, never visiting his neighbors, and seldom visited by them. He lived a life of solitude amidst a world of business, and it seemed as if he dreaded even the sound of the woodman's axe, or the deep note of the hunter's horn.

We have no doubt of the fact that they had one confederate, if not more, in the neighborhood referred to above, as an old lady, now deceased, and who possessed a very retentive memory, assured us to be so, but the names she was unable to recollect. She was positive, however, that they were in the habit of riding down to Buckingham and secreting themselves among its mountain fastnesses and deep ravines, which served as admirable places of concealment, in which it was extremely difficult to follow them. The character and disposition of their comrade is so similar to the sketch we have given of Merton, that we choose to adopt the same as the only plausible key within our reach to the mysterious friend who there gave them countenance and shelter, and with whom they divided their ill-gotten pelf.

Twilight was fast waning away into darkness, when around the borders of Holi-Kong's† mysterious spring were gathered the reckless Doans in conversation with a large, dark, scowling-

[†This spring, which for a century past has been the wonder and fame of the surrounding country, is situated on the dividing line of the farms of Marmaduke Watson and William H. Johnson, and still retains the original name given to it by the Indians. The top may be said to be funnel-shaped, being about fifty feet in circumference, decreasing slowly in width as it goes down until it reaches the top of the water, where it is about the size of an ordinary well. There are many traditions related of it by the old inhabitants, among which is that of an Indian, who was skinning a deer near its edges, accidentally fell in with it and came out at what is known as Ingham Spring, about three miles distant, not the least injured from his strange excursion. It is also asserted by many that sawdust thrown in it has subsequently found its way out at the above place. We do not vouch for the truth of these stories, but it is an indisputed fact that although repeated efforts have been made with ropes and chains they have always been unable to fathom it, and a rail thrown end-wise forcibly into it, will disappear forever. It has been a place of resort to the lovers of the strange and wonderful, and undoubtedly is one of nature's most strange phenomena.]

browed man, who appeared anxious to enforce by loud words and gestures his own peculiar views, but which did not seem to meet with the approval of the refugees.

"I tell you what it is, Merton, if you have private wrongs to avenge, you had better settle them yourself, as we are acting only for the public good in putting down these cursed rebels. If you have a mind to join us and fight with us under King George, well and good, but you must take charge of your own difficulties," was the reply of Moses Doan to the long harangue of the excited stranger.

"If I only had help, I could do it easy enough; that is the trouble."

"Well, we are not in the women line at present, and if your girl treats you badly, it is not our fault."

"Yes, I know, but the rascals have told lies about me; that is the reason I want to punish them."

"Never mind them, Merton;" continued Moses, "just travel with us for a few days and you will have so much fun and amusement that you will forget all your love scrapes and not care a fig for the whole of them."

"Well, go it boys, I'll take your advice, and help hunt down and plunder the rebels," and in less than five minutes the whole party were galloping upon their trusty steeds out of the fertile valley on to the westward opening, with Merton along with them.

This new personage was destined to prove a most valuable acquisition to the band on account of his general knowledge of the entire country for miles around, which he had frequently traveled over, more than for any cunning or bravery that he was possessed of, as future revelations will prove beyond cavil to the reader.

For months after this we are unable to trace the movements of this notorious family, as we have been unable to glean any information regarding their depredations. We infer, however, from accounts furnished us of their transactions in Chester county, that they passed the greater part of their time there under the command of Fitzpatrick, while Moses Doan, we think, kept loitering in the wake of the British army.

The winter of 1776-7 had set in with unusual severity, and perhaps was a prominent cause of the cessation of hostilities between the two great armies. General Howe had stationed his army all through the length of New Jersey, so that the sentinel gun could be heard from one post to another, forming an unbroken line of

communication in case of attack or surprise.

The hopes of the patriots were growing more dim and the prospect of success becoming more gloomy, and so confident was the British commander of speedily vanquishing, if not entirely annihilating his foes, that he issued a proclamation declaring that all those who would lay down their arms and renew their allegiance to the King, should receive free pardon and protection from him, and this had the effect of inducing many of the wealthier class, who cared more for their purses than they did for their freedom and independence, to abandon God's baptized cause of liberty to secure the safety of their property. The British soldiery were allowed by their officers to perpetrate acts of violence and lawlessness unchecked, and occupied their time in dissipation the most shameful and conduct deserving of the most severe censure.

In this crisis the invincible spirit of Washington never for a moment despaired, and while the enemies of his country were resting satisfied that the struggle would soon terminate with easy triumph to them, his gigantic mind was intently engaged in planning one more great effort, which, if successful, would even yet crush the prospects of the invaders of his native land.

Three thousand brave volunteers, which with General Cadwalader's division were the remnant of eight thousand who had escaped disease and the sword, were wintered at Well's farm, on the heights of the borough of New Hope. Washington and his staff had their headquarters in Newtown, at a farm house west of the creek.

It was during this time that the Doans commenced again to harrass and annoy the patriot army, and were undoubtedly employed as spies upon their movements. Though frequently pursued, for their character had by this time become notorious, they were always unable to capture them, owing to Merton, or whoever he might have been, being so perfectly conversant with the winding cow-paths and secluded glens across the country, for at such times it is known that it was not a Doan but a stranger who led them into secure places for refuge. Thomas Elton, the last survivor of that patriot phalanx, who died here some years ago, after having reached a very advanced age, used to tell that they had one harboring place near Dark Hollow on the Delaware, and another about a mile back of New-

town close to the Neshaminy creek; and from others we have reason to suppose that the place he referred to was from its commanding situation what is now known as Table Rock. The old man was also positive that their leader was a short, thick-set man with ruddy complexion, and as this could not have been a Doan, as they were all tall men, it still further corroborates the position we have advanced.

One cold and dark night, near 12 o'clock, the refugees rode up to where the Americans were lodged and passing the sentinels, who were so astounded at their cool impudence that they had not presence of mind sufficient to challenge them and demand the watchword, then went up to where the soldiers were sleeping, and firing their pistols in the air gave three hearty cheers for King George, and then rode off and were soon out of the reach of any danger from those whom they had aroused from their slumbers.

On another occasion, three soldiers with loaded rifles were lying in wait for them after nightfall in a dense woods, near where what is known as the middle road. They had formed a determination to rid the country of these wild and daring outlaws, and had been impudent enough to boast of what they would do if they came with rifle shot of them.

About an hour after they had taken their position and were awaiting the approach of the enemy, a man apparently bent by age and very decrepid, came walking near to them in a very tottering gait. He was holding his hands to his head as if suffering severe pain, and moaning as if laboring under great agony. This excited the compassion of the soldiers, and coming out to the roadside, one of them addressed him with:

"What ails you, old friend?"

"Oh, the Doans! the Doans!" was his broken reply, scarce audible from his continued sobbing.

"Have they attacked you?"

"Yes, indeed; bless you, they beat me with a club, and then struck my wife a blow that was enough to kill her. Oh, my head, my head! it aches just as if it would split."

"The rascally tories! Tell us where they are, and we will blow their brains out in mighty short metre."

"If they ain't gone, they are down in my hut in the hollow, about three hundred yards from here."

"Show us the way there right off, for we want to get a crack at the scoundrels."

"Oh, I'm afraid to go back, for

they'll murder me."

"No danger of that, for we will protect you."

"My head hurts me so that I think I cannot walk there."

"Cheer up a little and come along. We will soon stop their breath with a few bullets."

The old man hobbled along, while they examined the priming of their guns and moved on noiselessly over the leaves, swearing awfully what they would do if they came across them. After they had proceeded some distance, their venerable conductor, who was still suffering from his wounds, whispered:

"There is the place, where you see the light; if we turn into the woods here it will make it nearer than to follow the road. Oh, my poor wife, they will kill her if we don't hurry."

This suggestion was adopted, and they turned in as he directed among the trees. In an instant they were seized by their necks by several persons who had been secreted there, disarmed of their weapons and tied hands and feet so that they were unable to move, while their worthy guide, the old man, with a broken pate, became as suddenly transformed into a young and agile man, standing over their prostrate persons, exclaiming:

"It seems to me that the Doans have got you into a pretty fix, instead of your shooting them, ha! ha!"

"They are rather pretty birds, I think," broke in the mischievous Aaron, "and mighty full of spunk too, for they look just as bold as a sheep."

"How would it do to leave them lie here?" tauntingly inquired Levi; "they would make good carrion for the crows in a few days."

"I propose that we give them a good ducking," interposed Aaron, "it will cool them off a little."

"It would be better to put the rascals up for a mark and try our hands at shooting them," suggested the blood thirsty Abraham.

The unfortunate captives were compelled to listen to these various modes of punishment discussed, either one of which was harsh and unfeeling enough. However, they were not permitted to remain long in suspense, as their apprehensions of immediate death were relieved by their taking a formal vote, when the majority decided to carry out the suggestion of Aaron, which, if it had been warm weather, would have doubtless proved highly beneficial, but in such an inclement season was decidedly a very cool punishment.

"Unloose their feet and run them down to the Delaware, boys," was the command of Moses, which was at once obeyed by his comrades, and, despite their remonstrances and struggles, the poor fellows were hurried down to the brink of the river. The ice had formed a thick crust out from the bank about two feet, on which the refugees and their trembling victims stood.

"Aaron," spoke out Moses, "as this is your plan, you can have the command in carrying it out; but be sure you give them a good dousing."

"Ay, ay, Captain," replied his brother, "I'll attend to that part of it. Now, boys, take a strong hold of them, so they won't slip. Are you ready? One, two, three. Now plunge the rebels in head over heels; now, clean under put them, fetch 'em up, that's it, good." They had indeed obeyed his orders to the very letter, as the dripping clothes and their trying to catch their breath gave the most abundant proof.

"Now, holler for King George, you rascals," continued Aaron, "or we'll have to repeat the dose."

They had too much spirit for that, however; so after waiting a reasonable time for them to comply, Aaron renewed his former order, and the stout hands that held them gave them another dip in the cold water.

"Will you holler now?" asked Levi.

"Yes," replied one of them, becoming fearful that they would repeat the punishment until they killed them.

"Out with it, then,"

"Hurrah for King George!" was the scarce audible response from their lips.

"Sing it out louder," commanded Aaron.

They obeyed in such a full tone that the echo repeated it after them on the Jersey side.

"That's it, bravo!" shouted several of the band at the top of their voices.

"Listen, rebels," continued Aaron; "you are completely in our power, and we could shoot you down like dogs, as you had sworn to kill us; but we scorn to take advantage of you, and in letting you go will be the best proof that we are not the hardened villains you have been told we are, and when you return to your rebel friends, you can inform them that there is a law of honor even among the Doans, who deal mercifully with their worst enemies. The next time you start out to hunt us, be careful of the old man with the broken head. Now we will give you a lively run back."

Two of the refugees went and got their horses, which they all mounted at once. Now, you rebels, quick time, go!" shouted Aaron, and off they ran at the top of their speed, with the outlaws after them, who drove them up to the American lines and then galloped off down the river.

Their messmates received the story of their mishaps with roars of laughter at their folly of being tricked by the pretended old man, and from that time on to the disbanding of the army, they were universally known by the name of the "Ducked Rangers of Dark Hollow!" They expressed a great anxiety to have a fair encounter with these partizans of the tory cause; but fortunately for the Doans, and perhaps for themselves, they were never afterwards within rifle range of their cunning tormentors.

While the Doans were occupied in playing tricks and robbing the Whigs, Washington was busily engaged in making arrangements to surprise and capture the tory army. Well knowing the disposition of the wily foe with whom he had to deal, and that their hired scouts and reckless spies were hovering like vultures around him, prying into his every movement, he wisely determined to conceal his intended attack from his soldiers and intrusted its discussion only to the officers of his staff, by whom it was unanimously approved in secret consultation. Each one being aware that if it was disclosed, and the enemy thereby be put upon their guard and ready to receive them, it would prove a complete failure, and result only in disaster and defeat, which would undoubtedly crush, perhaps forever, the prospects of the Colonists and the cause of freedom, for which they were battling against such heavy odds. This Spartan band of patriots had recently been considerably augmented by the addition of a large corps of "Associators," as they were termed, the most of whom were wealthy residents of Philadelphia.

On the night of December 25th, Washington left Newtown and marched to the Delaware river near Taylorsville, crossing it with his army in safety, during the coldest night of the season, with the wind sweeping in mad fury down the gorges and ravines of our border stream, at M'Konkie's ferry, landing at what is known as Titusville, on the opposite side, the distance from there to Trenton by the road, which, not being as direct as it now is, was near seven miles, and which, by dint of fatiguing marching,

they were enabled to reach by about 8 o'clock in the morning, without their approach being noticed by the invaders of our soil. As this battle is a part of the history of our country, we copy an account of it from the *Pennsylvania Journal* of 1781:

"The attack was begun with infantry under the command of Colonel Knox. The infantry supported the artillery with spirit and firmness, and it was now that the tears and prayers of the sons and daughters of liberty found acceptance in the sight of heaven. The enemy were thrown into confusion in every quarter. One regiment attempted to form in an orchard, but were soon forced to fall back upon their main body. A company of them took sanctuary in a stone house, which they defended with a field piece judiciously posted in the entry of the house. Colonel Washington was ordered to dislodge them. He advance with a field piece, but finding his men exposed to a close and steady fire, he suddenly leaped from them, and rushing into the house seized the officer by the collar, who had command of the gun, and claimed him as his prisoner. His men followed him, and the whole company were immediately made prisoners of war. The Captain received a ball in his hand in entering the house. In the meanwhile victory declared itself everywhere in favor of the American arms, and General Washington received the submission of the main body of the enemy by means of a flag. The joy of the American troops can be more easily conceived than described. This was the first important advantage they had gained over the enemy in the course of the campaign, and its consequences were at once foreseen upon the affairs of America. The loss of the enemy amounted to near one hundred in killed and wounded. Among the former was their commander. Above one thousand prisoners were taken, together with six field pieces, and considerable quantity of camp furniture of all kinds. Private baggage was immediately rendered sacred by a general order. About one hundred of the enemy escaped by the lower road to Bordentown. The American army had several privates and only one officer wounded. After having refreshed themselves, and rested a few hours in Trenton, they returned with their prisoners, and other trophies of victory, to the Pennsylvania side of the river, by the same way they came, with the loss of only three men, who perished with the cold in recrossing the river, an event

not to be wondered at, when we consider that many of them were half naked and most of them barefoot."

Thus ended in a blaze of glory the memorable battle of Trenton in favor of the patriots, the tidings of which as they spread over the country were received with the most unbounded joy and enthusiasm; and well they might, for it was the pivot in our Revolutionary struggle upon which the destiny of our nation was to turn. To General Howe and his army, who were astounded at the bravery and skill of an enemy whom they had vastly underrated, it was more than a Roland for his Oliver in the surprise of Long Island, and gave them warning that the contest which they had supposed was almost ended, was in reality but just commencing; that the lion of England must beware of the talons of the American eagle.

Moses Doan, as we have stated, had by his foresight and cunning enabled them to gain an easy victory in the stratagem of surprising Putnam some few months before, and it was no fault of his that the British were surprised and routed at Trenton, as we will now prove.

The day before Washington commenced his march from Newtown, Moses, with his cousin Abraham, were prowling around the outskirts of the village with their untiring vigilance, trying to gain information as to what was meant by the unusual bustle with the American forces, but which, having only been confided to a few, they could not hear, so they determined to watch them narrowly during the next day, which they did, until they observed Washington marching towards the river after dark.

They followed him to Taylorsville, when, having satisfied themselves that his intention was to surprise the British and Hessians at Trenton, they started their horses down the Pennsylvania side of the river on full run as far as Morrisville, where they crossed the river, and being known to the sentinel were allowed to pass the outposts without being challenged.

After stabling their horses at a tavern in the lower part of the town, they immediately started for the headquarters of the commanding officer, for the purpose of communicating to him personally the news of which they were the bearers, and which was of such vital importance, as would claim his immediate attention. They were unable to find him at the places of general resort, and although questioned by several officers as to what

could possibly be the urgent nature of their business, they obstinately refused communicating the intelligence of which they were possessed to any other one than the Colonel in person.

We here insert as appropriate in relation to what transpired at the time a letter from a distinguished gentleman in Trenton, received a short time since, in answer to one we had sent in making inquiry into the matter, it cannot fail to prove interesting to the reader, written, as we know it to be, by one whose word is the best guarantee for its truthfulness and accuracy:

TRENTON, February 2, 1853.

*My Dear Sir* :—Yours of January was duly received referring to a reported communication from the refugees of Bucks county, apprising Colonel Rahl of General Washington's projected attack upon his command at Trenton, Christmas night, December 25, 1776.

The facts I received from General Garret D. Wall, of Burlington, some years since, were, that a messenger with a note to Colonel Rahl, called that evening at his quarters, in Trenton, but the Colonel was absent. A sergeant desired him to leave the note with him, promising to deliver it the moment the Colonel came in. The messenger said he had positive orders to deliver it in person that evening, *it being of great importance!* Whereupon the sergeant accompanied him in search of the Colonel, and at a late hour found him at a "Card Party," in a house, afterwards the residence of our late Attorney General Woodruff (now the northeast corner of Greene and Hanover streets.) The faithful messenger insisted upon a personal delivery of the paper as addressed, and *did so*. The Colonel, annoyed at the untimely interruption at the *crisis* of the game, hastily thrust the note in his vest pocket where it was found *unopened* the next morning after his death, and the signal triumph of the enterprise, so full of noble daring, extreme suffering and glorious results.

I had the honor of communicating this interesting Revolutionary incident to the Hon. George Bancroft, upon a drive to M'Konkie's ferry, where General Washington crossed the Delaware with the main body of the army that tempestuous and bitter cold night into New Jersey, tracing the descent of the two divisions under Generals Sullivan and Greene, upon the lower river road and the upper Pennington road, to the point of the surrender of Colonel Rahl's command in the city, *at the gray dawn of that ever memorable morn*, December 26, '76.

Colonel Rahl expired at the house now opposite Perry street. There is still remaining the perforation of a musket ball through a pane of glass in a front window of that house, said to have occurred during that engagement. Your friend and servant,

HAMILTON.

The following is a copy of the note, badly written with a lead pencil, found on Rahl's person:

"Washinten is coming on you down the river, he will be here afore long. DOAN."

Had it not been for Colonel Rahl's fortunate negligence, the result of the battle would undoubtedly have been less glorious. Moses could not conceal his chagrin at this blunder of the British officer, and, in speaking of

it afterwards, remarked: "That confounded fool of a Rahi deserved to be shot for not attending to his business, and letting the rebels in when he could have stopped it, and blown them all into eternity."

CHAPTER XIII.

Revenge, weak women's valor, and in men,  
The ruffian's cowardise, keep from thy breast:  
The factious palace is the serpents den,  
Whom cowards there, with secret slaughter  
feast. DAVENANT'S GONDIBERT.

Thither, full fraught with mischievous re-  
venge,  
Accursed, and in a cursed hour he hies.  
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

DURING the time that the British army with their hired allies, the Hessians, were in possession of Trenton, Moses Doan, by false representations to Colonel Rahl, who was a depraved and brutal officer, entirely disqualified for the important command which had been confided to him, procured his permission allowing him and his confederates to make an attack upon and plunder the residence of Thomas Middleton, a quiet, inoffensive Quaker, who resided on the road to Princeton, about two miles from the city. The alleged and pretended reason for this was that he was a noisy, vehement Whig, and was contributing very largely to the support of the rebel forces, but the true motive was a desire to possess themselves of his money, a large quantity of which, it had been rumored, was secreted in the house, as he had never been known to participate in the war that was being waged upon either side, but remained quietly upon his land and allowed matters to take their chance without his interference.

They left Trenton on horseback soon after dark, and having drank pretty freely during the day were in good condition to carry out any scheme of violence that they might decide upon. The night was exceedingly cold, and the snow-flakes fell so fast, with the wind in their faces, as to almost blind them, so that they were at times unable to keep the open road. When within about four hundred yards of the residence of their unsuspecting victim, they came to a frame tavern, where they halted, dismounted, and hitched their horses to the posts in front of the door.

Before going in they looked through the window without being observed by those inside, and saw that there was quite a number of men there, who, from their home-spun dress and brown complexion, they supposed to be farmers who had collected to hear what news was stirring, and talk over among themselves the troubles which

were threatening the peace and happiness of the country. Three or four persons were up at the bar waiting for the landlord to make whiskey punches for them, and the others were warming themselves in front of the fire, whose cheerful light threw a ruddy glow upon the wall and over their faces. They listened, and soon heard one of the men at the bar say very distinctly to a young man next to him:

"Howell, if you will sing a rale patriotic song, I'll stand treats for the whole party."

"I would," replied the person addressed, "if it was not for these infernal British spies hanging around, so that a man never knows when he is safe."

"Never fear," continued the first speaker, "there is no danger of any of the red-coated tories prowling about in such a storm as this. They are too delicate to risk exposing themselves to this stormy weather. Let's have the song."

"Yes, give us a song, Howell, something to cheer us up," exclaimed several voices at once.

"Suppose I sing you something sentimental: how will that suit you?"

"No, no," responded several of them, "we don't want anything flat or love sick; give us something of the real patriotic grit, that's a good fellow."

"Well, here goes then; you must all join in the chorus to help along," and they did echo it with voices more loud than sweet, while Howell sang:

"Come freemen, rally,  
Your banner fling out,  
'Till the mountain's top  
Gives back your shout.  
The trumpet is sounding  
O'er valley and glen,  
The sword is unsheathed  
For the murder of men !

CHORUS—Death to the tory,  
Torture and shame!  
Death to the tory,  
Faggot and flame!

"King George has declared  
That we shall not be free,  
His vengeance is aroused  
For the waste of his tea !  
His troops throng our cities,  
His vessels our ports,  
And waves his proud flag  
From the top of our forts !  
Death to the tory, &c.

"All blithe is King George  
As he sitteth on high,  
And the words that he utters  
Are 'worship or die !'  
And gaily he sits  
'Mid the banqueting throng,  
And listens with joy  
To the revelers' song.  
Death to the tory, &c.

"But his fate is now sealed,  
And his power is shaken,  
And the people at last

From their slumber awaken;  
For their blood has been shed,  
On the green grass sod,  
And no power now rules them  
Save that of their God!  
Death to the tory, &c."

How many more verses there might have been we are left to conjecture, for the door was pushed open violently and in came the Doans and the two Vickar's, headed by Fitzpatrick, much to the surprise of the farmers who were familiar with the persons of the daring tories, and at once recognized them as the refugees who had become such a terror to the country. Abraham Doan pushed them aside as if they were brutes, and staggering up to the bar called out in an authoritative tone:

"Landlord, give us some whiskey, and that pretty quick, too, if you don't want your head broke."

"Get up off of the bench you cowardly rebels," exclaimed Fitzpatrick, "and let gentlemen have a chance to warm themselves," a request which it was not necessary for him to repeat a second time, for not wishing to provoke a quarrel with men so unprincipled as they knew them to be, they left their seats for the intruders to occupy and retired to a corner of the room.

"Don't you think you were having a pretty good time of it?" inquired Aaron. "Our coming in so very unexpectedly seems to have spoiled your fun."

"Here, you sorrel-headed youngster," broke in the gruff voice of Levi, evidently considering it was his turn to speak, addressing Howell, who had auburn hair, slightly tinged with a sandy hue, "suppose you give us that song over again, for you have got a voice as soft as an owl, and I'm fond of that kind of music."

"Put him up on the table," replied Abraham. "A bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing, the old people say, and the way we used to have cat-music at home was by pinching it. Suppose we try it on this human critter?"

This proposition was acceeded to by the others, and poor Howell was hoisted upon the table, when still manifesting by his silence a decided unwillingness to comply with their request, Aaron commenced pinching him so severely that he screamed out with pain, which was received with loud roars of laughter from his companions, while the friends of the tortured Howell, being entirely unarmed, were afraid to interfere, although they were compelled to be witnesses to

it, for Fitzpatrick, with pistol drawn, guarded the door to prevent any one of them leaving. They continued to pinch him until he was forced to sing over again the verses which had excited their wrath, and they then let him go without any further harm to his person.

Taking their glasses in hand, Abraham Doan said: "Herc's success to our rightful King George! and death and destruction to the mean and cowardly rebels and their d—n fool of a cornstalk General."

"That's it," replied his comrades. "God save the King!" as they drained the tumblers.

They remained here near an hour and a half, endeavoring to provoke a quarrel with those present by smashing their hats down over their faces and applying to them all the most insulting and degrading epithets, but the farmers were too prudent to risk a quarrel with them and forebore to notice their taunting language. There were two worthy citizens present by the names of George Justice and Caleb Redner, the descendants of whom are now living near the place, at whom their enmity was more particularly directed, as they were satisfied that they were both strong Whigs and sympathized with the rebel cause, although since the British had taken possession of New Jersey they had refrained from any public expression of opinion in regard to the Revolution. Both being men of high spirit it was difficult for them to restrain their emotions, but they managed to avoid quarrelling with the traitors. After abusing the landlord and his guests to their satisfaction, they went out, mounted their horses and rode off, very much to the relief of those who had been made the objects of their cruel sport and ridicule.

It took the Doans but a few moments to reach the lane leading to Middleton's residence, down which they turned and were soon at the farm house. At a given signal they dismounted, and putting their horses in the barn so as to protect them from the fury of the snow storm which was raging without, then giving them a plentiful supply of oats as coolly as if it was their own provender and they were the owners of the premises, they proceeded in single file back to the house. There was no light visible, as it was now after ten o'clock, and the family, as was their custom, had retired early, and were now slumbering as only those "void of offence against God and man" can sleep, with a con-

science untroubled and their minds at rest. Abraham, after feeling along the wall, finally found the door, and then knocked violently against it with the butt end of his pistol.

"Who is there?" inquired Middleton, rising from his bed and coming into the entry.

"The officers of King George; open the door at once, or we will break it in."

Aware that resistance upon his part would be useless, the old gentleman obeyed their command, and the villains immediately entered the house.

"Light a candle for us to see by, you old rebel!" said Moses in that brutal manner which he manifested when intoxicated, but which was foreign to his nature when sober. "We have come here under the orders of Colonel Rahl to take you at once to Trenton, for you are charged with being guilty of treason against our King, and harboring the accursed rebels who deny the power and authority of George the Third, their lawful sovereign, to rule over them. So get ready, quick, and come along with us."

"I have taken no part in the trouble for either side, for I am a man of peace, and do not approve of war," replied the old man, whose silvery locks should have been a shield to protect his age from insult, with the tears coursing adown his pale and withered face.

"We have nothing to do but execute our orders, and if you don't consent to come easy, we will take you by force, that's all."

"I'm too feeble to go out in such a storm as this; let me be until morning, and I will go over myself and satisfy your officer that I am innocent."

"Ha, old codger, that's a pretty sly way to give us the slip, but we are too old birds to be caught by chaff in that way."

"Indeed, I will come over in the morning."

"Stop your grumbling. If you will shell out one hundred pounds in good money we will let you off."

It flashed upon the old man's mind in an instant that they cared more for obtaining plunder than they did about taking him prisoner to Trenton. This at once made him decide not to give them a solitary penny. Although he had several hundred pounds secreted in his house, yet he wisely considered it would be best not to acknowledge it for fear they would not hesitate to murder him to obtain the treasure.

"I have no money here," replied the old man; you can go and look for yourselves, and if you find any, you are welcome to it."

They did not need a second hint to avail themselves of the liberty he had given to them, and immediately commenced ransacking cupboards, side-boards and bureaus, strewing the floors with their contents, and ripping open the beds in their search for the silver, but which they were unable to find, and in their disappointment relieved their anger by venting curses loud and deep upon the head of old Middleton.

His aged wife was pushed very violently out of her bed-room, and a young girl, about seventeen years old, who was bound to them, they took by the hair and put her down the stairway, both of them rushing in terror to where Middleton was confined, and clinging to him as a refuge, sought for that protection which he was unable to give them. Maddened at their failure to procure the money, they returned to the old man, and cut him severely with their riding whips over the face, and Moses Doan struck him a stunning blow on the head that felled him senseless to the floor, where he lay entirely unconscious of what passed afterward. Mrs. Middleton gave a loud scream of terror, when Abraham Doan took out his handkerchief and gagged her, and then finished his brutality by deliberately knocking the young girl down, causing the blood to gush out from her nostrils.

How much further they might have carried their spleen we cannot know, but, fortunately, Mahlon, who was station as a sentinel outside, here gave the alarm that a body of men were approaching from the road. Not knowing from the darkness of the night how many might be in pursuit of them, they ran for their horses, and mounting them, rode off. The signal was given, and a volley of musketry fired after them by the party who had just arrived, but neither of the balls took effect upon them.

"Take better aim next time, you cowardly rebels," was the mocking exclamation from the Captain, and in a few moments they were out of harm's reach,

The party who had surprised them so unexpectedly was headed by George Justice, he having suggested to Redner soon after the Doans left the tavern, that he thought it likely they would attack Middleton, and after reflection the whole party concluded to

go to his assistance. They had first to go home after their fire-arms, and during the time they were getting ready the events we have narrated took place.

There is a current report that they violated the person of a young girl. This we are satisfied from careful inquiry was not the fact, and although an account of the alleged brutality might varnish our history with more of the horrible, we prefer not gratifying a morbid taste by adhering to the truth.

The following incident is taken from the "Annals of the Revolution," except that we have changed the name of the hero of it from Eleazar Doan, which is an error, for that of Abraham, who was the real actor in it.

Whilst Moses, Aaron and Levi were with the British in New Jersey, the rest of the gang kept in their old haunts, and at this time occurred the robbery of Gilbert Nugent, on the road between Philadelphia and Bristol. Abraham Doan had been in the city selling some of the jewelry that had recently been stolen from the house of a widow lady near Doylestown. Mounting his horse just at dusk, he started from the city, and at about ten miles on the road, he overtook a market wagon coming along. He rode along side, and looking under the cover, accosted the farmer. From what the farmer subsequently said in regard to the matter, she conversation that took place and circumstances of the affair were as follows:

"Good evening," said Doan. "Pleasant night."

"Yes."

"Been into market, I suppose."

"Yes, I took in some eggs and butter."

"Did you get a good price?"

"Pretty good. The times are good. If the war should last a few years, I know some men in our parts that will make a fortune. For my part I must say, that in spite of all the outcry about hard times, scarcity of money, and what not, I get along just as well, if not better, than I did before the British commenced hostilities agin us."

Here they came up to the door of a public house, standing by itself, by the road side. Doan asked the farmer to go in and take something to drink. The farmer complied, and pleased with his fellow traveler, forgot himself, and in the course of something like an hour and a half, during which they stayed in the bar-room, he took

enough to make him tipsy. Doan asked him how far he had to go before he reached home. The farmer replied that he lived four miles beyond Bristol. Doan then told the farmer that he was going as far as Bristol himself; he said he did not like riding on horseback, and proposed to hitch his horse behind the wagon, and get inside along with the farmer. To this the unsuspecting farmer readily assented, pleased with what he had already seen of the stranger, and glad to have more of his company. The horse was accordingly hitched behind, and the farmer and the traveler got inside. The farmer, made merry by the liquor he had imbibed, became quite loquacious, and inquisitive, withal. He asked Doan his name.

"Peterson," was the reply.

"What are you going to Bristol for?"

"To see my aunt, a rich old lady, who isn't expected to live long," said Doan; "indeed she hasn't any hopes of surviving the year out, herself. She sent down to the city for me. I got her letter this afternoon, a little before dark, and as I am her only near relation, I concluded it best to set off at once, for she hasn't yet made her will, and I shoun't like the influence of other people about her at such an important time as that, you know!"

"Of course not," acquiesced the farmer. "What might your business be in the city?"

"I am a ship carpenter," answered Doan.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Yes, a wife and four children."

"How old mought you be?"

"I was thirty-two on the 8th of February last."

"You are a Whig, I take it?"

"Ain't you!"

"To be sure I am. I'm for liberty and equality. I'm agin all stamp acts and taxations, and don't go for supporting a King on the other side of the water. We must fight for independence, and then have a King of our own. That's my mind about the state of the country. What's your'n, Peterson?"

"Me! I'm for anything and everything, and all things together," said Doan. "Look out! where are you driving to? Let me have the reins?" and Doan took the reins out of the farmer's hands. The farmer was now bewilderingly intoxicated, and kept bobbing his head about while he shouted forth patriotic songs.

"Have you heard anything about the Doans up in your neighborhood lately?"

"Yes, d—n them, we seldom hear of anything else. The villains keep the whole country in a constant state of alarm. It is only about a week since they robbed a widow lady near Doylestown. They took two silver watches from her, a gold one, all her silver spoons, and a good many other valuables. I suppose you heard of what Moses and the rest of them did over in the Jerseys, near Trenton, week before last."

"What, robbing an old man and his wife?"

"Yes, and abusin' them too, which was far worse than robbing. Rascals that they are, every one of them ought to be shot, not shot either, that would be too good for them, they ought to be hanged, and I would like to see a gallows with every one of them hanging upon it in a row."

And the farmer broke forth into a catch, singing in a boisterous voice:

"Who is so strong, so strong,  
As Moses, Moses Doan?  
Whose arms so long, so long,  
As Moses, Moses Doan!"

"Who rides so fast, so well,  
As Moses, Moses Doan!  
Can any can you tell,  
As Moses, Moses Doan!"

"Who fights, who robs so brave,  
As Moses, Moses Doan!  
Your gold you cannot save  
From Moses, Moses Doan!"

"He is the Briton's friend,  
He is the freeman's foe;  
And may we pray God send  
To him a quick death-blow."

As he bellowed forth this, (one of the many doggerels of the kind that were then in vogue,) he flung about his arms, and it was with difficulty his companion could keep him from tumbling out of the wagon. Doan drove the horses, and the farmer getting tired of singing, became overpowered by an irresistible drowsiness, and finally sunk back fast asleep in the bottom of the wagon. This was what Doan had been wanting, for he turned off into the woods with the wagon, where he stopped, rifled the sleeping farmer of his watch and money, untied his own horse, mounted and rode away, leaving the farmer to the enjoyment of his heavy slumbers. When the farmer awoke he found it was long after sunrise, and his astonishment to find himself and his horses where they were may easily be conceived. But how he cursed and went on when he went to pull out his watch, and found it was gone. And next he discovered his pocket-book, with over twenty pounds in it, had also been abstracted from him.

He got his wagon out of the woods into the road as soon as possible, and hurried on to Bristol, which was about three miles off. At Bristol he detailed the whole circumstance, and asked if any person answering his description of the robber had been seen in the neighborhood. No one had seen any person of the kind, and there was much merriment at the farmer's expense. "It must have been one of the Doans," said a man in the crowd, that had gathered around the farmer.

"No," said the farmer; "he and I talked about the Doans as we drove along together in my wagon. I called them a set of rascals and he agreed with me."

Years afterwards as the old gentleman was strolling through the streets of Philadelphia after having sold his produce, he was encountered by a body of police dragging along a prisoner, whom on inquiry, he found to be Abraham Doan, and by the glimpse he got of his person, he was convinced that Peterson and Doan were the same.

CHAPTER XIV.

Like dastard curres that baving at bay  
The savage beast embost, in wearie chase,  
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,  
Ne lyte before, but rome from place to place,  
To get a snatch when turned is his face.

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

O, pity God, this miserable age !  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This daily quarrel, hourly dotb beget,

SHAKS. HENRY VI.

**H**OWE, with his British soldiers, made his triumphant entry into Philadelphia on the 26th of September, about two weeks after the battle of Brandywine, which resulted so disastrously to the American cause. The occupancy of the city by the tory troops proved a rich harvest for the unscrupulous Doans in giving to them a free market for their plunder, which they could dispose of without fear, as they were acting with the sanction of General Howe, and were under the protection of the British flag. They now gave free rein to their depraved passions, indulging in all the excess of dissipation, and setting at defiance all law, moral and divine. Of course, from the long period of time which has since elapsed, the chronicle of their enormities must be imperfect now, as the grave has long since claimed those who were the sufferers from their rapacity and cruelty.

In Philadelphia, where they generally spent the day, preparatory to their schemes of villainy, upon which they sallied during the night, they were the objects of attention and manifestations of regard, not only from the low and worthless part of the community, but from citizens of wealth and distinction, who considered them brave heroes, instead of condemning their outrageous and unprincipled conduct. They were received with high honor at all public places, and as a natural consequence they became insolent and overbearing even to their friends.

In the month of February, 1778, they made a very profitable trip into Bucks county, committing numerous grand and petty robberies within a short time of each other, which so alarmed the neighborhood that a large company were organized for the express purpose of capturing them dead or alive; but, notwithstanding they were often within sight of them, the outlaws escaped unharmed, owing to the fleetness of their spirited horses.

that carried them away from the place of danger.

It was about this time that an incident occurred which illustrates the noble heart of Moses Doan, in his voluntarily defending a poor woman from the insults of a British sentinel, and which we are satisfied is strictly true.

\*A poor woman, by the name of Copeley, with a family of small children, suffered more in the heart of British plenty than her husband was with the disheartened Americans at Valley Forge. By the wicked tyranny of the soldiers, she had been left almost without nourishment for her little ones, and she had repeatedly applied to the officers for a pass, but they either disregarded her entreaties, or having more weighty matters on their hands, neglected to furnish her with it. After many fruitless solicitations, she resolved to apply to Sir William himself. Upon hearing her story he promised her a pass, but promises were all she received from the haughty leader, and at last, stung by these repeated disappointments, and urged forward and emboldened by the cries of her children, she resolved to set off without the necessary safe-guards, and endeavored to reach the mills by a circuitous path. She kept the regular road, until near where a sentinel was placed, and then leaving the beaten bath, she plunged into the trackless forest to avoid them, and then turning into the main road, thus she contrived to pass many of them unquestioned and in safety. After toiling on all day she finally reached the mills, but in so exhausted a state that she was not able to return the same day. The kind miller filled a bag, which she had brought with her, with flour, for which he declined to accept any remuneration.

The almost dying Mrs. Copeley, commenced her journey the next morning, with the additional incumbrance of a bag of flour, and was returning with a comparatively light heart to her home. Home! how did she redouble her speed and strain every nerve at the thought of the happy faces she should make at home. Many dangers lay between her and that loved place; she had yet many difficulties to encounter, which would have appaled a stouter heart than hers, but urged on by such motives, she could not be otherwise than heroic. She had passed in her usual manner the guard at Frankford, and had hardly regained the highway, when a tall, active man,

sprang from the bushes into the road before her. She had frequently heard of the Doans, but had never seen one of them; but from the similitude of the stranger with the description she had received, she did not doubt it was one of them who stood before her. Uncertain whether he was a friend or foe, she stopped short in her way, afraid either to retreat or advance, and standing half bent down under the weight of the pack, and her anxious face fixed intently on the figure before her, she seemed ready either to supplicate compassion or to demand assistance, as she involuntarily grasped the flour still closer as if she feared the hard-earned booty would be wrested from her. With tears in her eyes, she told the reason of her being out of provisions, that her children were without food and her husband was with Washington at Valley Forge.

Moses Doan (for it was he whom she met) was deeply affected at the recital and at once answered:

"Money is no doubt scarce with you and your husband. Nay, I see you look at your burden as if it contained the wealth of worlds, but it cannot last long. My means are ample, here," he continued, offering her his purse, "here's a little to keep you from want these hard times."

She hesitated about receiving it.

"Do not refuse it, madam; the amount is small, but this is all I have with me. Take it and I shall never miss it. Give me no thanks, but hasten on your way; there is a sentinel but a short distance before you. Take the road to the left, Be quick; farewell. May heaven bless you!" and pressing the purse in her hand he disappeared in the thick underwood.

"May heaven bless thee, excellent man," said the mother, as she looked first at the gold, and then at the place where the Doan vanished, as if to assure herself of its reality; but recollecting his caution to be quick she turned down the road he had directed.

As she pursued her way along the narrow path he had pointed out to her, she indulged herself in pleasing anticipations, which she had before hardly dared to think of. Her burden seemed less heavy, as the thought of the happy faces she should make at home came over her. Already in anticipation, she was seated in her home by a crackling fire, watching the baking bread, and looking with a delight upon the smiling faces around her. Giving herself up to grateful reflections, without thinking of the road,

she had nearly arrived at Vine street, when the cry of "halt" broke upon her ear in tones which banished every pleasing dream from her mind, and made the blood run chilly through her veins. She started, and almost overcome with fear, found herself in the custody of a British sentinel.

"Woman! where is your pass?"

"Oh! sir, I have no pass. For my children's sake, I—"

"Curse your children and you too! What business have I with the rebel brats? It were better for them to die than to live and be enemies to their King. You are without a pass. This flour is mine, go your way, and thank my generosity that you are not sent to the guard house."

The poor woman said nothing, for she knew anything she could say would not avail her. The thought of her helplessness crowded dark and heavily through her mind.

After encountering so many privations and hardships to gain this little store for her family, to have it thus wrested from her by a brutal soldier, without one effort on her part to preserve it, seemed too much, and she was about to exert herself to gain something from the retreating ruffian, when the benevolent Doan came out of the wood apparently to her aid. Her hopes were again raised, but his whole demeanor seemed changed. For the tall stately Moses Doan was now substituted the tottering form and averted face of an humble suppliant. With an appearance of humiliating meekness, he approached the soldier with hesitating steps, and begged of him to return the flour to the woman, offering to pay him the price of it if he would.

"Fool!" exclaimed the sentinel, "what business have you to interfere? Off, or you shall pay the price of your temerity,"

Moses Doan's eye lighted up with a momentary expression of fierceness, but was instantly quelled, and he repeated his request, offering to pay double the price of the flour if he would return it.

"Have a care how you speak to me; yonder is the guard house. With one word I can bring the whole guard down upon you," he replied, apparently feeling something like fear, as Doan began to raise himself and exhibit his personal strength.

He again urged him to return the flour, telling him of the privations the woman had suffered and of her distress at home.

"The devil take her distress, and

"you too," muttered the sentinel, who did not dream for a moment who he really was. "Do you pretend to bandy words with me, a loyal subject of his majesty? Off, or I'll seize you as a spy."

Doan slowly raised himself to his full height, apparently unable to quell the rising spirit within him. His eye flew like lightning from the sentinel to the guard house, then from the guard house to the sentinel, as if to see the extent of his exposure, and then turning deliberately to the sentinel, he said emphatically:

"You will not return the flour?"

"No!"

"Then, by heavens, you shall!" and seizing him by the throat, he threw him on the ground ere he had time to utter a cry.

"Run," said he to the woman; "pass Vine street and you are safe!"

The woman seized the flour and did as he directed, and gained the place of safety. Doan drew from his bosom a pistol, and as soon as he saw the woman safe, placed it against the forehead of the prostrate sentinel, and the next moment the brutal soldier's brains were scattered upon the ground. The guard house was instantly alive with excitement, and numbers of armed men were seen hastening to where they heard the report of the pistol. Doan looked around him for an instant, and comprehending the difficulty of escape, mentally resolved not to be discovered in the act of killing a British sentinel, and raising himself up from the body, he seized the dead man's musket and sprang into the woods.

"Down with the villain!" "Shoot him down." "Bring him dead or alive;" echoed from one camp to another, and the whole line of pickets was instantly alarmed. In the meantime Doan was lost in the woods and a general search commenced.

The only course left for him to pursue was to mount his horse, which was concealed in the forest, and fly to the Delaware; could he once cross that he knew he would be safe. He knew exactly where a boat was situated that he had often used in an emergency.

He reached his horse, and soon distanced the now generally alarmed guards. He had nearly reached the little nook, where he knew the boat lay, when his horse was stopped by a rough grasp, on his bridle, and looking around him, he saw he was surrounded by about fifty soldiers. At the same instant his boat shot out

from the little cove filled with pursuing British. To knock down the soldier at his horses head was but the work of a moment, but they immediately closed around him, and one, who seemed clothed with authority among them, said:

"'Tis useless to defend yourself, you are my prisoner. Your boat, which is already in our possession, first excited suspicion. Surrender arms in the King's name!"

"Base, hollow-hearted slave!" answered Doan, as he pushed him away, "Make a prisoner of me? not while there is life in this arm!" and exerting his utmost strength he tried to force a passage through them. The guard leveled his gun as he spoke:

"Another step, and you are a dead man!"

"Take death thyself, mercenary poltroon!" answered Doan, in a voice which indicated the firm determination of the speaker.

The guard fell. Doan's musket was swifter than thought, and putting spurs to his spirited animal, with a bound he cleared them all.

His case was desperate, he knew it; he was aware the whole line of pickets on the north of him towards Frankford were alarmed; behind him were the guards he had distanced; on the left, Philadelphia filled with the British soldiery. He must pass the river or fall into the hands of the enemy. Not an instant was spent in thought, his horse was true and tried, he knew him well, he plunged unhesitatingly in, and the noble steed that bore him was soon braving the current and struggling with the tide. Ere he had half crossed it the river was thickly studded with boats filled with armed men. With life and death depending upon his energy, he struck the spurs rowel deep into his horse's side, who, seemingly understanding the danger, pressed on with renewed vigor, while the balls fell around him like hail, lashing the water into foam in their path. In a moment more he was safe upon the opposite side. The tide was fast running out, and he had landed on the old slip. As soon as he reached the shore, and found himself safe in a place of refuge, his accustomed coolness seemed to return, and with all the wild and uncontrollable impulse of his nature, turning himself quickly around in his saddle, he drew a second pistol from his pocket and took deliberate aim at one of the boats containing his pursuers, which was now rapidly nearing the shore.

"Down, Captain, or the scoundrel's ball will reach you!" hurriedly ex-

claimed one of the party who had been intently watching the movements of the refugee.

The caution came too late. The manly figure who stood up in the bow of the foremost boat fell over a lifeless corpse into the river. The pursuers were paralyzed. When seeing the advantage he had gained over them, he sent them a loud laugh of scorn and defiance, which rang out clear over the blue waters. Then, quick as lightning, drawing from its scabbard, a light, straight sword, he took it by the hilt and threw it with all his strength at the nearest boat. It went whirling and whizzing through the air, exactly in the direction of the front oarsman. He saw it just in time, and jumped hastily up. The weapon struck directly where he had been seated, quivering with its point in the board, as if conscious that it had not finished its errand. Doan turned his horse's head to the right, and, galloping over the sand, which was thrown by his hoofs in clouds behind him, was soon in the forest. The soldiers had withheld their fire as if by common consent, while this strange scene was transpiring, but now recovering from their panic, showers of leaden balls entered the harmless bushes, scattering their branches and leaves in all directions. But Moses Doan was safe, for Providence had rewarded his virtuous action towards the poor and helpless woman, and he escaped unhurt!

The disappointed soldiers, who had been baffled and held at bay by the intrepidity of a single reckless outlaw, returned to the Pennsylvania shore, and many of them ever afterwards avowed that it was not a mere mortal man that they had to deal with. Some of the party, more superstitious than the rest, even went so far as to declare that they saw a cloven foot in the stirrup, and as he rode through the water, they saw a tail like that of a wounded serpent, twisting and twining over the horse's back.

The shooting of the sentinel while in the discharge his duty, and of the officer who was sent in pursuit, caused great excitement among the British soldiery, who insisted upon a reward being offered for the perpetrator of the crimes, that he might be brought to condign punishment for the offences he had committed. The excitement growing out of it became so intense that the Doans deemed it prudent to abstain from visiting Philadelphia until it should blow over.

Howe professed to make diligent inquiry in the matter; but as no one

could be found that would testify to the identity of the individual who had shot their comrades, he said he was unwilling to proceed in the matter, and so it rested without any further investigation. No one doubted that it was one of the Doans, but which of them it was impossible to prove, on account of the very remarkable resemblance to each other, which was so great that even their intimate friends when casually meeting them walking in the street, or out riding upon horseback, very frequently mistook one for the other.

In the month of March, in the same year, and but a short time after the incidents narrated above occurred, Moses Doan was riding along the road leading from Bristol to the City. As he turned round the corner of a wood he perceived a woman fleeing from a man, who was evidently pursuing her, and who by the rich scarlet uniform that he wore, he at once distinguished as a British officer; and one, too, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy and friendship. He had heretofore considered him as being the very soul of honor, who, instead of thus attacking a defenceless woman, would, as he believed, have been the very first man who would have risked his life in behalf of the innocent and unprotected. He might, by riding fast, have prevented his reaching her, but he was so astounded at his baseness that he determined to await a proper moment for his interference. The woman was evidently giving out from exhaustion, and this encouraged the brutal ruffian to increase his speed. At length he caught her rudely by the arm and prevented her farther progress. Finding herself at the mercy of a desperate and unprincipled villain, she gave a loud scream for help, which, in that lonely and secluded place, she could scarcely even hope would reach her.

At this moment she heard with bounding joy the clattering sound of horse's hoofs nearing her, and as she turned her eyes in the direction of the sound, she observed a large and powerful man approaching as fast as his fleet horse could carry him. She thought the scoundrel would now release her, but in this she was mistaken, as he at once recognized Doan and retained his hold of her. As he rode up Doan inquired very hastily:

"What does this mean, sir?"

"Ah, Doan! never you mind, just ride on and tell our party not to hurry themselves about coming on. I'll see you to-night over a bottle of good old whiskey!"

"No, you won't; hang me if I ride  
on until you let that girl go in peace!"  
"Never mind! don't get into a pas-  
sion; we understand each other!"  
"No we don't, either. I always took  
you for a gentleman, but now I find  
you to be a cowardly rascal. Let the  
girl go, or I'll blow you into another  
world.

The officer did not seem inclined to  
obey the command, and Doan drew a  
pistol from his coat and shot him  
down as coolly as if he had been a  
dog. The report of fire-arms soon  
brought his company to the scene and  
they started after the refugee, but  
they were too late. Urging his horse  
towards the river bank, he struck  
boldly out with him to the Jersey  
shore, which he reached in safety, the  
British being afraid to follow him.  
The width of the Delaware where he  
swam his horse over is near three-  
fourths of a mile, being about one or  
two hundred yards above where the  
town of Tacony is situated. Several  
bullets were sent after him, but he  
escaped uninjured. These incidents  
prove that there were some redeeming  
traits in the character of these law-  
less refugees.

## CHAPTER XV.

The shivering band stood off aghast,  
At the impatient glance he cast;  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
As from the cliffs of Ben-venue  
She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
And high in middle heaven reclined,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warbler of the brake.

SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE.

Hoist out the boat! was now the leading cry  
And who dare answer "no" to mutiny,  
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,  
The saturnalia of unhopec-for power?

BYRON'S ISLAND.

**W**HERE, between its banks of fringed moss, dashes the eddying waters of the river Schuylkill that hurry adown its channel in spring-time, rapid and impetuous, or where in mid-summer float like crystal the ripples which the murmuring wind creates upon its bosom, as the blue tints of its waves commingle with the long, dank grass which borders its edge, there lived for several years prior to the American Revolution, a very worthy and estimable family called Smiths. The old man, upon a walk long years before, had perceived the great amount of water power which might easily be brought in requisition by little labor and yield him a handsome income. He had, therefore, purchased at a very trifling cost a few acres of ground and had erected a substantial mill near the stream, whose busy hum both night and day, evidenced the fertility of the soil of the neighborhood, and the unwearied industry of its owner and his family, who consisted of nine children, five sons and four daughters, the sons being distinguished for their powerful frame and immense strength, which made them the victors in every manly sport in which they engaged. We have been unable, after the most careful inquiry, to ascertain positively, as we should wish, the precise location of this mill. At this late day, with the improvements that have been made, and the length of time that has elapsed since then, we can only rely upon vague tradition for information. We are inclined to give credence to the rumor, that it was either in the neighborhood of the thriving town of Manayunk, or else not far distant from Conshohocken.

The brothers were universally esteemed by the community for their peace-abiding disposition, and their decided aversion to mingling in the

brawls which were then of so common occurrence. This was owing, no doubt, in a great degree to the gentle admonitions of their loved mother, who, from early childhood had instilled into their minds the precept of that pure and heaven-born faith of non-resistance. They were never known, notwithstanding their courage was undoubted, to inflict a blow or chastise an enemy, unless in self-defence.

In the month of December, near the close of the year 1774, the Doans first met the Smiths at a friendly wrestling match and bullet-rolling party, assembled upon a Saturday afternoon at a farm house, about a mile west of the village of Jenkintown, in Montgomery county. Of the Doans present, there were Abraham, Levi, Mahlon and Aaron; and of the Smiths—Thomas, the eldest son, Joshua, Benjamin and Martin. The sports were carried on in a friendly rivalry for about two hours, the Smiths generally coming off the victors. This incensed the Doans, for they had not expected to meet with their match. The whiskey was imbibed pretty freely, and contributed to make them still more quarrelsome and ill-natured, until they commenced taunting the Smiths by very insulting language, which, however, failed of its intended effect, as they did not see fit to notice it. Finally, it was proposed to match one party against the other in wrestling, to test their skill, and those who were thrown were to give up like men without any further unpleasant bickering.

A ring was accordingly formed by the spectators, into which they stepped, each one confident of his power to throw his opponent. It ended by the Smiths being declared the victors, three of them having fairly thrown their man, and Martin Smith, after a desperate struggle, having been brought to the ground by Abraham Doan. The vanquished party insisted upon having another trial, but this was declined by the Smiths, who fore-saw that if it was continued, it would end in a quarrel, and which, with motives the most praiseworthy, they had determined to avoid.

The Doans finally separated from the rest of the crowd, and held a long consultation upon what mode to adopt to retrieve their laurels. It was finally decided to return, and if possible, pick a quarrel with the Smiths, as they did not for a moment doubt they could easily whip them, even if they were more skilled in wrestling.

"Out of my way you cowardly rascals!" exclaimed Abraham, in his

peculiarly ferocious manner, as he rejoined the group of rustics, and pushed himself through the crowd, who gave way as he approached them. "I can whip the best Smith that ever lived in less than no time."

They were not to be coaxed into a difficulty by this provocation, and without even replying to his confident boasting, they went to the fence where their coats were hanging, put them on, and then bidding the rest good-bye, stepped off towards the road.

"Ha! I knew you would have to skulk out and sneak home when it come to the pinch," said Abraham. "Boys," he continued, turning to his cousins, "let's follow the chicken-hearted dogs, and give them what they deserve."

"Agreed!" was the answer, and off they started in pursuit of the Smiths, who by this time were ascending a hill about five hundred yards distant, and walking quite rapidly towards their home.

As the Doans came running after them at full speed, and yelling out to them to stop, they did not look around, or either increase or slacken their pace. Levi ordered them to halt, but they did not heed it, until they were within thirty or forty feet of them, when, turning around so as to face them, Martin Smith addressed them by saying:

"Why do you follow us? We are men of peace, and not disposed to fight. We have no ill feeling against you, and want to part as friends."

"You have done enough," exclaimed Levi, "to provoke the devil himself, and we demand satisfaction."

"If we have done you any wrong," exclaimed Benjamin, "just tell us what it is and we will ask your pardon; that's fair."

"It's too late to haul in your colors now," rejoined Abraham; you had better thought of doing that some time ago."

"Well," continued Martin, "if you leave us alone, there will be no difficulty at all, but if you are determined to annoy us, let the consequence be upon your own heads."

"Never fear but what we will take care of ourselves," replied Abraham; "you have got the Doans to fight now, and they have never been whipped yet."

"We do not wan't to either fight or quarrel."

"But you shall give us satisfaction for the insults you have heaped upon us," answered Levi, as he made an attempt to strike Martin Smith between his peepers.

This was the signal for the commencement of strife upon the part of the Doans, and the Smiths finding it was useless, in their enraged state, to settle the matter amicably, immediately placed themselves upon the defensive. The contest lasted about fifteen minutes, when the Doans were forced to cry enough, for never before, we ween, had men received as merited and as severe a pummelling, as they did upon this occasion. Their faces were, to use a common phrase, caved in, and they, all of them, bled most profusely.

The Smiths went on their way, while their vanquished opponents, after washing themselves in a running brook near by, took the back track for home, as may be supposed, very much crest-fallen and dispirited at the beating which they had suffered through their own imprudence, and with a sworn vow never to forget or forgive those who had inflicted the chastizement upon them. They declared they would have revenge upon them if it should even cost them their lives.

Two years had now gone by, and they had not met since that day. The excitement and novelty of adventure had in the meantime so occupied their attention, that they had no opportunity for retaliation; but their vengeance only slept, as we shall presently disclose.

They were in council one bitter cold night in December, in the room of the second story of a low grog shop in Water street, deliberating upon future plans for plunder and revenge, when Abraham, who had been silent for sometime, remarked :

"We have not yet given the infernal Smiths the thrashing we promised them, and I think it is about time we paid them a visit."

"I think from the way you all looked when you came home, bruised and battered up, that you had better leave them alone," replied their captain, Moses. "For you were just the prettiest pounded up party that I ever laid my eyes on."

"Never you mind," chimed in Levi, "you did not get old Doremy's daughter, even if you did put on a smooth face."

"Yes, but you don't know but what I may get her yet."

"No, nor you do not know but what we can whip them Smiths. I'm in for trying it at any rate."

"Have they got any money, Abe?" inquired a dark-browed, heavy-eyed man who sat at the end of the table,

by the name of Harwood, who, worn down by excessive dissipation and stimulated by the prospect of bettering his shattered fortunes, had but the day before been permitted to join the gang of freebooters.

"Yes, lots of it."

"Well, then I vote for going right off, for I would like to astonish my pocket with the sight of a little silver."

"Well, boys, I don't think the trip will be very profitable," continued their captain; "but as you seem inclined that way I have no objection to it. Get everything ready to go, and to-morrow night at twelve o'clock precisely we will make the attack upon them. Harwood and I will attend to the plunder and the rest of you can settle your old account with them in your own way. As they do not know me I will leave here in the afternoon and reconnoitre the premises to see if there is much risk to run."

The next afternoon, a little before sunset, Moses Doan rode out from Philadelphia to the mill, which he entered very unconcernedly, and there met old Thomas Smith and his youngest son.

"How are you," was his first salutation. "Is this mill property for sale?"

"No!" answered the old man; "I have no wish to dispose of it."

"Would you take six hundred pounds for it?"

"That is more than it is worth," replied Smith, surprised at the large offer made him; "but I prefer keeping it, as it affords me a good living."

"Well, there is no harm done, I suppose?"

"No, but I do not wish to dispose of it."

"Then I must look out for another one!" answered Moses, as he went out, mounted his horse, and rode off.

After supper that evening, old Thomas Smith, while sitting in his cozy arm chair before the cheerful fire, reflecting upon the incident which had occurred a short time previous, when his suspicions became aroused, as he resolved the matter in his mind, until he concluded that the strange visitor had some other design than purchasing the mill, which boded no good to either his household or himself.

He directed his son to go down to the tavern and ascertain whether the mysterious stranger had stopped there and bring him all the information that he might gather concerning him without delay. He accordingly started out in obedience to his father's request, and soon after reached the tavern. As

soon as he went into the bar-room he inquired of the landlord in a low tone of voice:

"Has there been a tall, long-haired man with a spirited black horse here?"

"Yes, a fine looking, jolly kind of a fellow he is too, for he took three smashing drinks of pure whiskey and it did not phase him. That ain't the best of it either, for he would insist upon my taking a little with him every time he drank; you wouldn't take him for a poor man if you could see the gold he's got."

"Do you know his name?"

"No, nor I don't care about knowing," replied his ruddy-faced host; "as long as he pays his reckoning. I'd be doing a pretty lively business if the rest of the travelers by here were like him. He don't belong to that stingy kind who take the rounds to market and eat the shins at home."

"Well, did you ever see him before to-day?"

"Indeed, I didn't, boy, or else I would certainly have remembered him."

"Can you tell where he is going to?"

"No, indeed, I wasn't fool enough to ask him. Now, since I came to think about it he asked particularly about the old man and the rest of you; and I ain't quite sure—but what he said he was some kind of a kin to your folks."

"I guess you misunderstood him?"

"No, I didn't, either."

"Well, then tell me what he said."

"If you go over home you'll be apt to see him, as he started off to go there, if you must know."

"Why, he was at the mill this afternoon, and wanted to buy it; he said nothing to us about his being a relative."

"What! not the man who stopped here?"

"Yes!"

"Well, that's strange enough. For he asked me if Thomas Smith still owned the mill above here; that he was an uncle of his; that your mother and his were sisters. He told me that it had been about ten years since he was here, and that he was very anxious to see your brother Ben. I told him that they were off to the war fighting under General Washington, and then he said that was right, and he hoped the d—n redcoats would soon be driven out of the country. If he was over at your house before he came here, it looks as if there was something wrong about him; but I think he looks too tender-hearted to harm any one."

"I'm satisfied his coming here is for no good purpose, and I'll run home and tell father, so as to be on the look-out for him."

He accordingly returned home, and acquainted his parent with all the facts he had gleaned from the landlord.

"I am of the firm opinion from what I have heard of them, that the fellow who was in the mill is one of the refugee Doans!" said his father. "They and the boys had a difficulty some years ago, when they got whipped. They swore then to be revenged upon them, and I think it very probable that they intend to attack us. At any rate it will be better to prepare to give them the kind of reception they deserve, and therefore we will make arrangements to meet the tory robbers in a way they will not expect."

"Suppose the whole gang should come on us?" said his son.

"Let them do it if they dare!" was the quick reply of the heroic father; "and they will find me as hard to conquer as they did the gallant boys before. Hand me down the rifles and I will examine the flints and the priming, for we may have use for them. If we can rid the country of one or two of the prowling villains, I shall be satisfied. You go out quietly and alarm the neighbors, and let two or three of them come here and assist if necessary."

His son started, and in about an hour returned with four good and true men, well armed and ready for any emergency. It was now after nine o'clock, and the golden stars which had gemmed the blue banner of heaven in the early part of the evening had gone to rest within the bosom of the heavy clouds which now shrouded the sky. The night was dark, and the snowflakes were falling thick and fast, whirled by the playful wind into many a drift and cluster. Until midnight a light was kept burning, but after that time it was extinguished, it being the opinion of most of the watchers that even if the outlaws had intended to make an attack the fury of the storm had compelled them to abandon their expedition, and they therefore laid down upon the floor and went to sleep with their trusty guns beside them.

Not so, however, acted the master of the house, who wisely judged that they would prefer a storm to carry out their design, and he remained sitting in his chair immediately opposite to the door. Scarce had the old family clock chimed the hour

of two, ere his quick ear detected the sound of voices without, and he at once awakened his slumbering friends.

"Steady, boys?" whispered the old man, "keep your eyes on the door, for the windows are all barred, and it is the door that they will try to break in. If they force it open, fire at once. Keep cool, for our God will protect us. Quiet now, all of you."

It was silent as the stillness of death in that room for about five minutes, as they listened to hear the voices of the outlaws, as the half-suppressed sounds rose distinct above the moaning wind, and left no doubt in their minds of the fell purpose of the intruders and the dangers which surrounded them. Fear was a word whose meaning was unknown to any of them, and there was no trembling of the hand as their rifles were brought to the shoulder, ready to carry death to the assailants.

There was but one word of command given, and that was uttered in a full, clear tone:

"Now!"

A heavy billet of oak was hurled against the frail door that separated the conflicting parties, the hinges broke, the bolt gave way, and it fell to the floor.

"Fire!" shouted old Smith, in a voice of thunder. There was a sudden flash and the simultaneous report of the whole four rifles, followed by a groan of intense agony. The refugees, surprised and disconcerted, preferred taking the chance of running, to giving battle where the odds were so decidedly against them and mounting their horses, which were hitched close by, rode off down the road as rapidly as possible. The guns were reloaded and the bullets sent after them, but their spirited coursers had already carried them beyond their reach.

The moaning of some one, evidently badly wounded, still continuing outside, a lantern was lit, and a man found lying on the lower step in front of the door. He was brought in and placed upon the settle, and every effort made to staunch the flow of blood from his wound without success, as the sands of life were rapidly waning away. In less than fifteen minutes after he was a corpse, having survived long enough to inform them that his name was Jacob Harwood, that he was born and raised in New York, where he had a mother still living, and that it was the Doans, with whom he was a confederate, who had made the attack upon Smith's house in which they had been so completely foiled.

An inquest was held upon the body next day, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts as we have disclosed them. Harwood was buried in a woods near the roadside, and for many years the inhabitants for miles around affirmed that it was haunted, as they fancied they heard strange noises and saw his ghost stalking among the trees, which they were certain was the spirit of the robber.

**I**N the month of February, Mah-\*  
lon and Abraham Doan committed  
a daring robbery upon the  
house of Isaiah Hallowell, in New  
Market street, between Vine and Cal-  
lowhill, in the city of Philadelphia.  
Mr. Hallowell was a member of the  
Society of Friends, and was also a  
strong opponent of the Revolutionary  
cause. The Doans liked him well  
enough, as far as his politics were con-  
cerned, but they had every reason to  
believe he had a large sum of money  
in his house, and if anything was to be  
gained they never paused to consider  
whether it was friend or foe whom  
they were plundering. Isaiah Hal-  
lowell was a man who was known to  
be very compassionate to the poor,  
and one whose charities were exten-  
sive. The hungry and ill-clad never  
went away from his doors unrelieved.  
He had no children of his own. A  
young lady living with him was the  
neice of his wife, whom they had  
taken to bring up as their own. One  
afternoon, a miserable looking object  
was seen by Isaiah's wife, seated upon  
their steps. She raised the window  
and accosted him. The man looked  
up with an imploring gaze of abject  
wretchedness that at once appealed  
to the sympathy of the benevolent  
and kind-hearted woman. She in-  
quired if he was suffering from cold  
and if he was not hungry.

"Yes, ma'am; I've not tasted a  
mouthful since yesterday at dinner  
time, and I've walked all the way here  
from Bristol since then. My feet are  
now so sore I can't walk without  
pain." And he put forward his feet,  
which were well bound up in old soiled  
strips of muslin.

"Poor man," said the good woman,  
"and such cold weather as it is too!"  
When, turning to her neice, she con-  
tinued: "Harriet, go open the door,  
and conduct the poor man back into  
the kitchen where he can warm him-  
self."

"God bless you, ma'am, God bless  
you!" said the pretended beggar in a  
fervent tone, as if he felt deeply grate-  
ful for the humanity that the good  
Quaker lady displayed towards him.  
The door was opened and he hobbled  
back into the kitchen. Harriet ex-  
erted herself in preparing the meal,  
and in a few moments victuals were

\*Annals of the Revolution. Altered and  
amended somewhat to suit my own views of  
its probable truth.

placed before him. He fell to, and ate so ravenously that the good lady had not the slightest reason to doubt, from appearances at least, his word in regard to his not having a mouthful since the day previous. She asked him many questions, all of which he answered humbly and in a straightforward manner.

By and by the master of the house came in. His wife and niece related to him the destitute condition of the poor wanderer who had been discovered sitting upon their steps, and of his humble and grateful manner for the warmth that he was permitted to enjoy by the kitchen fire and the meal that he had eaten. The benevolent Isaiah, interested by this simple and affecting story, went back into the kitchen to observe for himself the recipient of his bounty. There he saluted the supposed unfortunate with:

"How does thee do, friend?"

"God bless you, sir, for interesting yourself in the welfare of such an unworthy wretch as I am. Your wife and daughter have given me to eat and comforted me very much."

"Truly, Rachel," continued Isaiah, turning to his wife, "I like the humble manner of this wayfarer that thou hast in thy goodness invited to shelter himself beneath our roof. Friend!"

"Sir?"

"Thy language betokeneth that thou art one that has seen better days. What vicissitudes and misfortunes of life have brought thee to this destitute condition?"

"Alas! sir, mine has truly been a chequered life," and the impostor went calmly on to tell a very plausible tale of his history from his birth up to the present time.

After he had finished, Isaiah said to him:

"Why did thee leave the army of that arch rebel, George Washington?"

"My conscience, sir; it was the dictates of my conscience that impelled me to do it."

"Indeed," replied the benevolent Friend. "Truly, it doth gladden my heart to perceive that the deluded people of these provinces are beginning to awaken to a sense of their crime, in setting themselves forth in opposition to the just and lawful government of the man of Hanover, whom our people style His Gracious Majesty, George the Third. Truly doth it please me, friend. From the very first, yea, from the outbreak of those hot-headed people, who threw the chests of tea overboard in Boston

Harbor, have I set my face against this rebellion. Yea, and much persecution have I been subjected to in consequence thereof. But, my persecutors will, I think, yet be made to see that I am in the right, and they are acting wrong."

"That they will, sir."

"Speak to me not, friend, by vain titles. Do not call me 'sir,' but speak to me by the name that I bear, even Isaiah. Now, friend, give me thy hand. Thou hast seen the error of thy ways, and I love thee because of thy candor in acknowledging the same."

"I am truly sorry that I ever opposed my King."

"That's right, for my heart yearns for the penitent. I was but this very afternoon in conversation with William Howe, the great man who has the command of the English forces. He seemeth to me like a just and merciful man, and I heartily wish that he was otherwise engaged than leading an army on to shedding of blood. He hath not a doubt, he sayeth, but that this rebellion will be totally crushed by the coming Spring. I do most sincerely hope that it may, for war is an abomination in the sight of God."

"So I think. I do not believe that we are blameless in slaughtering our fellow-creatures under any circumstances."

"Thou speakest an undisputable truth, my friend. And therein how culpable be those instigators of rebellion who, by their wicked practices, inflammatory writings and speeches, thus wickedly stir up men's evil passions in resistance to the rightful government of Great Britain!"

At this period of the conversation his niece, Harriet, came out into the kitchen and informed her uncle that his supper was ready.

"Come and partake with me, my friend, of those worldly blessings which it hath pleased God to bestow upon me."

"I've already eaten very heartily. I thank you."

"Be not ashamed; though poor and needy, thou art not any the less a being of God's creation, and we are all alike the creatures of his bounty."

"The beggar was then ushered into Isaiah's comfortable parlor, and seated at the same table with his wife, niece and himself. He drank several cups of strong tea, and made a hearty supper, notwithstanding the ample repast with which he had regaled himself but an hour previous.

"Poor man, how very hungry he

must have been," remarked Rachel, aside, to her neice.

After supper was over they all drew up their chairs before the cheerful fire, and Isaiah, as was his daily rule, opened the old family Bible, and commenced reading it aloud. The beggar appeared to listen very intently to the words of Divine truth, as they fell from the lips of the venerable reader, as he inclined his head reverentially and paid the most marked attention to what was read. Isaiah noticed with pleasure the devotion he exhibited, and his generous heart warmed more and more towards the poor and unfortunate guest. After he had finished reading, he addressed him by saying:

"It is bitter cold without. Thou art welcome, friend, to tarry this night beneath my roof. A comfortable bed will be prepared for thy rest, and in the morning we will take measures to the farther mitigation of thy present unpropitious fortunes. What sayest thou, Rachel, wife of my heart? Shall it be so?"

"Even as thou wilt, Isaiah. The poor and the needy are worthy of succor."

"Yea," continued Isaiah, "and we are commanded in the Scriptures so to do."

"Yea, verily," chimed in the gentle, modest Harriet.

It was about nine o'clock when the good Isaiah, being informed by his neice that a bed was ready in the back chamber of the third story, took a candle, and conducted the beggar to it. The beggar was very grateful in his expressions, and indeed he really seemed to be completely overpowered with a sense of the kindness bestowed upon him. The worthy old man stood beside the dilapidated specimen of humanity, who he thought was quite lame, assisted him in undressing, and even helped him into bed. Having effected this kind act, and seeing the poor man well covered up under a load of blankets, quilts, and bed-clothing, he took up the light, bade him "good night," and then went down stairs. Soon after this, they all retired for the night.

The beggar, who as may now be inferred, was not in the least sleepy, soon heard Isaiah snoring in the room below him. He lay thus for about an hour and a half, when he slipped out of bed, drew on his clothes, and groped his way in the dark very quietly down the stairs. He moved along the entry with a stealthy tread, and softly unfastened the front door. He then

uttered a low whistle, and a man emerged from an opposite alley, and came directly across the street.

"Are they all sound asleep yet?" was the first question of the newcomer.

"Yes; keep quiet."

"Are you sure all is right, Abe?"

"To be sure I am. Never fear me; come in."

Both in the entry and the door locked, our beggar asked the other if he had brought a tinder box and matches along with him. The box and matches were at once produced from his pocket, a light was struck, then a candle lighted and shut up in a dark lantern, with all of which necessaries his confederate in crime had come prepared. They then tried the parlor door, which was locked, and Abraham Doan, (for it was he who had shamed himself off on the Quaker) took from his cousin, Mahlon Doan, a skeleton key, and succeeded directly in shooting back the bolt of the lock.

Having got into the parlor they picked the lock of one of those old-fashioned mahogany secretaries, that we yet see occasionally among the furniture of old families, and in one of its secret drawers they discovered, and immediately appropriated to their own use, about four hundred pounds, part of it being gold coin, and the balance comprised in notes of the Bank of England. They next possessed themselves of all the silver they could find, consisting of two dozen table and tea spoons, snuffers and tray, and a massive pair of candle-sticks.

"Now, Abe, let us be moving; we may run a risk of being pursued if we remain here any longer."

"I am not ready to go yet," answered his cousin.

"Well, my opinion is that we have done confounded well already for a single haul."

"If you are satisfied with your share, Mahl, it is all right; but I swear I won't leave until I get hold of the clever Quaker's repeater. I've been wanting a time-piece for a long while, and I think his will just suit me."

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes, indeed; I had my eyes dead set on it while the old covey was reading the Bible."

"How will you manage to get it, for I suppose he keeps it in his bedroom?"

"That's my look-out. I'm bound to have that watch before I leave the house."

"My advice is to leave without dis-

turbing them," replied Mahlon.

"Why, you are a fool; this has been no adventure at all. Any man might have done all we have, but to get the watch requires some art and skill."

"Fool or not, my opinion is we better decamp with the booty which we have already got, and if you are determined on getting more, you can try it on your own hook."

"I intend to try hard for it," said Abraham. "Just you remain here while I go after it."

"You'd better not," persisted Mahlon.

"I'm d—d if I don't, though," was the rough answer of his ferocious and determined relative.

"Don't. Be satisfied with what we have got. In trying for the watch you may waken him, and then if he gives the alarm we may be nabbed."

"I'm not afraid of that," rejoined Abraham. "Do you only stand still where you are, and in case there should be any alarm given, do you put off, and leave me to get out of the scrape the best way I can; that's all I ask. I can't make make up my mind to leave this house without that watch."

"Well, go ahead; be wide awake, but don't waken anybody for God's sake!"

Abraham Doan then began cautiously to grope his way up the stairs until he reached the door of the chamber where Isalah and his wife slept. He very quietly raised the latch and entered the room without disturbing the slumbers of either of them. Hallowell, who was a sound sleeper, was snoring away quite lustily. Abraham got to the head of the bed, and began to search under the pillow for the watch which he so much coveted. The Quaker was partly awakened by it. "Eh, what does thee want, Harriet; is it breakfast time?" he said, as if speaking to his neice, who was in the habit of calling him in the morning, and then turned over on his side. The reckless plunderer dodged down, and remained breathlessly silent. After a little while the snoring was resumed, and he again stealthily slipped his hand under the pillow. Again was the sleeping Hallowell disturbed. He sat upright in bed. His sudden movements awakened his wife also, and she asked him:

"What is the matter with thee, Isayah?"

"I declare, Rachel, I thought I felt some one groping beneath my pillow for my gold watch. But it could not have been, for here it is as safe as

ever. What strange imaginings we have in dreams sometimes! I declare to thee, Rachel, it seems to me as if I did feel a hand moving under my pillow, as certainly as I now place my hand upon thy arm."

"It could be but a dream," replied his wife. "Lay thy head upon thy pillow again, and replace the covering, for I am getting chilled."

The worthy couple again resigned themselves to peaceful slumber, and after awhile the thief well knew by Isaiah's loud snoring and his wife's heavy breathing that they were both once more sound asleep. Again did he very slyly insert his hand under the pillow, and this time he secured the watch, effecting his purpose without even arousing the Quaker. He then went on tip-toe out of the chamber, and from there down to his companion, who was impatiently awaiting his coming in the entry.

"Did you get it?" inquired Mahlon.

"Yes, but I had a devilish hard time doing it."

"Why, did it arouse him?"

"You see I awakened him up twice, but the old fool wasn't quite cute enough for me. Look here!" and he held up the watch to the light to assure his comrade that he had been successful.

"Good," chuckled Mahlon. "Now let us make tracks out of these parts as soon as possible."

They then opened the front door very noiselessly, and going after their horses, mounted, and ere morning's misty dawn were twenty miles from the city with their valuable treasure.

On the following morning, Isaiah Hallowell, upon putting his hand under his pillow to get his watch, of course, ascertained, without much searching, that it was not there. "It was no dream, then!" he exclaimed. "There was a strange-hand under my head last night!" He bounced out of bed immediately, and as quick as thought he ran up stairs to the room where he had parted with the beggar, as upon him his suspicion very naturally rested. The bed was empty, and their guest had vanished from the hospitable mansion, and he returned to his room and acquainted his wife with the imposition which the stranger had undoubtedly practiced upon them. When dressed and down stairs he was rendered half crazy to find his secretary broken open and all his gold and bank notes abstracted.

He went out immediately and gave the alarm, when the police went in

pursuit of the robber. Handbills were posted at all the public places, offering large rewards for the recovery of the property and the apprehension of the daring robber, but all to no purpose. It was not until years afterwards, when Abraham confessed it in prison, that he was made aware who had obtained his property. He visited the captive refugee in his cell, and at once recognized his features as those of the same pretended beggar who had abused the confidence he had placed in him.

The neighborhood for miles around their home had now become so alarmed at their many successful depredations that a natural desire to preserve their property from the clutches of the dauntless robbers induced them to band together for mutual protection and safety. So widespread and universal was the dread of the Doans that old men and young were enrolled among its members, having in view the capture or death of the renegades.

Of their plans, the refugees were kept fully informed by secret spies in Plumstead, and although they were regardless of danger, yet they deemed it prudent to absent themselves for a while from a locality where they had become so famous and notorious, so as to completely foil their farmer enemies, and in which, by their sharp cunning and adroitness, they for a long time succeeded in evading their vigilance and laughed at pursuit. They were known to still ride up the Old York Road very frequently as far as Hartsville, but after leaving there they were unable to trace them any farther, and accordingly their place of refuge from the just indignation of a community whose rights they had trampled upon remained for a long time an impenetrable mystery.

Their secret haunt was at length discovered by a young man named James Reed, who was at the time hired as a laborer upon a farm near the village of Bridge Valley, and from whose son, a worthy resident of Lancaster, we received the following account of it:

"Reed had been visiting his lady love one Sunday evening, and had remained in her company until near twelve o'clock, when he made preparations to depart for home. The young lady, who, during the time he had been there, was unusually cheerful, when he proposed leaving, insisted upon his remaining until morning. Upon his refusal to comply with her request, she said to him:

"I have a particular reason for

wishing you to remain, or I would not urge you to do so."

"Well, out with it, Annie," replied Reed, laughingly. "You do not think the ghosts will alarm me, I hope?"

"No, not them; but this night week, and about this hour, I heard the heavy, clattering sound of horses' feet coming along the road; my curiosity was naturally excited, and rising from my bed, I went to the window, where I discerned seven tall horsemen riding two abreast with their leader in front galloping rapidly by the house. By the momentary glimpse I had of them I am sure they were the traitor Doans. There is a presentiment resting upon my mind that they will again come by here to-night, and," she added with a woman's true tenderness and devotion of spirit, "it is for this reason that I would prefer your remaining here and not run the risk of harm and injury to yourself by meeting with them."

"Oh, nonsense, Annie; girl-like, you are always timid and fearing the worst. I'm not afraid of a whole regiment of Doan's. Not in the way of fighting I don't mean, but their horses are so much cracked up for running, that I would just like them to have a chance of chasing my bonny pet Rover, when I'm in the saddle."

"You will go then?"

"To be sure, I'm bound to go now for the fun of it. Good-bye! If I see the Doans I'll whistle to you."

Reed went out and mounted his horse, who, having been feeding on post hay for several hours, was apparently more anxious than his master to proceed homewards.

The moon, which in the early part of the evening had thrown its silvery gleams over the ravine and rill, had fulfilled its task for the time being and withdrawn its cheerful rays, yet the twinkling stars were holding their midnight carnival upon their blue-tinted pavilion, giving an indistinct light to tree and meadow. Reed rode merrily on, his thoughts more busily occupied with fond reveries upon the gentle maiden he had just left, than apprehensive of danger from the foe of his country.

Suddenly he heard the sound of horses' hoof in the distance. At once the presentiment of Annie recurred to him. Riding on a few yards he turned into a thicket and impatiently awaited their coming. He was not kept in suspense many minutes before the outlaws trotted by him. The impulse of most men would have been to have got out of their way as soon as possi-

ble, but Reed was a brave and courageous man, and he at once determined to follow them at a respectful distance, and ascertain, if possible, their place of destination. They kept on the York Road until they reached Bushington, where they turned to the right, and kept on by Carver's mill, and from there to the place where they had harbored, which was in an old log house, at the Forks of the Neshaminy, in Warwick township, on the farm since owned by Samuel Wilkinson, and which at that time was occupied by a widow named Martin.

Reed had kept near them without being observed until they had put their horses away in the shed and were about entering the house, when he turned his horse homewards, resolved to give the alarm without delay. They, then for the first time, knew by the neighing of his horse, that they were watched, and two of them saddled their horses and started in pursuit of him; but, after an exciting race of three miles, finding it was impossible to gain upon him, they gave him a parting salute by firing pistols, and gave up the chase. Reed informed the neighbors, and a large party went after them the next morning, but they had taken their departure, and although the country around was searched they were unable to find them.

They stole a fine horse from Joseph Sackett three different times. The first time they kept him about nine months; they then brought him back and turned him in the pasture field. That winter Sackett kept him locked up and watched him, but the spring following they stole him again the first night he was left out in pasture. The second time they kept him about three months, when they were so hard run they could keep him no longer, and they then fetched him back and turned him loose upon the farm. The third time they stole him, Sackett found him near Washington, lame and broken down, but he managed to get him back, although in bad condition.

John Kinsey went to Canada some years after, and saw Joseph Doan there. He informed him all about the fun he had in stealing Sackett's horse, and told him that he had repeated it just to let him know that it could be done. He also told him that the widow Martin, who was in their interest, had informed him each time of all that Sackett had said about it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Is there a crime  
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the  
soul  
Of man with more infernal hue, than damn'd  
Assassination.      CIBBER'S CÆSAR.

Oh, mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

**M**AY with its buds and blossoms was ushering in the glad and merry spring-time from out the frost-decked bosom and snow-carved sepulchre of an ice-bound winter, while with nature's awakening, freeman and foe were again marshalling for the mighty struggle, which was to decide a nation's destiny. The flag of Old England still waved its folds in triumph over the city of Penn, and in hamlet and town the gallant band of patriots were rallying with renewed energy around the glorious standard of liberty, to redeem their land from the chains of despotism and the shackles of tyranny.

The Doans were now more active and troublesome than ever, scarcely a night passing but what had its tale to tell of their robberies and cruelty. Practice with wrong, familiarity with scenes of pillage, together with an increasing indulgence in stimulating liquors, were fast making them as reckless and depraved a crew of wretches as ever infested any land, and placed them beyond the pale of humanity and mercy.

They were spending the night in revelry and rioting, in a chosen haunt near the outskirts of the city. Wine and mirth were leading the slow hours of time rapidly on, as they recounted to each other with half-drunken gravity their successful exploits in infamy. The recitals were received with the most uproarious laughter and applause. It was near one o'clock, and the noisy brawlers were about dispersing, when they were startled by a loud rapping at the outer door.

"Boys," whispered Levi, "get your pistols ready. We will give the intruders a warm reception if they are enemies, as I suppose they are, or else they would not be prowling around at this late hour."

"Who is there?" shouted Joseph.  
"A friend," answered their visitor, in a squeaking tone.

"Your name?" asked Levi.  
"Joe Condit."

"Where do you hail from?"  
"Over in the Jerseys."  
"Is there any one with you?"  
"No."

A consultation was then held by the refugees, when, after some little objection by Mahlon Doan, it was decided to admit him, but with their pistols drawn, so as to fire immediately if he was accompanied by any person, for alone they had no reason to fear any one.

"Come in, stranger," said Aaron, as he unbolted the door, and in walked as queer a specimen of human nature as their eyes had ever rested upon. His person was filthy to the last degree of uncleanliness, below a medium stature, and shaped more like a hunchback than any other form we can liken him to. His features displayed a most depraved mind, mingled with a sinister, villainous expression that was extremely revolting. In his eyes, cruelty, sensuality and cunning peered out from every gleam, while his head was surmounted with a mass of tangled, dirty, sandy-hued locks, which were the crowning glory of his mean and miserable appearance. After gratifying their curiosity by surveying his strange and uncouth form, which was nearly equalled by his outlandish and eccentric apparel, until their risible faculties could endure no longer the ludicrous emotions which his entry had excited, they gave vent to their feelings by a loud and uncontrollable burst of merriment, which did not appear to annoy the new comer in the least.

"Where in the d—l did you spring from?" inquired Moses, giving him a searching look, in which was mingled both hatred and curiosity.

"I was born between sunrise and sunset, and somewhere near the full of the moon, I guess, for they never thought it worth while to keep any account of the time," replied Condit, imitating the manner of the cow-boy Captain.

"Boys," said Fitzpatrick, "I know an organ grinder who has just lost his monkey, and will give a big price for just such an animal as this fellow is."

"What'll you take to hire out your brush heap to keep rabbits in, old fellow?" tauntingly spoke the mischievous Aaron.

After the fun which they were having at his expense had somewhat subsided, the strange visitor who had patiently borne their insults and ridicule, casting upon them from his little, twinkling grey eyes, a look of contempt, said:

"You can have as much sport with

me as you please, but when you get through, I would like to say a few words upon important business, which has brought me here."

"Silence!" sung out Moses with his powerful voice; "give him a chance to speak."

"I have heard of you for a long while," resumed Condit, "and to tell the plain truth, I never heard any good of any of you. Your business is to steal everything you can lay your hands on, and rob everybody that you—"

"Stop, dog," interrupted Moses, his cheeks crimsoned with anger, and his lips quivering with rage at the audacity of the misshapen creature in charging them with crime.

"Oh! do let the ugly fool go on, Mose," interposed Fitzpatrick; "he's too dumb and stupid to mean any harm."

"Proceed, old dry-bones!" exclaimed Aaron. "I'm boss of this party, and I tell you to go on."

"Well," continued Condit, "you don't hate the darn rebels a bit worse than I do, and I don't think it is a bit of harm to rob the rascals if you can. I know some of the rankest kind of that stripe, who have got lots of chink, that you have never come across yet, and I can just take you there as slick as a hound can follow a hare."

"Just name them, will you?" said Levi.

"Yes, when I get ready."

"Well, hurry yourself."

"I want to jine the band myself, and have revenge upon some of them who have taken my wife away."

"Hold up, stranger," said Aaron, "it ain't possible that you ever found a woman fool enough to admire you, is it?"

"Indeed I did, for when I was younger I looked very different from what I do now."

"If you didn't, you are very much to be pitied. What on earth makes the end of your turn-up nose shine so?"

"Whiskey."

"That's an honest confession, anyhow," said Fitz, "and as you must be getting dry, stranger, suppose you and I take a social drop together."

"I never refused in my life."

"You needn't swear to that; it's not necessary."

Condit and Fitz took a hearty pull together, out of the long-necked black bottle, which constituted the chief ornament of the old walnut table, around which they were seated.

"Go on and finish your story," said

Joseph Doan; "it is pretty well put together, if it is all a lie."

"I married a very pretty girl by the name of Mary Van Tienek, good enough in her way, but her folks made a fool of her."

"She has the same first name as Mose's first love, old Doremy's daughter," impudently exclaimed Aaron.

"Name her not here," replied their leader, and his brow put on its darkest scowl, while his displeasure was evinced by the terrible flashing of his eye. Condit continued:

"They have all got plenty of money, and if you want a share in it just say so."

"We have other matters on hand just now," said the Captain; "but if trade gets dull, we'll help you through with it."

"In the meantime I'll go with you."

"That's if we please. I don't know

"Try me awhile and see."

"Oh, Mose, let the poor fellow go what use or benefit you would be to our party."

along," said Fitz; "if he don't do any good he won't do us any harm."

"Are you afraid of death, stranger?"

"No, nor the d—l either."

"He's clear grit any how," answered Levi; "I vote for his being one of us."

"We have got one Joe already," said Aaron. "We will have to give him some name to distinguish him; suppose we call him Foxy Joe?"

"Agreed," answered several voices.

"Boys," said Moses, rapping on the table with his clenched fist to command attention; "we have work on hand, you know, for to-morrow night, and now let us sleep awhile, so as to be fresh when we start."

The blankets were spread out upon the floor, the candles extinguished, and in a short time, the gang, with their new confederate, were sound asleep upon their rude, yet welcome couches.

Thus was initiated in their own rough and peculiar way, the deformed yet desperate Condit—of but little account or addition to their number, so far as regarded physical strength or courage, but who was destined by his low cunning to prove of incalculable advantage to them as a pimp and a spy, and to become widely known for his brutal conduct and unpardonable actions whenever the opportunity presented itself. It is proper to remark that the Doans obtained the credit, after this accession to their gang, of numerous dishonorable acts which were truly attributable to Condit alone; but which they were deservedly

condemned for, as they countenanced his enormities by giving him protection, and not expelling him from their company.

At sunset the next evening, according to the orders given by Moses the night before, the outlaws were punctual to the time, and ere twilight's shadows slumbered in the bosom of darkness, were mounted upon their faithful steeds, and moving at a brisk trot over the Schuylkill, riding merrily on in mysterious silence, disturbed only by the ringing sound of their horses' hoofs over the hard ground. Condit, not being used to so rapid a pace, and unaccustomed to the saddle, followed as a rear guard, very much to the amusement of his comrades, who enjoyed his awkwardness very heartily.

"Hello, Foxy," exclaimed Aaron, as he slackened his pace to await his coming up to them, "you'll never make a soldier if you don't learn to ride better. A mighty pretty prospect you'd have of being hung if the rebels were to discover us and give chase."

"I would rather be hung at once than to be jolted to death by degrees in this way."

"Pooh, you don't understand the nature of the animal, that is the trouble."

"Well, if you can manage him, darn me if I won't swap even."

"We've trained him to go by a secret signal, if you only give that, he will canter beautifully."

"That's what I want to know?"

"Just strike him on the ear pretty sharply, and if he don't go then I'll give up."

Foxy Joe placing implicit confidence in the words of the tricky Aaron, did as he was commanded, very much to his sorrow. The horse would not bear touching in that spot, as Aaron was well aware, and at once started off on full run, managing to throw his unfortunate rider ere he had gone a hundred yards. Foxy was not to be baffled in this manner, so brushing the dirt off, he patiently awaited until Levi caught his steed, when he mounted him again, determined to be more careful how he roused his spirit hereafter.

About eleven o'clock that evening, they halted near the line of Chester county, bordering upon the State of Delaware, their horses panting and foaming from the long distance they had traveled in so short a time. They hitched them in a dense thicket which opened on the road side, and were then divided off by their Captain in

three separate squads, so as to take different directions, and after having done so thoroughly, to return to him, and give in the result of their observations.

The house which they had selected to plunder, belonged to, and was at the time occupied by Israel Lucas, a very worthy and estimable farmer, who had made no secret of his fidelity to the patriot cause, and was known to contribute very liberally of his means to promote its success and aid in securing its triumph. The section of the country in which he resided, was, under the hypocritical pica of non-resistance, notorious for its indifference as to how the contest between freedom and despotism might terminate, if not anxious for the triumph of the British cause.

The inhabitants took special pains to ridicule the bravery of the commander of the American army, as well as being continually engaged in disparaging the valor of the rebel soldiery. This is a truth, the utterance of which may not be very palatable to some, but the chronicles of the past vouch for its correctness. Washington himself, after the battle of Brandywine, in his dispatches to Congress, freely spoke of its being "The disaffected district so wedded to the interests of the enemy that he could obtain neither food or information from them!"

It was among this class of people, that Israel Lucas, who, at the time of which we are writing, had not more than attained his majority, had been born and educated. It would not have been more than natural had he imbibed their prejudices, shared their opinions, and during the momentous contest then waging, had sheltered himself under the miserable subterfuges by which they vainly endeavored to justify their position. Free in thought as the eagle clearing the air with unfettered pinion, while yet a boy, when manhood's signet was stamped upon his noble brow, he became a firm and intrepid advocate for maintaining the rights of the oppressed colonists, and had never hesitated to avow his predilections for republicanism and warmly defended his sentiments.

These causes all operated to bring upon him the hatred of those who differed with him, and it was owing doubtless to a wish to gratify their feelings that the Doans had been informed of his want of fidelity to George the Third, and had been advised to attack him. It had been his fervent

wish to enter the army, and under its starry folds do battle for the principles which his heart espoused, but the ill health of his young wife, and a parental obligation of duty to his infant son, were of themselves sufficient excuses for his avoiding the hardships and dangers of the conflict of war.

Patriotism, however, cannot be confined within the bounding bosom of him who nurtures its teachings and cradles its spirit. It will have vent, and so it was with Lucas. Whenever the subject was broached by the loungers who puffed common cigars and talked scandal in the country store or at their social frolics, Israel was always ready to defend the action of the Continental Congress. He did it, too, in such a convincing manner that it resulted in bringing upon him the wrath of his opponents. This was the man whose house the traitor Doans were, by order of their Captain, now reconnoitering.

One by one, the spies, who had been sent out by Moses to explore the premises, returned with a stealthy step to their Captain, and in low whispers reported the result of their observations.

"My orders are for all to go quietly to the front door," said Moses, "and batter it in. Then go up stairs and tie the whole party of rebels. If any one hollers, gag them at once. Fitzpatrick and myself will look out for the plunder, while the rest of you watch the prisoners. Remember, not a word out of your heads until we have them all secured."

The gang started at a signal from their Captain, and in a short time were in front of the house. It was the work of a moment to batter in the door and ascend the steps, to the apartments where the inmates slept. The noise, however, had awakened Lucas, and as two of them entered the chamber, he sprang from the bed, and took hold of his pistol, the sharp click of the lock sounding very ominously in the ears of the burglars.

"Villains, what and who are you?"

"Rale grit, ain't he?" said Aaron,

"Answer, or I'll fire on you!" continued the courageous Lucas.

"May be, as how two can play at that game, youngster," replied Levi, as he brought an old blunderbuss to a level and took deliberate aim at the fearless man before him. "Surrender, or I'll blow you to pieces."

This was too much for Lucas to bear in his own house, and regardless of the odds against him, maddened by the cool impudence of the intruders,

and following the lead of his impulse, independent of what would have been his more cool judgment, he discharged his piece at the foremost one of the gang. Scarce had the sound of the report died away when the right arm of Levi, shattered by the ball, fell powerless to his side, and the pistol which it held dropped harmless upon the carpet. Seeing their companion wounded, the others, with a fiendish yell, now rushed upon the defenceless Lucas, hurled him to the floor, and struck him such violent blows over the head with their pistols, that the blood spouted out from his wounds and ran in small puddles on the floor. This harsh and merciless beating would soon have destroyed his life, as he was already insensible, had not his noble-hearted wife, forgetful of her own safety, thrown herself upon his prostrate body and shrieked for help, to save him from being murdered.

It was a soul-harrowing scene to gaze upon, that was transpiring in that bed chamber at the dead hour of night. Lucas, moaning with the intense agony which he was suffering from, by being beaten and brutally trampled upon, his wife clinging with only a woman's constancy to her husband, and sobbing as if her heart would break, while as inhuman a band of drunken assassins as were ever known, were roughly grasping her person to sunder her from him who was dearer than life itself; ;he wounded Levi, uttering the most blasphemous oaths, and encouraging his comrades to kill the now helpless man who had maimed him, while, his eyes filled with tears, and unconscious of the reason for such conduct, the little boy had left the bed and was calling loudly for his mother. His very innocence should have saved him, but Fozy Joe, annoyed by his crying, took hold of him by the hair and pitched him back into bed.

At this period of the disturbance, Moses Doan, who, with Fitzpatrick, had been engaged down below searching for money, having heard the sound of struggling overhead, ran up the stairs and went into the room.

"What means all this, you brutes?" was the exclamation of surprise with which he saluted the desperate scoundrels, as rushing forward, he took hold of Abraham and compelled him to relinquish his grasp upon the arm of Mrs. Lucas. Then turning to Fozy Joe, whom as he entered the room he had observed throwing the inoffensive boy into the bed, and which unpar-

donable act had incensed him beyond control, he said to him :

"Coward, how dare you impose upon one who cannot defend himself? Take that," and suiting the action to the word, he dealt him a blow with his open hand that sent him reeling against the wall. "Now, tell me, how has this happened?" he continued, turning to the ruffians, who, conscious of their unjustifiable conduct shrank from the withering glance of scorn that gleamed from out his eagle eye.

"See for yourself, Mose," said Levi, exhibiting his wounded arm.

"Serves you right. I have no doubt you were to blame, or it would not have occurred. Are you bent on committing murder, you wretches?"

"Murder or not," replied Levi; "d—n me if I don't have satisfaction out of the cursed rebel before I leave this house."

"Well, there has been enough of bloodshed here. I order every one of you to leave, except Joseph, who will remain here and prevent them from giving any alarm. Move right along."

They all knew his nature too well to disobey, and therefore they sullenly retired from the room, leaving the inmates in the custody of Joseph Doan, with Foxy Joe as a kind of an aid in case of emergency. The others found about thirty pounds of English money in a side-board drawer, which, together with a gold breast-pin, the property of Lucas' wife, they appropriated to their own use without much ceremony. They then sent a committee of two to the cellar in quest of provisions, upon which they might quiet hunger and regale themselves.

After they returned the others built a fire, set a table, and very coolly prepared themselves a supper, which, after their long ride was heartily relished. Joseph, the sentinel, becoming tired of the loneliness of his post, had resigned in favor of Foxy, and rejoined his comrades. Moses was displeased at this management, but kept his feelings to himself until the repast was over, when, rising from his seat, he remarked :

"Wait here until I go up and see what that sneaking Foxy is about. Confound the fellow, I've got a very mean idea of him."

"He's more fool than anything else," replied Fitz.

"Well, that may all be, too; but it's well enough to keep an eye on him occasionally."

"With a quick, light step, Moses went up the stairway, and peeping in

through the half-open doorway, discovered the infamous scoundrel endeavoring to kiss the wife of Lucas, who was unable to resent the insult, as the cunning villain had taken the precaution to bind him hand and foot, before attempting the outrage. She was struggling to free herself from the drunken reprobate, who despite her struggles and entreaties was bent upon accomplishing his object.

"You're too pretty a bird to let slip without one kiss," said Foxy, mockingly.

"Spare me for mercy's sake!" implored the terror-stricken woman.

"Oh, you needn't bawl! I've seen women cry before to-night. It don't scare me. Hold on!" he continued, as she made a desperate effort to free herself from his grasp, in which she nearly succeeded, when her long, glossy hair falling down upon her shoulders, he seized hold of it and twining it around his hand, exclaimed:

"Whoa! I've got the reins now to hold you back with;" and then, rendered helpless, all hopes of being able to free herself vanished, and she swooned away, being caught while falling in the arms of her unrelenting persecutor and firmly held in his loathsome and polluting embrace.

Moses at this juncture stepped into the room without being noticed by Foxy Joe, and before he was aware of even being observed, he had taken hold of him by the cuff of the neck. It was now his turn to implore from his exasperated Captain the same mercy which he had denied to the helpless woman while assaulting her, in which he met with the same success he had himself meted out to his unoffending victim. Coward-like, he trembled like a leaf when quivering by the autumnal wind; but the iron grip of Moses became still more tightened around his throat, until his tongue hung out and his eyes protruded from their sockets.

Satisfied with this mode of inflicting punishment upon him, he then dragged the half-dead Foxy out of the room until he reached the stairway, when, raising him up on the banisters as if he were a mere child in his arms, he left go his hold and the brute fell to the bottom of the stairs where he lay howling with pain. This brought the others to see what was the matter.

"Let him lie," said Moses, "and if the mean fellow dies, it is of no consequence, for it will only be the devil that will gain by it."

He then returned to the chamber of

Lucas, and expressed his sorrow any one of his party could be, so contemptible as to abuse a woman; and then stating that as Lucas was so fond of proclaiming himself a rebel, that the purpose of raising a little money and making his acquaintance were the reasons for their making this untimely visit. He advised him to be a little more prudent in the future how he spoke of the British, as it would be better for him in the end, and then very politely bid them good night.

In a short time after this interview, the gang left the house without disturbing the inmates any further. The excitement of that night so effected the nervous temperament of Lucas, that it threw him into a raging fever which made him delirious, and for several days his life was despaired of. Upon his recovery, so firmly convinced was he of the agency of his tory neighbors in encouraging and countenancing the attack made upon him that he sold his farm and removed to Allegheny county

This incident has never before been published that we can ascertain; but from the reliable source from which we have received it, we place implicit confidence in its entire truth. It is also worthy of note that the wound made in the arm of Levi by the bullet shot from Lucas' pistol was a mark which in years afterwards served to establish his identity when arrested not far from the same place.

On the night following, six valuable horses were stolen from three neighboring farms in Delaware county; the tails of them being found lying by the post in the highway; having doubtless been cut off to prevent the owners recognizing their property. The thieves were presumed to be the same party who had attacked Lucas, who, secreting themselves in the woods during the day following, had sallied out in the evening and taken the animals off.

**T**HE Doans were deeply mortified at their failure in not being able to effect an entrance into Smith's dwelling, and for weeks afterwards it was the prominent topic of conversation among the gang who were determined upon another expedition against their courageous enemies. This would have happened soon afterwards, had not their Captain kept them constantly employed in schemes of plunder, so that their minds were given little leisure to plan out any revenge upon the unoffending miller, whose only crime had been the very proper and natural defence of his family and property. Moses, who was himself averse to repeating so hazardous an attempt, had hoped that time and other scenes of excitement would allay their hatred; but in this he was mistaken. The fierce fire of rage against the Smiths glowed within the bosom of all his companions and they were determined not to allay it any longer.

"Mose!" commenced Levi, one evening when the whole party were assembled together, deliberating upon the future operations upon the rebels. "When are we going to visit old Smith's again and pay him off the old grudge?"

"Never mind about that now," replied their Captain with an agry tone, incensed at the impudence of his brother in thrusting this firebrand of discord into the party.

"Yes, but I swear you shall mind it;" continued Levi. "A cowardly set they'll consider us if we don't try them again. Who says go?"

"I, I," responded all the rest, except Moses and Fitzpatrick. "I don't see what we are to gain by it boys," said they, "even if we succeed?"

"Murder the old rascal for killing Harwood; haul away some of his loose change to spree on," replied Abraham.

"I want one crack at him with my rifle," said Joseph, "and I'll go security he won't holler afterward."

"I won't take a hand in such cruelty," spoke Moses very emphatically.

"Then, boys, let us go by ourselves," replied Mahlon. "Moses has got so stubborn that he won't go into anything unless he has his own way; it's time we had something to say."

"I've sworn to put one bullet through his carcass," continued Abe,

"and d—n me if I don't do it, and that before long, too."

"Let's go up to-morrow night," proposed Levi.

"Agreed!" was the general response.

Their Captain finding it impossible to persuade them to forego their determination of avenging Harwood's death, finally consented to accompany them to prevent their becoming offended, but not until he had fully informed them of the great peril which would attend the premeditated attack, as he had received positive knowledge that owing to the representation which had been made to General Washington by old Smith, he considered the lives of his family and himself in jeopardy by the threats of the abandoned outlaws, and unable to resist his entreaties the Commander-in-Chief had, contrary to his usual strict discipline, given his sons permission to absent themselves to defend and protect, if necessary, the life and property of their parents.

This his boys very willingly acceded to; but as they were very desirous of remaining near where the army was encamped, they finally persuaded their father to leave the mill near Manayunk and remove to a small farm about ten miles beyond the Schuylkill, of which he was the owner, presuming that by so doing they would avoid any difficulty with their inveterate enemies. All these reasons, however, made no impression upon the minds of the bloodthirsty banditti, who, overruling their more prudent leader, swore that the attack must and should be made.

The next morning, Moses Doan, accompanied by Levi, rode to the temporary residence of General William Howe, which was in Market street, near Sixth. Here he dismounted, and giving his spirited horse into the care of his brother Levi, rapped loudly at the door of the British commander, which was opened by an obsequious lacquey in full livery, who escorted him into the magnificent reception room where his master was accustomed to give audience to those who visited him. Doan's object was to prejudice the mind of the British General in regard to the Smiths, whom he vehemently denounced as being the most bitter and unscrupulous partizans of the rebel cause, for the purpose of inducing Howe to sanction by his assent and countenance their intended expedition.

In this he fully succeeded, by arousing the ire of his majesty's officer,

who, after patiently listening to his statement of Washington's intention to protect them, sat down at his desk and gave him a written order, signed by himself, giving him full authority to detach from the ranks of his army twenty Hessians, who were to be placed at his entire disposal if they were deemed necessary to secure the success of the outlaws. The interview was prolonged to a considerable length of time, and when he came out from the house, he remarked to his brother:

"I've got Howe's written order to carry on the business, and the privilege of taking twenty of his men to help us."

"We don't want the cowardly Hessians along," moodily replied Levi; "for after all we will have to do the fighting and they will have the credit of it."

"It's better to make sure."

"Well, if the Smiths are to get a flogging, I say let the Doans have the glory of whipping them."

They mounted their horses and rode rapidly down to a tavern at South and Front streets, where their companions by preconcerted arrangement were waiting for them.

"Boys, what do you say to taking more men than our own party along to help us?" said Moses to his companions.

"I'm opposed to any one going but ourselves," exclaimed Abraham.

"So am I," replied Joseph; "we can whip them on our own hook if we only have fair play."

"Folks are beginning to brag around town that these Smiths are a full match for the Doans," said Mahlon, "and I want the matter decided, for that kind of talk makes me mad."

"Then this order is of no use to us," continued Moses.

"No," shouted his half-drunken confederates.

"Be careful and not drink too much through the day, and at sundown let every man of you be in his saddle."

"Ay! ay!" was the unanimous response.

Ere the shadows of twilight were whelmed in darkness, the whole band, punctual to the very moment, had assembled at the stables in Vernon street, where their horse were kept, and had them saddled and bridled for the journey, each man with one hand upon his bridle rein and the other on the pommel of the saddle, ready to start.

"Mount, boys, and away!" rang out the word of command, in the full, deep-toned voice of Moses.

In an instant they had obeyed, and to avoid suspicion, when they turned into Market street, they walked their gallant coursers to the outskirts of the city, which, in those primeval days, only reached to about Seventh street. There they crossed the Schuylkill ferry, and there now being no necessity for using caution, inasmuch as they were now in the country, where their movements would not attract notice, they buried the spur-rowels deep into their horses' sides, and started off on a rapid pace, which was not relaxed until they reached what was then known as the Five Mile Tavern, upon the main road from Philadelphia to Lancaster.

Here they halted, and entering the bar-room, where were congregated quite a number of the yeomanry of the neighborhood, they pushed through the astonished crowd of rustics, jostling them without ceremony upon either side, indignities which they were compelled to submit to, upon the too often adopted maxim—that might makes right.

"Hello! landlord," said Abe, "set out some pizen for us, for we are mighty cold."

"You needn't mind giving it to us very weak," rejoined Aaron, we have a knack of watering it to suit ourselves."

"I say, youngster," added Levi, going up to a genteel looking young man, who was standing up at the bar imbibing a steaming whiskey punch, "you are making an early start at the critter; suppose you just stand aside a little, and make room for your betters."

The person addressed obeyed the wish of Levi without even murmuring a word of objection, yet he gave him a searching look with his blue eyes, as if he would remember him in time to come, after which, deliberately swallowing the remainder of his drink, he walked apparently very carefully to the door and left the house, but not without exciting the suspicion of their Captain, who was sure he had seen his features before, but where he could not recollect. Calling the landlord to one side he whispered to him:

"Do you know who that young man is who just left the room?"

"Yes," replied the host.

"What is his name?" inquired the Captain.

"Smith!" replied the landlord.

As this was then, as now, so common a name, Mose was forced to continue his inquiry by asking:

"Whose son is he?"

"Thomas Smith's, who lately moved over in the neighborhood to get out of the way of some of the refugees who have a spite against him."

"I thought I knew him, but I find I am mistaken," he added for the purpose of quieting the suspicions of the landlord, who was in his turn inclined to be inquisitive.

"He's a noble, whole-souled fellow," added the landlord.

Giving his companions a sly wink, a signal which they all understood, they followed him out of the bar-room to hold a consultation together.

"The game is all up boys!" was the first exclamation of their Captain, as soon as they had got far enough from the house as not to be overheard.

"Why, Mose," said Fitzpatrick, laughingly, "what's wrong now; you look scared to death?"

"Do you remember the slender young man that Levi told to stand to one side?"

"Yes," replied Fitz.

"Well, I'm willing to swear that he is one of the Smiths."

"Nonsense," replied Abe. "I know better than that, for I could scent the rascals a mile off."

"He's the youngest son," said Moses, "and you never saw him before; but I did, the very afternoon I was spying around the mill."

"Why the d—l didn't you tell us, then, at the time we looked in the window, and before we went into the house?" petulantly inquired Abe.

"For the best reason in the world. He had his back turned to me; and, besides, I was not sure until I asked the landlord."

"He's gone home to alarm the old man," interposed Aaron, "and I think we had better give it up for to-night."

"I kept my eye on him," said Foxy, and I saw him start down the same way we came up, as if he was going into town."

"If that's the case," continued Aaron, "he hasn't suspected us, so we had better go on with it."

"That's all gammon," replied their leader; "he's not such a fool you take him to be."

They then took a vote among themselves whether to attack the Smiths that night or leave it until some other time. A majority were in favor of doing it immediately; and as the decision was binding, they remounted their horses and rode on towards the farm house.

Their Captain had given young Smith credit for no more sagacity than he deserved, in supposing that

he had merely pretended to go on to the city, when, in fact, his real object was to avoid being suspected, by taking a circuitous route in going home and at once alarm the family of the impending danger. He had recognized Moses Doan the very moment that he entered the bar-room, but for the most wise reasons, desired to conceal the fact from the band of outlaws; and this he partly succeeded in by drawing his slouch cap down over his face and feigning intoxication.

This mask, however, as it was put on for the occasion, he threw off as soon as he had reached the shed where his horse was hitched, when he sprang into the saddle, rode leisurely down the road until he came to a cow-path, into which he turned and went at full speed across the country to his home. When he reached there, he at once communicated the unwelcome tidings of the Doans' approaching; and in an instant the Spartan band armed themselves, and commenced preparing their powder and balls to greet the tories.

By the persuasion of the father, both the mother and two daughters were induced to leave the place of danger, to avoid the probable loss of life, or at least the commission of insults and outrages, which would certainly have been their portion if the intruders were successful, and under the protection of two of the sons went off to a neighboring farm house for refuge. After they had left, a candle was lighted and placed on a table by the front window so as to cast its rays without the room.

The courageous old man, and his four valiant sons, each armed with a rifle and provided with long knives, left the building and concealed themselves behind a worm fence about twenty yards off, where the tangled wild briars prevented them from being observed. Here they remained in a state of intense anxiety for near an hour, when they heard the ringing sound of horses' hoofs coming nearer and nearer, and giving undoubted signal of the approach of the refugees. In a few moments the whole band of desperate outlaws were in sight, riding up to within a few yards of the place where the Smiths had secreted themselves, being near enough for them to hear distinctly all that was said by their assailants. Moses Doan, who, as was his custom, rode at the head of his men, in a low tone of voice, said:

"Halt, boys, dismount! That light

burning looks as if the rebels were on their guard."

"I guess it's only left there by accident," replied Abe, who stood by his side.

"Hold on while I go and look, and keep quiet till I come back," answered Moses, as with stealthy step and cat-like tread he started off to the house. Here he gazed into the window, but could see no one in the room, and then, as a precaution, he placed his ear to the window pane to listen if he could hear any one moving inside. Having satisfied himself that his fears of their being prepared to meet them were fallacious, he returned to his confederates.

"All right, fellows; they are sleeping as sound as a rock. Now hitch your horses and come on."

"Good," replied Levi; "now we've got the scoundrels in our power."

"Steady, boys, and don't go to break in before you hear the word," continued Moses. At a given sign from their leader, they followed him in silence to the house, halting opposite to the window where the candle had been placed.

"Go ahead, Levi," continued their Captain; "break in the window and jump in; we will follow you."

Scarcely had the words left his lips when they were startled by the loud report of fire-arms from behind the fence, and the Captain, wounded by the discharge, fell heavily to the ground. So sudden and unexpected was the repulse, that the Doans, trembling with fear, thought only of self preservation, and all ran for their horses, except Fitz, who enraged and maddened, sallied out in the direction where the report came from. The Smiths, after firing the first volley, retreated down to a small creek for safety, and where they could watch the movements of their disconcerted enemies without their being able to find them out. After waiting a short time to hear if there would be a repetition of the shooting, the alarmed desperadoes returned to where Moses was still lying, in the same spot where he had fallen. They found him severely wounded in the right shoulder, from which blood was flowing profusely, and the victim of his own folly suffering from the pain which it caused. They were anxious to remove him, but he would not consent to it.

"D—n them," he muttered, "rob the house and set fire to it. For they have run off, and if they come back, shoot the rascals down."

Several immediately entered the de-

serted building in obedience to his orders, while two of the gang went out to the shed, procured a light wagon and harness, and hitching the horse of Moses to it, raised their maimed leader into it, and laid him carefully upon the straw. Those who entered the house, after ransacking every room and cupboard, without being able to discover any booty worth carrying off, returned and joined the rest.

"Rather a water haul so far," said Abe, "but we can set fire to the cabin and gratify our spite in that way."

He at once procured some straw from a barrack in the barnyard, took it into the kitchen, and piling upon it some light wood, ignited it, and came out again. As he was sure the dwelling would soon be enveloped in flames, which would bring the entire neighborhood to the scene, he advised his companions to decamp as speedily as possible, which they accordingly did, Fitz driving the wagon, in which Moses was lying, towards the city.

They were disappointed, however, in the anticipation of seeing the cottage on fire, for the straw had become dampened by the rain which had fallen on the day before, and burned so slowly that Smith's boys arrived in time to put it out before it had done any material damage.

It was several weeks before the injury Moses had met with healed enough to enable him to resume his place as leader of the desperadoes, and when he did so, they were not very anxious to return a third time to the Smiths, although they frequently vowed that they would have satisfaction out of them yet. In places where they were not known, they were accustomed to hear these incidents spoken of, and mortifying as it was to their spirit, it passed into a proverb in those days, both in town and country, that "The Smith's were too much for the Doans!"

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Shortly after their unsuccessful expedition, which we have just narrated, they left Philadelphia and came up the York Road, near to Jamison's tavern, in Warwick township, where John Tucker, a tax collector, resided. He had been very imprudent several times upon public occasions of expressing his contempt and scorn for the refugees, this, too, in so public a manner that it could not fail to reach their ears. They therefore determined to pay him a visit, as much to satisfy him of his weakness and their own strength, as from any desire to pos-

sess the public money of which he had the custody. Armed with a brace of pistols that every night were placed under his pillow, he declared he would leave a mark on some of them if they attempted to disturb him. . But, as if to exhibit their reckless daring, they attacked him in daylight when some distance from his home, and ordered him to give up the money without delay. He protested that he had paid it all into the Treasury, but the Doans were not to be foiled by any such flimsy excuse. They therefore took the straps from their horses, tied him to a tree standing near the roadside, gagged him with their handkerchiefs, and, two of them having procured a couple of hickory withes gave him a severe flagellation upon his bare back, the marks of which cruelty were visible upon his person for many years afterwards. When they became tired of administering the blows, he looked a most pitiable object of distress, which so roused the mirth of his persecutors that they burst out in the most boisterous peals of laughter at the sad plight of their humbled victim.

They then removed the handkerchief from his mouth, and one of them said: "Ha! you old thief; you are not such a great man as you thought you were, I guess. Will you tell now where the money is?"

Tucker, being well aware that continued denial would not satisfy the outlaws, and unwilling to undergo a second bastinading, concluded it would be the most wise plan to tell the truth at once, and accordingly replied:

"It's all under the pea bushes in my garden!"

"Trot along, then, and show it to us," answered one of the gang.

Mounting their horses, they forced Tucker to run ahead of them on foot all the way to his home. When they arrived there he was half dead from fatigue, and leaned against the fence to rest himself, when one of the refugees, the best-looking one, he afterwards said, which must have been Abraham, as Moses was not along with them, stepped up to him and struck him over the head with his heavy riding whip, telling him to hurry along as they hadn't long to stay. He then took them out into the garden, and, sure enough, under the pea vines was found in a shot bag about £30.

They were not satisfied with this, but accused Tucker of deceiving them. They swore if he did not tell them where the balance which he had collected was they would repeat the previous dose. Not relishing the pros-

pect of another whipping, he reluctantly confessed that it was hidden under a meat cask in the cellar. One of them accompanied him there, when he handed over to him near £30 more. They then left the premises in high glee, having cautioned the astonished Tucker not to bother his head about the Doans hereafter, or they would certainly catch him, and if they did he would not get off so easily as he had now done—advice which he most faithfully followed afterwards.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The time is past when swords subdued.  
Man may die—the soul's renewed.  
Even in this low world of care,  
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;  
Millions breathe, but to inherit  
Her unconquerable spirit—  
When once more her hosts assemble,  
Let the tyrants only tremble;  
Smile they at this idle threat?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.

BYRON'S WATERLOO.

But of this be sure,  
To do ought good will never be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his will  
Whom we resist.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE clouds that for awhile veiled from the patriots' eyes the gorgeous bow of promise had been dispelled by God's own golden sunbeams of hope, that now gleamed brightly upon the sacrificial cause of infant freedom. The vow of release from servitude had been solemnly uttered; it now remained to be as sacredly fulfilled. From Maine's sea-bound coast, where the spray-robed billows of old Atlantic dash upon the beach, as its rolling waves, kissed by the wind, murmur heaven's anthem of liberty, on to where the sighing breeze sweeps amid the pines of Carolina, re-echoing nature's melody—one aim, one object, one accomplishment, knit in fraternal sympathy, and nerved alike the arm of the artisan of New England and the planter of the South. From morning's dawn to day's decline, the wail of an oppressed people had ascended in chariots of tears and anguish to their God. Their prayers had been heard and answered by Him who rules supreme. We would wish to trace the scenes which followed in that memorable strife, but we are reminded that our task now is with the dark side of the picture, and on that are we to gaze.

The Doans, in the reverses which the British army were encountering day after day, never suspended their expeditions for plunder and revenge; but, with a hatred to the Americans that was boundless, they still hovered like vultures around the patriot camp fires, ready to convey intelligence to the enemy. When not employed as spies, they would meet together and make a descent upon some lonely farm house or unprotected village, carrying off with them whatever was valuable, and disposing of their ill-gotten gains to the British soldiery, who were

loud in their encomiums upon their shrewdness and cunning.

Among the most important duties confided to them, and for which they were well recompensed, as the service was an arduous one, and beset with danger, was the rescuing of the prisoners of war, who were kept as hostages by the orders of Washington. Lancaster was chosen as the most safe place for keeping them, as its citizens were known to be openly hostile to the royal cause, and the building in which they were confined stood for many years and was known from that reason as the British prison. The following incident was narrated by the keeper and published in the "New England Magazine" about sixty years ago. It embraces not only facts of the most absorbing interest, but contains a thrilling account of the sly manœuvring of the daring refugees. The writer did not give the names of the tory participants, but we have received information from those in whom we place implicit confidence, which leaves no doubt whatever upon our minds that it was the Doans who figured so conspicuously in it, and we have, therefore, added our own belief to the recital, so as to make both agree together.

The prisoners were confined in barracks, enclosed with a stockade and vigilantly guarded; but, in spite of all precautions, they often disappeared in an unaccountable manner, and nothing was heard of them until they resumed their places in the British army. It was presumed that they were aided by American tories, but where suspicion should fall no one could conjecture. General Hazen had charge of the post. He devised a stratagem for detecting the culprits, and selected Captain Lee, afterwards Major Lee, a distinguished partisan officer, to carry out his plan. It was given out that Lee had left the post on furlough. He, however, having disguised himself as a British prisoner, was thrown into the prison with the others. So complete was the disguise that even the keeper, familiar with him from long and daily intercourse, did not penetrate it. Had his fellow prisoners detected him, his history might have been embraced in the proverb, "Dead men tell no tales!"

For many days he remained in this situation, making no discoveries whatever. He thought he perceived at times signs of intelligence between the prisoners and an old woman who was allowed to bring fruit for sale within the enclosure. She was known

to be deaf and half-witted, and therefore no object of suspicion. It was known that her son had been disgraced and punished in the American army, but she had never betrayed any malice on that account, and no one dreamed that she could have the power to do injury, even if she possessed the will. Lee watched her closely, but saw nothing to confirm his suspicions. Her dwelling was about a mile distant, in a wild retreat, where she shared her miserable quarters with a dog and cat.

One dark, stormy night in Autumn, Lee was lying awake at midnight. All at once the door was gently opened, and a tall figure moved silently into the room. It was too dark to observe its motions narrowly, but he could see that it stooped towards one of the sleepers, who immediately arose. Next it approached and touched him on the shoulder. Lee immediately started up. The figure then allowed a slight gleam from a dark lantern to pass over his face, and as it did so, whispered impatiently, "Not the man—but come!"

It then occurred to Lee that it was the opportunity he desired. The unknown whispered to him to keep his place until another man was called; but just at that moment something disturbed him, and making a signal to Lee to follow, he moved silently out of the room. They found the door of the house unbarred, and a small part of the fence removed, where they passed out without molestation. The sentry had retired to a shelter, where he thought he could guard his post without suffering from the rain, but Lee saw his conductors put themselves in preparation to silence him if he should happen to address them. Just without the fence appeared a stooping figure, wrapped in a red cloak, and supporting itself with a large stick, which Lee at once perceived could be no other than the old fruit woman. But the most profound silence was observed; a man came out from a thicket at a little distance and joined them, and the whole party moved onward by the guidance of the old woman. At first they frequently stopped to listen, but having heard the sentinel cry, "All's well!" they seemed reassured, and moved with more confidence than before.

They soon came to her cottage. A table was spread with some coarse provisions upon it, and a large jug, which one of the soldiers was about to seize, when the man who conducted them, who was no less a celebrated personage than Captain Moses Doan,

withheld him.

"No," said Moses, "we must first proceed to business."

The conductor, a tall, stern-featured, keen-eyed man, was here about to require all present, before he could conduct them farther, to swear upon the Scriptures not to make the least attempt to escape, and never to reveal the circumstances or agents in the proceeding, whatever might befall them. But, before they had time to take the oath, their practiced ears detected the sound of the alarm-gun, and the conductor, directing the party to follow him in close order, immediately left the house, taking with him a dark lantern. Lee's reflections were not now the most agreeable. If he was to be compelled to accompany his party to the British lines in New York, he would be detected and hanged as a spy, and he saw that the conductor had prepared arms for them, which they were to use in taking the life of any one who should attempt to escape. They went on with great dispatch, but not without difficulty. Lee might now have deserted, in this hurry and alarm, but he had made no discovery, and he could not bear to confess that he had not nerve enough to carry him through. They went on, and were concealed in a barn the whole of the next day. Provisions were brought, and low whistles and other signs showed that the owner of the barn was in collusion with his secreted guests. The barn was attached to a small farm house. Lee was so near the house that he could overhear the conversation which was carried on about the door.

The morning rose clear, and, it was evident from the inquiries of horsemen, who occasionally galloped up to the door, that the country was alarmed. The farmer gave short and surly replies, as if unwilling to be taken from his labor; but the other inmates of the house were eager in their questions, and from the answers Lee gathered that the means by which he and his companions had escaped were as mysterious as ever. The next night, when all was quiet, they resumed their march, and explained to Lee that, as he was not with them in their conspiracy, and was accidentally associated with them in their escape, they should take the precaution to keep him before them, just behind their guide. He submitted without opposition, though the arrangement considerably lessened his chances of escape.

For several nights they went on in

this manner, being delivered over to different persons from time to time, but always retaining the same conductor and his brother Abraham, who acted as his assistant; and, as Lee could gather from their whispering conversations, they were regularly employed on occasions like the present, and well rewarded by the British for their services. Their employment was full of danger, and although they seemed like desperate men, he could observe that they never remitted their precautions. They were concealed for days in barns, cellars, and caves made for the purpose, and similar retreats, and one day was passed in a tomb, the dimensions of which had been enlarged, and the inmates, if there had been any, banished to make room for the living. The burying grounds were a favorite retreat, and on more occasions than one they were obliged to resort to superstitious alarms to remove intruders upon their paths. Their success fully justified the experiment, and unpleasantly situated as he was, in the prospect of soon being a ghost himself, he could not avoid laughing at the expedition with which old and young fled from the fancied apparitions.

Though the distance to the Delaware was not great, they had now been twelve days on the road, and such was the vigilance and suspicion prevailing throughout the country, that they almost despaired of effecting their object. The conductor grew impatient; Lee's companions were dispirited, and Abraham Doan became as ferocious as an enraged tiger. There was something unpleasant in the angry glances of this brutal refugee towards him, which became more and more fierce as they went on, but it did not appear whether it was owing to the circumstances, or actual suspicion. It so happened, that on the twelfth night, Lee was placed in a barn, while the rest of the party sheltered themselves in the cellar of a little stone church, where they could talk and act with more freedom, both because the solitude of the church was not often disturbed, even on the Sabbath, and because even the proprietors did not know that illegal hands had added a cellar to the conveniences of the building.

Here they were smoking pipes with great diligence, and at intervals, not distant, applying a huge canteen to their mouths, from which they drank with upturned faces, expressive of solemn satisfaction. The silent revel was continued until quite a late hour,

by which time, owing to frequent and deep potations, the under ground participants therein had become considerably intoxicated. While they were engaged in handing the canteen around, Abraham Doan, raising his finger to command attention, whispered to his boon companions:

"Do you know that strange fellow who is in our party, who never says anything, but kind of travels along with a long face, as if he was going to a funeral?"

There was an ominous silence succeeding the inquiry, followed by a negative move of the head, for the entire group were impressed with the knowing manner of the speaker.

"Well, I do," continued Abraham.

"Then suppose you tell who he is?" replied one of the British prisoners.

"I know it will surprise you," said Abe; "but I know him as well as I know myself; he is an American spy!"

"What!" quickly exclaimed one of the party, thinking that he had misunderstood him.

"I swear it's a fact. He is no other person than Captain Lee of the rebel army."

"It cannot be possible," replied another; "he would not dare to risk so much."

"Dare!" bellowed Abe, forgetful of the necessity of speaking low; "he dare do anything. He's just that kind of a fellow."

"What's best to be done?" inquired another; "he may have already informed his friends."

"Leave that to me!" grumbled Abe; "the d—n rascal once chased me and came near blowing my brains out. Hold on awhile and just see if I don't have revenge on him."

The others, with a spirit which reflected upon them the highest honor, expressed their disgust at his ferocity, by saying that if, as he had declared, their companion was an American officer, all they had to do was to watch him closely. As he had come among them uninvited, he must go with them to New York, and take the consequences of his imprudence; but meantime it was their interest not to seem to suspect him, as otherwise he might give the alarm, whereas it was evidently his intention to go with them until they were ready to embark for New York.

Their remonstrances, however, were unavailing, for Abraham Doan persisted in saying that he would have his revenge with his own hand, upon which Moses, who had entered the cel-

lar unperceived, whither he had been attracted by the unusual noise, drawing a pistol from his belt, declared that if he saw the least attempt upon the part of any of them to injure Captain Lee, or any conduct which would lead him to suspect that his disguise was discovered, he would that moment shoot the person violating his orders through the head. Abe placed his hand upon his long knife which hung by his side, with an ominous scowl of defiance upon his cousin; but a single glance from the eye of Moses had its intended effect in keeping him silent.

The next night they went on as usual, but the shrewd and cautious manner of Moses showed that there was more danger than before; in fact, he explained to the party that they were not far from the Delaware, and he hoped to reach it by increasing their speed before midnight. They occasionally heard the report of a musket, which seemed to indicate that some movement was going on in the country.

When they came to the river bank there was no traces of a boat upon the waters. Moses, their conductor, stood still for a moment in dismay, but, recollecting himself, he said it was possible it might have been secured lower down the stream, and forgetting everything else he directed the soldiers to accompany him, leaving Lee in charge of his cousin until they should return. Giving a pistol to Abraham, he whispered, "If the rebel officer attempts to betray us, shoot him, if not, you will not for your own sake make any noise to show where we are." In the same instant they departed, and Lee was left alone with the ruffian refugee.

He had before suspected that the fellow knew him, and now doubts were changed to certainty at once. Dark as it was, it seemed as if fire flashed from his eye now he felt that revenge was within his power. Lee was as brave as any officer in the army, but he was unarmed, and though he was strong his adversary was still more powerful. While he thus stood, undecided how to act, Abraham Doan, seemed enjoying the prospect of revenge, as he looked on him with a steady eye. Though the American officer stood to all appearance unmoved, the sweat rolled in heavy drops from his brow. Lee soon took his resolution, and sprang upon his adversary with the intention of wresting the pistol from his hand, but, the thoughtful, wary Doan was upon his guard, and aimed the deadly

weapon with such precision, that had the pistol which he held been charged with a bullet, that moment would have been his last. But it seemed that Moses had trusted to the sight of his weapons to render them unnecessary, and had therefore only loaded them with powder. As it was, the shock was so stunning as to throw Lee to the ground, but, fortunately, as the refugee dropped the pistol it fell where Lee could reach it, and as his enemy stooped, and was drawing his knife from his bosom, Lee was able to give him a stunning blow.

He then rose from the ground, and being now fully convinced of Doan's deadly intentions towards him, and that his life hung suspended upon the result of the combat in which they were engaged, all the courage of his manly heart came to his aid. Not a moment was to be lost in deliberation, so he instantly fell with all his weight upon the prostrate villain, endeavoring to hold him down, and if possible to choke him at the same time, while Doan fully aroused to a sense of his desperate situation, commenced using the most herculean efforts to free himself from his grasp, but all his efforts proved unavailing.

There, at the hushed hour of midnight, by the rippling waters of our border river, with no witnesses to the fierce conflict but God and the silent stars, the bitter and deadly strife between the spy and the refugee was waged with an unrelenting fury upon both sides, without either for a long time gaining any perceptible advantage over his foe. So equally were they mated in physical strength and agile activity, that both of them were afraid to relax their hold to enable them to get at their knives, for fear such a move might decide the battle.

They continued to struggle on, rolling over and over the hard ground, each one being alternately on top of his competitor. The tight grip which Lee retained upon the throat of Abe, caused the blood to spout from his nostrils, while the hand of Doan, which was at first clutched in the fleshy part of his cheek, had been gradually moved down towards his neck in order to strangle him, the long nails of Abe's fingers tearing his face open until part of it only hung together at the jaw bone, the wounds thus inflicted causing him the most torturing pain. Lee's strength was fast failing him from over exertion, and a few moments would have placed him entirely in the power of his feroci-

ous enemy, when a scouting party of patriots, well armed, providentially came to his rescue. They at once separated them, asked who they were, and what was the cause of the flight; but they were so both overcome that they were unable to answer, and accordingly submitted with as good a grace as possible to their captors.

Abe, however, well knowing that the party who had come up were rebels, and that, when it was ascertained who he really was, he could not expect any mercy at their hands, leaned moodily against a tree while they were engaged in consultation how it would be best to dispose of them, until he regained his breath, when, with a sudden bound he sprang off into the woods, running with the speed of a deer away from them. Ere the astonished countrymen recovered from the surprise of his sudden and daring escape, he had gone so far that pursuit was useless, and so they devoted all their attention to the remaining prisoner.

Captain Lee, as soon as he was satisfied that they were adherents of the American cause, very frankly informed them who he was, and the reasons for their finding him under such strange circumstances, but after winking very knowingly to each other, they very coolly informed him that his story was very plausibly put together, but it did not suit them to place much reliance in it, and therefore they would have to take him before a magistrate. This they according done, but his narrative seemed so improbable that they gave no credit to it whatever, and ordered him to be taken to jail at once.

As soon as he was fairly lodged in prison, Lee prevailed on the jailor to carry a note to General Lincoln, informing him of his condition. The General received it in the morning as he was dressing, and immediately sent one of his aids to the jail. That officer could not believe his eyes that he saw Captain Lee. His uniform, worn out when he assumed it, was now hanging in rags about him, and he had not been shaved for a fortnight. He wished, very naturally, to improve his appearance before presenting himself before the Secretary of War, but the order was peremptory, and he was brought as he was.

When Captain Lee returned to Lancaster, he immediately attempted to retrace the ground, and so accurate, under all the unfavorable circumstances, had been his investigation, that he brought to justice fifteen persons who had aided in the escape and harbored British prisoners.

CHAPTER XX.

**I**N the early part of June, 1780, Moses Doan and his confederates, becoming alarmed from the intense excitement which their robberies had created in Eastern Pennsylvania, and fearful of the consequences likely to result to themselves, if they continued their plundering where they were so well known and so universally despised, as numerous volunteer companies had been organized for the special purpose of pursuing the noted refugees, who were bent on capturing the famed predators, dead or alive, wisely determined to select a new field where they might follow their calling with comparative impunity.

The more successfully to carry on this determined purpose of their hardened hearts, it was decided, when in solemn conclave, that New Jersey should next suffer from their incursions, and that, through falsehood and misrepresentation, the British army should aid them in their evil designs. The game upon which they had resolved required strong arms and bold hearts to carry it on, and as men, possessing in a remarkable degree, both these necessary qualities, its execution was confided to their Captain, Moses, and his cousin, Abraham, who were entrusted with ample power to complete their arrangements. In the meantime, the others were to keep out of the way to avoid suspicion, holding themselves in readiness to follow out the suggestions of their leader.

Moses, accompanied only by Abraham Doan, immediately started for New York on horseback, where he arrived by dint of hard riding at sunset of the same day upon which he left Bucks county. Not a moment was to be lost by delay, and accordingly the same evening, notwithstanding the fatigue of his journey, he waited upon General Kniphausen, with whom he had a long and confidential interview.

His idea, which, with his quick perception and intuitive mind, he had admirably matured, was by artifice and fraud so to prejudice the weak-minded officer so as to induce his making an immediate descent upon the rebels. The place for this was selected by himself, as one most likely to yield a handsome fortune in the way of plunder, and at the same time give them an admirable opportunity to gratify their

spleen and hatred upon the friends of the patriot cause.

With a shrewdness that would reflect honor upon a modern diplomatist, he informed the commanding officer that he had been traveling in disguise among the farmers of Essex county, by which he had been made the recipient of their confidence, and that their boasted neutrality in the pending contest amounted to nothing more than a mere plausible evasion of the truth, as they were secretly organized for the purpose of contributing large amounts of money for the support of Washington and his followers. He assured him that the women met in garrets night after night for the purpose of making clothes for the rebels to wear, and if he desired, he would consider it as no more than duty to his King, to point out the traitors to him that they might be punished for their offences.

Irritated by what he considered unpardonable treason upon their part, for he had but a few days previous received dispatches from the neighborhood assuring him of their unfaltering allegiance to the crown, and placing implicit reliance upon the information voluntarily furnished by Doan, whom he knew stood high in the confidence of Howe, he at once determined that he would invade the infected district. He informed Moses very frankly of his intention, but as he could not carry it into effect for several days, he desired him to return to the now fated locality, possess himself of all important information, and report to him without delay.

This the refugee faithfully promised to do without fail, yet at the time he had no intention of doing so, for ere midnight he was again in his saddle, returning to acquaint his comrades with his success. The next afternoon the whole gang were on their way to New York, chuckling at the bright prospect of gain and vengeance before them.

General Kniphausen at once made preparations to chastise those who he was now satisfied had deceived him, and on the fourth day after his interview with Moses, he left Staten Island with an army of four thousand men, and, with drums beating and flags unfurled, marched immediately into Elizabethtown, very much to the consternation and dismay of its inhabitants, who rightly feared that his sudden visit boded no good whatever. Halting here for about an hour, they then resumed their march. About sunset they reached a small village

known as the Connecticut settlement, where, by the orders of the British officer in command, the Doans, assisted by the soldiers, set fire to and entirely destroyed the houses of twelve of the farmers who were suspected of aiding the traitors. Some of them, not satisfied with these outrages, carried straw and other combustible material into the Presbyterian church, ignited the pile, and burnt it to the ground.

While these scenes were being enacted, Mrs. Caldwell, the young and universally beloved companion of the village pastor, a lady who had never been known by word or deed to give offence to any one, was seated in the nursery, which, being at the back part of the house, opened into the flower garden. With the eternal devotion and care which only a mother's doating heart can know, and which constitutes the brightest gem that ever gleamed upon the maternal brow, and has always been the fairest trait in woman's character, the first, her only thought, was for the protection of her offspring.

When the dull, heavy booming of the enemy's cannon as it reverberated in repeated echoes through the hitherto peaceful vale, sounded so ominously upon the ear of the affrighted villagers, she gathered her trembling children around her, calming their fears by her sympathy, and quelling their alarms by bidding them trust in the protection of that God whom she worshipped in humility and truth. Even when the dancing fire gleams leaped madly up from dwellings that had been fired by the refugee incendiaries, while their fiendish and exulting shouts rose above the roar of the devastating element, her presence of mind did not for a moment desert her. In that silent chamber, with the loved ones of her bosom clustering around her, she was calm and resigned, the winning smile of parent's tenderness still beaming from her tear-dewed eyes, and resting upon her children, while a silent prayer, murmured not by the lips, yet audible to angels, was breathed to heaven for the protection of her darling pets. The noise of the ruffians was becoming each moment more fearfully distinct, as they approached her dwelling, and directly a ray of light shown in the room. She turned her face to the window, and saw the lurid flames twining themselves around the spire of the village church, and for a moment confidence failed her. Rallying her spirits, she became once more collected, but now

it was the icy calmness of despair that rested upon her brow.

A loud and continued knocking at the door, accompanied with blasphemous oaths by those outside, restored her to consciousness, and a full sense of the danger impending over her; but undecided what course it was best to pursue, she paid no attention to their summons. Finding the door securely barred, Abraham Doan and his cousin Levi jumped over the fence and ran to the window, where they observed Mrs. Caldwell sitting. Fiends would have paused ere they attempted to harm a helpless woman, who had never offended them; but the refugees, having drank very freely during the day, so that they were intoxicated enough to commit any act of violence, no matter how unpardonable it might be, were not to be deterred from crime by any impression which might be made upon them by such a holy scene of domestic happiness.

"I'll make short work of her," said the drunken Abraham.

"Go ahead!" replied Levi, "for she looks like a blue stocking."

The rifle was raised to the shoulder, and its report instantly followed. The miscreants had effected their hellish purpose, for with a wild and piercing shriek, which is a certain foreshadowing of the death agony, Mrs. Caldwell fell forward upon the floor, the bullet having gone through her heart and passed out at her back. In an instant she was a lifeless corpse and her nine children deprived of a mother's aid and affection. We pause not now to comment upon this barbarous act, for its mere narration is sufficient to make it the most blackened, barbarous and unjustifiable act in the long catalogue of the Doan's cruelty and depravity.

On the 8th of June, that being the day subsequent to the murder of Mrs. Caldwell, the Doans and their nefarious and reckless confederates, conspicuous among whom was the cowardly Foxy Joe, flushed with their ignoble triumph of the night before, decided upon attacking old Van Tienck for the purpose of continuing their outrages, as well as a favor to Condit, who had of late proved of great service to them in their expeditions. It was his cunning and previous knowledge of the neighborhood that during the past twenty hours had enabled them to secure a very large amount of plunder, and at every place which they had favored with a visit, if the money which they pretended they had a lawful right to exact was

not immediately forthcoming, the houses and barns of the hard-working yeomanry were set fire to without the least scruple regarding the valuable property which was thus destroyed. They had full liberty given them by General Kniphhausen to search the residences of all suspected rebels, and they availed themselves of the privilege to such an extent that the light occasioned by the burning buildings was visible for many miles around until the morning's dawn.

After a few hours rest from the labor of destruction, Moses roused his sleeping comrades, and after they were wide awake, said:

"Come, boys, let us work to-day and take our ease to-morrow. Foxy," he continued, "what do you think we had better do to amuse ourselves with now?"

"That's all decided upon, Captain."

"How so? I don't remember."

"Well, the rest of us do, though. This day is set apart for us all to pay a visit to my old daddy-in-law."

"Oh! That had escaped my memory."

"Well, it hasn't mine."

"Now," said Moses, "keep dark about where we are going, and trust to me to plan it out all right."

"I'm agreed," replied Foxy, "but you will have to keep your eye open, for the old rebel is a confounded sly fellow."

"Never fear me," answered their Captain; "you just lay low and I will ride over and see how matters look."

While Moses is on his journey to Condit's father-in-law, we may occupy ourselves with transactions pertinent to our history. Mr. Van Tienck, a very worthy and estimable man, was, during the Revolution, and for many years prior thereto, the popular and obliging landlord of a tavern situated near the public highway, about equidistant between the city of Newark and Elizabethtown. For many years previous to the time of which we are writing, his house had been a celebrated stopping place for travelers, as well as a favorite resort for people in the immediate neighborhood. The domestic concerns of the household had, as he was a widower, been admirably managed by his three daughters, all of whom were now full grown. The eldest one had very unfortunately, and against the wishes of her father, been joined in wedlock to the idle and dissolute scamp, Condit. The remaining two were still single, and remained at home with their parent.

The brutal conduct of Condit, and

his beastly habits of intoxication, had in a short time after their marriage completely dissipated the love of his wife, and destroyed all the affection which she had formerly entertained for him, and, unable to endure his blows and insults, she had sought shelter beneath the paternal roof, which her kind parent could never have refused her. With protestations for reforming his habits, and solemn vows to abandon his vices, she had been induced to again receive him into confidence and favor, only to find him become still more depraved and lost to every principle of morality and the duty which he owed to her as a husband. Unable longer to endure the companionship of the confirmed sot and debased villain, she returned a second time, a broken-hearted woman, with two young and helpless children, to the home of her girlhood, where alone could she hope for relief from her poignant sorrows.

This incensed Condit, not only against her, but the whole family were by it brought under the ban of his displeasure and became the innocent victims of his resentment. Having been refused admission to the house, he had uttered a vow never to rest satisfied until he had revenge upon the whole of them, and then left the neighborhood without telling any one where, having never been heard of from that time, they knowing not whether he was among the living or dead, and caring still less what might have become of him.

Van Tienck was one of the most upright and moral men in Essex county, noted for his liberal hospitality and his social courtesy, traits of character which endeared him to a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Before the commencement of hostilities between the two countries, he had boldly denounced the wanton usurpations of Great Britain, and from the breaking out of the war his heart sympathized with and his purse was at the service of the Whigs, endeavoring by all honorable means to promote the success of the patriot cause.

Moses Doan rode to Van Tienck's tavern, took two or three drinks, had a few moments conversation with the landlord, and then, satisfied all was right, rejoined his companions in guilt. The plan which he suggested was agreed to, and before sunset the whole party were mounted upon their horses and on their journey to his residence.

A little after dusk the same evening they halted in a woods about six hun-

dred yards from the house. Levi and Abraham were selected by the Captain to go on to Van Tienck's, and under the pretence that they were wearied travelers, ask permission to remain all night, while the others were to remain concealed until after the family had retired to rest. Disguised in the plain garb of Quakers, a mask which they could assume without suspicion, as they had been brought up under the auspices of that plain sect, with broad-brim hats which almost concealed their features, and long, heavy staffs, they set out with brisk steps and soon were at the dwelling of their victim. Van Tienck was standing upon the porch as they came up, and Levi remarked in a drawing tone.

"Can thee provide us with supper, friend?"

"Certainly," answered the obliging landlord, "come in and take seats."

"We have walked a long way today," continued Levi, "could thee provide us with a bed whereon we might rest, friend?"

"To be sure. There are so many rascals going this road of late, that it does my eyes good to see men of peace come along."

"Yea, verily," interposed Abraham, "this sinful war is an abomination. Thee takes no part in the wicked work, I hope, friend?"

"Yes, I have my preference in favor of liberty and freedom, and I'm agin all Kings and tyrants."

"Thee should keep cool, and not let thy wayward heart lead thee astray."

"I can't help it. The British have injured and wronged us, and I go in for havin' satisfaction out of them."

"Tut, tut! Thee speaks foolish. I hope there are not many more of thy way of thinking about here?"

"Nearly every man in the neighborhood, and if it was not for leaving my daughters unprotected, I'd quit business and help thrash them. Just think of what the villains done only last night."

"What has thee reference too, friend?"

"Why, haven't you heard about their butchering poor Mrs. Caldwell over at the Connecticut farms?"

"No," replied the lying perpetrator of that heinous crime.

"Wasn't her husband a traitor to the King, friend?" meekly inquired Levi; "and didn't he pray for the success of the rebels who have taken up arms against the sovereign?"

"What if he did?" replied Van Tienck, becoming excited; "is that any reason for killing his wife? D—n

the cowardly rascals, I could help hang them high and dry wherever I could find them."

"Friend, thee should not let thy evil spirit have so much control over thee."

"It makes my blood boil, and as I ain't got a heart of stone, I can't help being severe on the scoundrels. May be, stranger, you are in favor of the King? But, if you are, I don't care, for I will speak what I think."

"No, if we are smitten on one cheek, we are instructed by our creed to turn the other."

"Well, that kind of doctrine may suit you, but it don't agree with my ideas. I'm for fightin' whenever any scamp imposes upon me."

Thus the unsuspecting host and his strange guests conversed until near ten o'clock. As it was growing late, they feigned fatigue and requested Van Tienck to show them their room and they would retire, as they were anxious to start on for New York early in the morning. He escorted them up stairs, and, promising to call them by daylight, bid them good night and left the refugees to themselves. Returning to the bar-room, he fastened the shutters, barred the doors, and then went off to his own room to sleep. He had not been in bed over an hour, when a loud knocking at the front door awakened him. Rising from his couch and going to the window, he plainly distinguished, as it was starlight, the forms of two men outside of the house, when he exclaimed:

"What are you after?"

"We want you to get your gun and come down immediately. If there are any other men about, rouse them up and bring them along.

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Look down the road and see for yourself. The refugees have set fire to the house where the widow Sockwell lives, and are beating the old woman and her girls, for we heard them screaming as we were running down here."

## CHAPTER XXI.

**T**HE strangers who stood at the Van Tienck tavern door supposed that their ruse would be at once successful, but the landlord was doubtful as to whether the men were what they represented themselves to be.

"Well, but who are you?" asked Van Tienck, now becoming suspicious that they might probably be no better than they ought to be.

"We are first cousins of Owen Sayré's, on our way to join the American army, and stopped there to rest until to-morrow. He told us to hurry over and wake you up, so as to get your guns and drive the cowboys away. Be quick, or they may murder the whole of them before we can get there."

"Wait a moment and I'll be with you. I have four rifles ready loaded, and I'll bring them along," replied Van Tienck, now satisfied that they were friends who had called him.

Hastily dressing himself, he came out of his room, and in the entry met his eldest daughter, the unfortunate wife of Joe Condit, who threw her arms around his neck and begged of him not to leave the house.

"Why, what frightens you, my daughter?" replied the fond parent, imprinting a kiss upon her brow of ashy paleness.

"Oh, do not leave us alone to-night," she finally articulated, in a tone of voice subdued by terror.

"But the Widow Sockwell's house is on fire, and the cursed refugees are whipping the girls. It would be wrong for me not to go and help them, child."

"Stay here, father, do!" replied the trembling woman. "If you go, there will be no one to protect us. I am certain that I saw the villain Condit sneaking around our house and peeping in at the window, just before we went to bed, his eyes gleaming with hatred and revenge upon me. You must not go, for I have a fearful dream that the wretch will break in and kill us."

"Fie, girl, you should not be so superstitious. If I discover his ugly phiz among the refugees down at Sockwell's, you needn't fear that the brute will ever annoy you again. Now, go and dress, and you and your sisters keep patient until I come back."

"You will go, then?" replied the despairing woman.

"Yes," replied Van Tienck; "it

won't do to allow them to maltreat the widow. I believe I'll wake the old Quakers up and tell them what is going on, and if they've got any spunk, they will go along and help us."

He then went to the chamber where his unknown guests were reposing, and tapped gently at the door. There was no answer to his summons from the occupants, who by their loud snoring, he naturally supposed were sleeping very soundly. He raised the latch and entered their apartment with a candle, calling on them to awake. In an instant the two strangers sprang out of bed, rushed upon him, extinguished his candle, and threw him upon the floor, where they held him securely.

"Let me up," bellowed Van Tienck, "you don't know me, I guess. I'm the landlord."

"That's gammon—won't go down," replied one of his assailants; "I'd like to know what business any honest man has prowling into stranger's rooms at this time of night?"

"Let me loose and I'll tell you how it comes."

"Not yet awhile, I reckon," replied Levi, who, finding they had him safe, exclaimed, "Abe, just run your hand-kerchief in his mouth, to keep him from bawling."

It now flashed across the mind of Van Tienck that he was in the hands of the desperate outlaws, but the knowledge came too late to be of any service to him, as he was firmly held in the grasp of two powerful men. They immediately gagged him, pinioned his arms behind him, and then took the bed-cord and lashed him to the bed-post, after completing which they went down stairs, unbarred the door to give admission to their comrades, and the whole party then entered the dining room where the three daughters of Van Tienck were sitting, as yet unconscious of anything wrong having transpired. Mrs. Condit turned towards the door as it opened, and her eye encountered the basilisk gaze of her discarded, drunken and infuriated husband.

"Murder!" shouted the affrighted wife, a cry in which she was joined by her terrified sisters, as soon as they discovered the cause of her alarm."

"There ain't no use at all in your squaking, gals," spoke Condit, very gruffly. "I told you I'd be back some day, and knowing you would be glad to see me, I brought a few friends along for company."

"Father, help!" screamed the other sisters.

"Ha!" replied Foxy Joe, "the old man is tied fast where he won't bother us. Come, boys, let's give the beauties some reason to holler."

He then took forcible hold of his wife by the hair, dragged her from the room, handed her over to Abe Doan, who took her off to another apartment, and amid her tears and anguish succeeded in effecting his fiendish purpose. The other sisters were then led into the bar-room, Foxy Joe officiating as manager, and compelled to be unwilling parties in the hoe-downs which followed and listeners to the rough jests and vulgar language. The outlaws then commenced holding a general bacchanalian carousal, breaking bottles and tumblers, compelling the two women to dance upon the broken glass with their bare feet, and when they imagined they did not move fast enough, urged them on by blasphemous oaths and striking them over the face and neck with their riding whips.

Bleeding and wounded as they were, the refugees forced them to prepare supper for them, and when they had finished their meal, they threw plates and provisions in the fire which was burning upon the hearth. Towards daylight they desisted from torturing the unhappy women and made preparations to depart. Before leaving they tied the clothing of the three sisters over their heads, dragged old Mr. Van Tienck down stairs, drove them all out into the public road, and afterwards set fire to the house. They then left, but for several days after continued their outrages in the neighborhood, committing acts of violence at which humanity shudders.

\*There was said to be, not only in their persons, but in their features, a great likeness between Joseph Doan and the young Lord Rawdon, who, while the British were quartered in Philadelphia, was the favorite guest of many families, both Whigs and Tories. Among the W—gs he was a special favorite. Doan and Foxy Joe being in the crowd one night as the theatre was letting out, the hand of the former coming rather unadroitly upon the coat pocket of old Thomas W—g, the old gentleman quickly turned round, and at a first glance, mistaking Doan for Lord Rawdon,

and at once supposing his lordship to be supporting an incognito, he smiled, shook hands, and said in a whisper:

"I am happy to see your lordship. When did you arrive in Philadelphia?"

The sagacity of Doan at once perceived how matters stood. He knew that Lord Rawdon had been intimate in the family, and he was also aware of his own resemblance to his lordship. He at once determined to avail himself of Mr. W.'s error.

"I arrived this morning," he replied to Mr. W.'s saluation. "I am passing in disguise from the army in the South to communicate with Sir Henry Clinton at New York. I thus frankly confide in you, sir, because I am perfectly aware of the kind feelings you entertain towards me, and without the slightest apprehension of being betrayed."

Mr. W. flattered by the confidence placed in him by so distinguished a person as Lord Rawdon, promised inviolable secrecy, and immediately invited his supposed lordship to his house. He politely requested him to accompany him home that night. This invitation Doan declined, but said he would call upon him the next morning, and that he would also bring his friend Colonel Agnew, at the same time introducing Mr. W. to Foxy Joe, who had already taken the hint, and now bowed very courteously and shook hands with Mr. W.

"Where does your lordship and Colonel Agnew stop at?" asked Mr. W., as they were about separating.

"At the sign of the Conestoga Wagon," answered Doan, "under assumed names, of course, as you will readily suppose, sir."

"Certainly," assented Mr. W. "How long will your lordship remain in Philadelphia?"

"But two days. I shall then proceed to New York."

On the following day, the supposed Lord Rawdon and his friend, Colonel Agnew, partook of a sumptuous dinner at Mr. W.'s table. Mr. W. and his daughter did their utmost to render the visit of his lordship and the Colonel agreeable. In the afternoon they all took a drive, and returned in the evening to tea. Two of Mr. W.'s brothers called in during the evening, the bottle was handed around for several hours, and his lordship and the Colonel displayed the most lively sallies of wit, which Mr. W. and his brother received with an equally good humored feeling of admiration. As it grew late, Mr. W. suggested that his friends should re-

main with him for the night, and after some further pressing his lordship and the colonel accepted the proffered hospitality. Near midnight the two brothers of Mr. W., who had indulged quite freely in stimulants, left for their homes, and shortly after, Doan and Foxy Joe were conducted to the best chamber, where they were to pass the remainder of the night.

On the following morning, Mr. W. ascertained at breakfast from the servant, that his lordship and his friend, the colonel, were among the missing, as was also, a good, round, sum of cash from the desk, which had been broken open, and nearly five hundred dollars worth of silver plate. At the sign of the Conestoga Wagon, Mr. W. was informed upon his making inquiry soon after, that two men answering the description he gave, had been putting up at the sign of the Conestoga Wagon for several days previous, representing themselves as the sons of Southern planters; that they came just before daybreak, paid up their bill, got their portmanteaus, mounted their horses and rode off down Market street. A few days after Mr. W. received a letter, that was mailed at Newtown, Bucks county, asking him in a jeering manner "how he liked the company of Lord Rawdon and Colonel Agnew?" There was no signature to the letter, but from the fact of its having been placed in the post office at Newtown, and other corroborating circumstances, Mr. W. was well convinced that he had been the victim of no other than a Doan.

On the evening of October the 22d, in the year 1781, the Doans, with Fitzpatrick, and the two Vickars, Isaac and Solomon, rode into the vicinity of the village of Newtown, which was at that time the county seat of Bucks. They secreted their horses in the dense copse, on the right hand side of the road leading to Addisville, and near what is generally known as the Dripping Spring. About ten o'clock they sallied out from their hiding place, well armed with rifles and knives, and walked immediately to the house then occupied by John Hart, the Treasurer. They came to the kitchen door, and dispensing with the ceremony of knocking for admission, abruptly raised the latch and marched in without uttering a word, until they had surrounded Hart, a neighbor of his, named Robert Thomas, who had stepped in on business, and his housekeeper, Mary Hellings, who were at the time the only inmates of the dwel-

ling. Solomon Vickars drew a horse pistol from his leather girdle, and placing the muzzle to the breast of Hart, said:

" You are the keeper of the public money. We are bound to have it, and if you submit quietly, well and good; but if you attempt to give the alarm, we'll blow your d—n brains out."

" Where do you keep the gold, old fellow?" inquired another one of the gang.

Hart knowing that he was entirely at the mercy of the villains who would not hesitate to carry their threats into execution, after reflecting a moment, concluded it was best to tell them.

" There is some of it in a box under my bed up stairs, and the balance is in the fire proof, back of the Prothonotary's office."

" That's right, own up, and it will go easier with you," rejoined one of the gang.

" I'll go up and look for it," rejoined another, taking one of the candles from off the table and starting up stairs, followed by two of his companions.

Four of the party remained in the kitchen, keeping vigilant watch upon their captives, until the other two came down stairs with the box, obtained the key from Hart, opened it, and rifled it of its contents, which they stowed away in the capacious pockets of their coats, laughing quite heartily at their success, and passing many jokes upon their troubled victims. The box had a large amount of paper money and silver coin in it, the precise sum the Treasurer could not afterwards recollect.

" Now let's have the key to your office," said one of the refugees, " and the one to the fire proof, too, if you please."

" Here's the key to my office," replied Hart, " but the door of the fire proof is only latched, there is no lock to it."

The key was taken charge of by the same individual who had gone up stairs first, and who appeared to be the leader of the desperadoes. " Here, Betsy, or whatever else your name may be," said he, addressing Mary Hellings, " you appear to be mistress about here, and as you haven't been of much use yet, suppose you tell us where I can find a lantern?"

" I can go and get you one," answered the trembling and frightened housekeeper.

" Oh, no, don't trouble yourself," replied the Captain; " you are pretty cute, but you can't get off in that

way. Just tell me and I will get it.” He then went and obtained the lantern, told two of them to follow after him, enjoined the rest to keep strict watch upon their prisoners, and left the house.

After being absent about half an hour, the party who had gone to the Treasury, returned to the house and informed the others that they had effected their object, one of them remarking:

“We have got every d—n farthing that the rebels had, and now let’s be moving.”

“As you have all behaved yourselves pretty well, and told the truth,” said their leader, addressing Hart more particularly, “I guess we have been lucky enough to let you go without any more trouble—on one condition, however, that you keep in the house, and do not make any alarm for one hour. After that you may send the whole country after us if you want to, for the old Nick himself couldn’t catch us with that much start on him. If you promise that on your word and honor, all right; if you don’t, we’ll just tie the whole of you, and make sure of it.”

Hart, well knowing their desperate character, and that they would fare better by agreeing to his proposition, answered at once:

“Yes, I’ll promise.”

Then, turning to the other two, the bandit said:

“You have got to do the same; so, what do you say?”

“I promise, too,” replied Mary Hellings. But Robert Thomas, who had not said a word from the time they had taken him prisoner, still refused to utter a syllable.”

“Come, old chuckle-head,” continued their spokesman laughingly. “You’ve got to toe the mark along with the others. If you don’t agree to it, there’s a way of silencing you without.” Satisfying him he was in earnest by drawing a pistol and placing it in a direct line with his head, and not relishing the prospect of a deadly acquaintance with leaden bullets, Thomas answered:

“I promise, too.”

Then see that you live up to it, for if you don’t, I swear it will go bad with you. Come, boys, let’s be off. Good bye, Hart; we have no grudge agin you, but we hate the rebels. Give us your hand and let us part friends.”

Hart extended his hand, which the robber shook quite heartily, and then he left the room, followed by the rest of his men, it then being almost one

o'clock in the morning. For some time after, noises were heard at intervals outside, as if they were still hanging around the premises to see if they kept their word, so that the time of their leaving was unknown to the inmates.

The alarm was given about day-break, the announcement causing great excitement, and a large party started in pursuit of them, but without avail, as they were unable to trace them more than two miles from the place on the road to Wrightstown, where a farmer, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs about two o'clock, rose from his bed, and upon going to the window, observed about a dozen of men riding past on a full run.

This was the most extensive robbery they ever committed of the public funds, as they realized in all £1,307 of money. What became of it is not known, as it has never been heard of from that time to this. The probability is they buried it in the township of Wrightstown where they were secreted, or else that it was squandered in dissipation either in New York or Philadelphia.

Several persons were accused of aiding or abetting them in this matter, but as we have no reliable evidence affixing the crime upon them, we forbear to notice the suspicions which rested upon them.

The conversation that took place and the incidents which occurred we have narrated in the same language and words used upon the occasion, having obtained both from an aged citizen who frequently heard John Hart relate them.

We think, however, that he must have been mistaken in regard to the number of the refugees who were concerned in the robbery when he estimated their number at eighteen or twenty, for there never was that many connected with the Doans at any time that we can ascertain. Their entire gang always ranged not lower than six and not higher than eleven. It is natural to presume that, being frightened at their threats, and alarmed at their sudden and bold attack, his imagination conjured up more in fancy than there really were.

For some weeks after this affair, the Doans were not visible in Bucks county, having, in consequence of the excitement which it created, changed their place of operation to the lower part of Burlington county, New Jersey, where they carried on their nocturnal depredations very successfully for awhile, until a party of

young men, who were active, energetic and resolute, were organized to pursue them, and shoot them down if they came across them, when they left that region very suddenly and mysteriously.

# The Doylestown Democrat.

APRIL 30, 1896.

**W**ITH the object of making this the most complete history of the Doans ever published, the DEMOCRAT will add a number of interesting articles to General Rogers' excellent "Doan Outlaws." At this point in the story we digress from General Rogers' narrative to give place to the very able and entertaining paper on "The Doans and Their Times," read before the Bucks County Historical Society on January 21, 1885, by Henry C. Mercer, Esq., of Doylestown. Mr. Mercer, in his historical researches, has come upon much that is important and interesting in the careers of the Refugees. We will have occasion again to avail ourselves of Mr. Mercer's industry in this direction. "The Doans and Their Times" is inserted at this time because it contains the story of the robbery of the Bucks County Treasury, told in charming style, and succeeding naturally General Rogers' account of the same. Next week "The Doan Outlaws" will be resumed.



## THE DOANS AND THEIR TIMES.

BY HENRY C. MERCER, ESQ.

If tradition had not assured us that our ancestors could talk of what they had heard, we could hardly believe that such a thing as gossip, chit-chat, or story telling existed among them. Nothing can be duller, or more colorless, than their memoranda, letters and note books. Their newspapers are "journals" and gazettes only in name, and omit with steady tedium all those incidents of common everyday occurrence, episodes of town and neighborhood, which could most quickly and directly tell us of the real life and character of those days. In fact, pictures of the dress, habits and manners of Bucks countians a century ago, are as hard to find as personal anecdotes of George Washington. Yet the life of the time was perhaps more interesting from the story tellers' point of view, or at least more eye-catching than our own. The very omission of detail and blindness to the picturesque of its books and letters argued by no means dulness or lack of character, but only unconsciousness. The age of introspection and self-analysis had not yet come, the modern observer did not exist, and the educated man of the day had not learned that human nature was as interesting at home as abroad. Nothing was less worthy of note, he thought, than his town and his neighbors; his thoughts were in the halls of Congress or in Europe, and he was very fond of high flown declamation of Fourth of July orators, or pamphleteers with Latin pseudonyms, and of such words as "fortitude," "virtue," "valor," "wisdom" and "prudence," borrowed from Cicero. These fell upon the ear of the farmer with a pleasing sound well worth the price of his weekly newspaper, and had this told of men and things as he knew them, why buy it? he would have said.

The absence of the reporter and local item man seems doubly provoking when we consider that this would have been essentially in his element; all was highly colored incident, romance was everywhere—life possessed the glamour which theatres and illustrated magazines now try to reproduce. It was the day of wayside inns, of old-fashioned war, of picturesque costume, and of "moving accidents by flood and field." Railroads had not yet destroyed forever the traveler and his tales, the ancient fire-place had not yet been walled up,

the word hearthstone had a meaning in every house, and much of the poetry and health of home had not been destroyed because the unwholesome heat of stoves and heaters was cheap.

Yet all this the man of that day would not have understood. Living more unconsciously than we, he valued his surroundings less, and prized not a whit the very facts for which we now rummage in our leisure moments. He would not have organized or joined an historical society. In these matters we are his superiors. Far more than he would have done do we lament the destruction of landmarks which now are old but then were new. A new use of the word vandal has been invented to describe the man who wantonly cuts down the trees which for many years have shaded the highway and refreshed the wayfarer and his beast. The descendants of the Yates, Beattys, Wanamakers and Helmbolds, aiming rather to embellish than to make their fortunes, must soon be ashamed of the vulgar selfishness of ancestors whose names and garish advertisements disfigure our landscapes *ad nauseam*. Many of us admit that the planting of trees along the roadsides and streams, though a slight injury to the crop, would be an advantage to the country; or that the thicket surrounding a spring or shading a water course might be spared in the demolition of the forest, and the writer believes that a word in time might have saved the destruction of the last of those beautiful groves—for a century the beloved playground of children—which had long relieved the heat of the Summer's sun that scorches the meadows on the northern slopes of our hill-side.

But to turn to the subject of our paper, as we have hinted before, facts in the history of the much maligned and misunderstood Doans, come to light very slowly, and after long intervals of disappointed investigation, and we are frequently tempted to despair in our attempt to paint a true picture of them or their times. Among the agreeable surprises, however, which have thus far enlivened the writer's researches, was a letter which he received from one of their descendants, Mr. Andrew J. Doan of Jersey City, whose study has for some time been the history of his family. It stated that scarcely a month ago occurred an event, the possibility of which might well have been doubted, the death of a son of one of the Bucks

county refugees. His name was Levi Doan, and he died on (December 5th, 1884,) the 5th of last month, at the great age of 93 years, 8 months and 7 days. He was the son of Aaron Doan, the Plumstead refugee. Fortunately, his relative, Mr. Alfred Doan, had discovered him in time to question him, and just one month before his death the county clerk of Welland county, (Ontario), Mr. Reid, in company with Levi's son-in-law, a Mr. Pratt, and armed with Mr. Doan's series of questions, visited the dying man, at his home, in Humberstone, a little town in Welland county, not far west of Niagara Falls.

"We arrived at the house," says Mr. Reid's letter, "about nine o'clock a. m., and found the old man and his wife—a woman erect, active, and in the best of health at 86—its sole occupants. For fifteen years Levi had been blind, and for seven partly paralyzed and confined to his bed. He was evidently no common man, and spoke with a strong voice, realizing the nature of every question, and giving decided answers to each except one. Mr. Pratt did the questioning and I took down the answers. Levi said, 'I was the first of my father's family and am the last,' meaning that of eleven brothers and sisters, he, the eldest, alone was living."

Some of the answers to the questions which they proceeded to ask were very interesting—for instance, the following:

*Question (1). Did your father, Aaron, have brothers named Moses and Levi?*

*Answer.* "Yes, my Uncle Moses was a weaver. He was taken prisoner by the Americans during the Revolution, and they killed him while he was stooping down to take a drink of water, by knocking him on the head with a stone. Levi, his brother, was also taken prisoner; they hung him."

The old man is here mistaken as to the death of Moses. There is no doubt whatever that he was shot in a cowardly manner, after he had surrendered, by Colonel Robert Gibson.

*Question (3). Are you sure that your father had a brother named Thomas?*

*Answer.* "Yes, I am quite sure of it. There were six brothers and three sisters, namely, Aaron, Moses, Levi, Thomas, Joseph and Mahlon. The sisters were Hetty, Polly and Betty. Aaron, Thomas, Joseph and the three sisters came to Canada."

This definitely settles the number and names of the brothers and sisters, fixes the names of the latter, which have always been in doubt thus far, and clears away all doubt as to

Thomas, a boy probably at the time of the Revolution, and whose existence has heretofore seemed a myth.

*Question (6).* Did your Uncle Joseph at one time live in Humberstone, (Ontario, Canada), and if so, when did he leave there?

*Answer.* "He taught school here in Humberstone, about four miles from where I now am. My wife was one of his scholars. Joseph went from Humberstone about 1820, migrated to the township of Walpole and settled on Nanticoke creek."

It must have been about this time that he returned to Bucks county and made his unsuccessful attempt to recover the property here.

*Question (7).* Whom did Joseph marry and what family had he?

*Answer.* "He married his first cousin, Mary Doan, and had eight children, four sons and four daughters: Moses, Mahlon, Joseph and Abraham; Rachel, Hester, Leah and Mary."

Still the Biblical names.

*Question (8).* What became of your Uncle Mahlon Doan?

*Answer.* "He escaped from prison and went on board a ship at New York on which were four hundred Loyalists. I believe they sailed for England. We never heard any more of Mahlon."

This disposes of the story of his drowning himself in the Chesapeake Bay.

*Question (9).* Whom did your three aunts marry?

*Answer.* "Hetty married Edward Richardson; Mary, Samuel Doan (of another family), and Betty married Thomas Millard."

*Question (12).* Do you know the name of the town in Pennsylvania where your father's people lived?

*Answer.* "No, they lived in Bucks county, but I do not remember the name of the town."

He had forgotten us.

*Question (13).* Do you know whether your Uncle Joseph ever visited his native county after coming to Canada?

*Answer.* "Yes, he did. He went back after the war was over to his native place in Bucks county, thinking to recover some of his father's property, but he did not succeed."

The warlike spirit of the notorious refugees, and their hatred to the American cause, did not end with their exile to Canada, and we learn further from the letter that both Aaron and Joseph served against us in the war of 1812. Levi, the old man just dead, son of Aaron, and a son of Joseph, were also soldiers in the war with their fathers. Levi was at

the burning of Buffalo, and at the battle of Chippewa, and after the war received a pension from the Canadian government. Joseph and his son were both taken prisoners by the Americans; the son escaped, but old Joseph was taken to Green Bush, New York, and there finally exchanged as a prisoner of war.

But more characteristic still was the behavior of another of the descendants, who was hung about forty years ago for rebelling against the government of his adopted country. A friend informs the writer that, while traveling from Toronto to Montreal, in 1845, he learned from a Mr. Wilson, of the Canadian Parliament, that the descendants of the Doan family still lived in the neighborhood of Hamilton, and that one of them had headed a band of insurgents in the Papineau rebellion; that he (Mr. Wilson) had witnessed the parting of this man with his wife and children just before his execution, and had been particularly struck with pity at the sight; and further that it had caused comment that one of the Doans, so noted for their hostility against the American Colonies and loyalism to the British during the Revolution, should have thus turned against the mother country. Not long after this, as Mr. Alfred Doan tells us, the father of the dead man visited Chester county. His name was Jonathan Doan, and he had come from Canada in a wagon, accompanied by a grandson named Jonathan York. At the time of his visit he was mourning for the son above mentioned. Mr. Doan learned that the rebellion in question was not Papineau's, but that some disaffected persons in Canada West, taking advantage of the Papineau trouble, then, about 1845, at its height, had undertaken to settle certain local grievances by force of arms. Two of Jonathan Doan's sons were the leaders, and their enterprise having failed they fled to the United States, and there not yet willing to despair, one of the sons raised a band of desperate characters, and, quite in the spirit of his ancestors, invaded Canada. He was defeated, captured, tried for treason and hung.

But to return to the Bucks county Tories. It is an interesting fact, and one not yet fully enough realized, that the hue and cry was not raised against them until June, 1783—the date of the first proclamation mentioning the name of Doan. Yet this was five years after the name of Joseph Doan, "laborer," had appeared in a Pennsylvania Tory list, and at least two

years after his sons had begun to ravage with impunity their native county. True, many complaints had issued from Bucks county before this, and depositions and affidavits from aggrieved tax collectors in all parts of the county had been sent in to the Supreme Council begging redress, and Henry Wynkoop and others had written letters complaining most bitterly of "ruffians, armed banditti and robbers," and at least four proclamations offering high rewards for the apprehension "of persons unknown," enemies of the Commonwealth, who had been guilty of robberies and burglaries, were issued between the years 1778 and 1783, but neither the depositions, letters or proclamations mentioned names—the offenders were always "persons unknown" until 1783.

Yet disguises are rarely spoken of—the robberies were as open and careless as those of Jesse James in our own time—and it is impossible, we believe, that the public officers and the many witnesses of their exploits should not have recognized the athletic figures of the already notorious Royalists as they sprang over the threshold of the crashing doorway, tied their victims to chairs and bed-posts, belabored them with horse-whips, and threatening them with the savage oaths of that day, followed them, as candle in hand they rummaged garret and cellar, explored the recesses of the antique clock or empty cask, lifted the loose brick on the hearth, or sought the buried chest in the garden. No! the Doans had been identified long before 1783. The delay in public proceedings against them must be attributed to indifference and fear.

We say indifference when we consider the important fact that their early robberies respected private property—true, horses were an exception, but what honest soldier will not steal a horse in time of war? Attacking public property alone, in a manner guaranteed as they might have claimed, in time of war, eschewing private money and valuables, it took some time to rouse that private animosity which might have hastened their earlier pursuit. On the other hand their vengeance was justly feared. And the tax collector, who had lost nothing himself, did not feel very revengeful, and was very glad to speak of the robbers as "persons unknown" when he remembered their terrible threats of vengeance should he divulge names. This view of the

public nature of their early offences is, we think, important, and must lead us to reconsider many of our opinions of their motives.

Perhaps we are willing to-day to excuse those differences of opinion as to the right of rebellion against the mother country, which so perplexed many of our ancestors, and allow that the Doans, although their enemies, had somewhat the excuse which might be acceded to the conduct of a Union man living in the South during the War, and who had revenged himself and his cause upon his neighbors. Perhaps, in a word, we are ready to give up the names "robber," "burglar" and "felon," as applied to the Doans, and substitute, let us say, the term "guerilla."

Nothing can more conclusively prove their reckless, dare-devil spirit, or more completely exculpate them from the mercenary motives of common robbers, than a consideration of the time they chose for their first important attack upon public authority in Bucks county, the robbery of the County Treasury at Newtown. This took place on the night of Monday, October 22, 1781, just three days after the practical defeat of the cause they had espoused—the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. It was a time of processions, flags, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. The power of Great Britain was practically dead, and further resistance to the Colonies was hopeless; no price was yet fixed upon the heads of the refugees, and nothing would have been easier for them than to have departed for a new home in Canada.

But the British disaster—the downfall of all their hopes—instead of discouraging them, only inspired them with a spirit which, as Watson says, places them far above ordinary robbers, and they rushed to their ruin against hopeless odds with a desperation recklessness seldom surpassed.

It was on a cold Monday night, late in October, (October 22, 1781,) that the event which we are about to narrate, and the news of which filled the county with alarm, took place in the little village of Newtown.

It was ten o'clock, and probably most of the good people of the town were in bed, except perhaps the hostler of the inn, whose lantern still glimmers near the stable, as he whistles late over the night's work; but all is silent in the deserted streets, and we fancy that we can hear only the rattle of dried leaves, swept in the eddying

wind around the court house gables and along the shaded road, then, as now, the main thoroughfare of the town. At the southern end of the village, and on the right of this street, a light glimmers through the leafless branches. It comes from a small stone building, built with its gable facing the street, and surrounded by trees. In those days it was the dwelling of John Hart, Esq., Treasurer of Bucks county, who, on the night in question, happened to be sitting late over the kitchen fire; with him were his housekeeper, Mary Heilings, and a neighbor, John Thomas, who had come in to hear the news—for Mr. Hart, who was eating his supper at this unusually late hour, had probably been absent, had just returned perhaps from a visit to Trenton or Bristol, and had much to tell of the exciting events that were then thrilling the country. A candle burned on the high wooden mantle piece, and a log blazed in the large open fire-place around which they were sitting, Mr. Hart, who was not at the table, holding in his hands, we may suppose, a pewter bowl of mush and milk, in part his evening meal, and talking as he ate. The topic is easy to guess, the great subject of the moment, Cornwallis' surrender, three days before, and tidings of which reaching Philadelphia early on the previous morning, must by this time have found their way to Newtown.\* All were anxious to hear the latest news, and to discuss such details of the thrilling ceremony as may have reached them, the long lines of troops, French and American, Washington and his white horse, the twenty-eight red-coated captains who would not deliver their swords to sergeants, Lincoln and O'Hara, Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse. The clock has just struck ten, no one is sleepy, and Mr. Thomas has made no move to go. Suddenly, a noise was heard at the door, which had not been latched; it opened, and a number of men, "unknown," says Mr. Hart, crowded into the room—seven of them at least, brown figures, in linsey-woolsey coats, knee breeches

\*The capitulation was signed October 19th, and the official intelligence, published in the *Freeman's Journal* of October 31st, is there spoken of as having reached Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 24th. The same newspaper, of the latter date, however, states that the news (unofficial) arrived in Philadelphia early on Monday morning (October 22d), i. e. shortly after midnight—and gives the anecdote of the watchman, who cried in broken English, "Basht dree o'clock Gornwallis is daken, and a gloudy morning."

of sheep-skin or plush, and small, soft felt hats with round crowns. Some wore hunting shirts bound in at the waist with large handkerchiefs, and all carried weapons, cocked pistols, heavy clubs, swords or army flint-lock muskets. Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Hel-  
lings rose terrified to their feet, while in an instant the desperadoes surrounded the group. "Keep your seats, good people," said the savage-looking fellow who first entered the room, in the mildest tone he could assume. His business was not with them, and turning to Mr. Hart, and pointing his cocked pistol at him, he asked him his name—this was Robert Johnson Steel, hanged in Philadelphia for this robbery in 1785—at the same moment a ruddy-faced, heavily built man, stepped up to Mr. Hart. His gray bear skin overcoat was closely buttoned, and a large black "scallop-rimmed hat" thrown back upon his head, displayed a remarkably heavy jaw and large mouth, clean shaven in the fashion of the time. He wore blue yarn stockings and the firelight flashed on the broad, French buckles of his shoes. He stood very straight; one hand was thrust into the pocket of his great coat, from which several pistol butts protruded, and a heavy club moved and twitched in the other, as in the grasp of a very strong man. This was Moses Doan. Like the rest of the band he was excited with drink, and it was many a year before Mr. Hart forgot the flush of the Jamaica rum in his face, his fierce oaths and the ring of his voice as he asked him his name, and shaking pistol and club in his face, called for the key of the treasury. Mr. Hart may well have quailed; part of the money was in the house, and he admitted it. In a moment, having seized a spare candle on the table, one of the band, Woodward, and five others are ransacking the sitting room, the upper rooms and the cellar, breaking the locks of chests, closets and cupboards, searching under beds and sofas, and rattling and rummaging everywhere. Two men were left to guard the kitchen and its inmates. Upstairs, as the light and noise enters one of the bedrooms, a frightened youthful voice makes itself heard, and the candlelight falls upon several childish forms, now wide awake, and huddled together in a small bed. "Don't cry there," said one of the men, as stooping down he dragged from under Mr. Hart's bed a large box stuffed with packages of paper money. "We won't hurt you; we are only going to take the money

up to your father at the office." The children were frightened, but the kind words and easy tone, which Mrs. Elizabeth Hough, one of them, remembered for many years and often repeated, reassured them while the bureau drawers were ransacked and the paper money stuffed into one of the pillow cases taken from under the children's heads. In a moment the robbers were again down stairs and had surrounded Mr. Hart, who did not dare to deny that the "hard money" was in the treasury.† Thither they started with a lantern and candle, leaving Mr. Hart and his companions still under guard. One Woodward carried the office key, and it is said wore the overcoat of Mr. Hart, in hopes of passing for him if seen in the darkness by a neighbor. We may suppose that the robbers did not lose much time hurrying towards the treasury—the small prothonotary's office, near the court house. They were accompanied by Jesse Vickars, a neighbor and ally of the Doans, from Plumstead, and his brother Solomon, who had not gone into the house—as he afterwards said, for fear of being recognized by Mr. Hart. There was only one halt, and that was near the jail wall, there they met a townsman on his way home, perhaps, near the corner. They stopped him, he had evidently suspected something, and Jesse Vickars waited to guard him. It was but a few steps to the treasury, and unlocking the door and entering, they found themselves in a small

†The Hart house, still to be seen with its ivy-covered wall, is now owned by the heirs of Silas Bond. It stands on the right of the main street, going south, and not far from the railroad station. Josiah B. Smith, Esq., the writer's informant, states that the identity of the building had been vouched for to him by members of the Leedom family, relatives of the Twinings, and the latter having been neighbors of Mr. Hart in Revolutionary times, in going thence to the prothonotary's office by way of the jail, the robbers would have passed up Main street, and turning to the right, crossed the premises now belonging to Dr. James B. Candy, whose house occupies the site of the old jail, and in the rear of which stood the prothonotary's office, a small stone building, twelve by sixteen feet in size, and vaulted with brick. Immediately behind this, and extending to Court street, stood the court house, a site now occupied by a furniture shop, belonging to Daniel B. Hellings' estate. The Jail, prothonotary's office, and court house, stood upon a slight knoll, and fronted upon an open common, over which the robbers made their way. This common or court yard extending to King street (now Sullivan street), on the south, was bounded on either side by Main and Court streets. The robbers could not have come by way of Court street, as it did not then extend further southward than Queen street.

vaulted chamber, with little in it save a chair, a desk, and several boxes lying upon the floor and around the empty fire-place. In the desk, which they easily broke open, they found a quantity of paper and silver money. This they took, the gold, with a considerable sum of State money, as Mr. Hart is glad to say in his deposition, escaping their search. In all, they carried off, Mr. Hart says, the precise sum of £735, 17s, 9½d. in silver—besides the paper money found in the house and office. "This being done," continues Mr. Hart, in his statement, "and after having kept me and my associates under guard, as I think, upwards of three hours, they left my house, but in so cautious a manner that I could not know the time of their final departure, as some of them were heard loitering out of doors, on both sides of the house, a considerable time after they had all gone out of it. Further, I have reason to believe that at the time of the robbery the perpetrators were between twelve and twenty in number, as I frequently saw five or six of them together, and at the same time heard others of them, both indoors and without, who were not in sight." Possessed of their booty the band hastened to a spot on the outskirts of the town, probably one of the thickets at the north of the village and near the turnpike leading to Wrightstown, and there finding their horses, for it is probable that the others as well as Moses Doan were mounted, they rode rapidly to the old Wrightstown school house,† where, being joined by several other allies and accomplices, all coming in for a share of the plunder, they divided the money. What a sight must the old school house have presented on that chilly autumn night, by the silent roadside. Strange picture; the sixteen or seventeen horses picketed to the surrounding trees, the moving figures, the subdued voices and oaths, and the clink of weapons and spirit flasks; through the broken door of the school room the wind rushes, and the lights flicker on the excited faces of the band as they watch the division of the plunder. Jesse and Solomon Vickers were there, who, afterwards, when captured and promised pardon, were induced to betray their confederates, and whose treacherous confession has

†The old Wrightstown school house stood on the east of the turnpike, a little north of the present store, close to the road, and about forty yards from the meeting house. In 1781 it was doubtless surrounded by trees. No houses were standing on that side of the turnpike.

furnished material for much of the forgoing narrative—born in Plumstead, like the Doans, and connected with their family by marriage, they had been their schoolmates and companions from boyhood. John and Caleb Paul were there—sons of James Paul, of Warminster; Edward Connard, from Maryland, and two men named Woodward, from Crosswicks, in New Jersey; Robert Steel, a desperate character, whose case appears in volume 2 of Dallas' reports; George Burns and George Sinclair, and Moses and Aaron Doan; the notorious John Tomlinson, and his son, Joseph, were there, also one Moses Winder, a tax collector, who had played into their hands, and John Atkinson, gunsmith, of Newtown; he had given information to the conspirators and mended several gun locks for the expedition. That very night when Moses Doan had ridden through Newtown to see if the coast was clear, he had called at Atkinson's house, but the latter for some reason best known to himself had not been at home. The wily Jeremiah Cooper, too, was there, who, afterwards, being suspected, was obliged to fly from home to escape justice. Also, one Meyers, a German doctor, who, Vickers says, brought much information to Tomlinson, visiting his house on pretended medical visits and often remaining there all night. Sixteen or seventeen shares were dealt out, of about \$280 each, the minor accomplices, like Winder, Atkinson and Joseph Tomlinson, receiving about \$40 apiece. The expedition had been, as the proclamation of the following Thursday (October 25, 1781,) said, "but too successful."

Much of the scene was vividly recalled to the writer by a visit to the house of Jeremiah Cooper on Jericho hill. The little log cabin—his weaver's workshop, lies on the southern crest of it and on the right of the descending road, commanding a fine view of the sunny valley beneath and the rolling country that stretches southward toward Newtown. On the east rise the wooded hills of New Jersey and around and behind an ancient forest covers the ridge where tradition says the Doans, like the fox or weasel, found hiding places in lonely haystacks and caves, holes and covered pits. Beneath runs a fine brook, through the rich meadows, once the camping ground of the American army, and not far from which, on a knoll surrounded by fine trees, stands a house, once the dwelling of Collector Keith, rifled by the Doans soon after

the Newtown robbery (February 16, 1782). Still beyond and to the southward shine in the light of sunset the farm house and barns once the home of John Tomlinson. Here the treasury plot was hatched, and here an American deserter and red-coated spy was given aid and comfort. As we look our fancy pictures some of the strange scenes that occurred there, and of which the treacherous confession of Vickers gives us faint glimpses. The meetings in the wood and barn, the frequent journeys on horseback of Tomlinson to Newtown, not far away, and where his convenient friend, the gunsmith, had much to tell him, and of the desperate men, who in the morning in the woods or at nightfall in the house, met him on his return. We can see, too, as Vickers saw it, the figures of two at least of the Doans—Moses and the swarthy Aaron, as with their ramrods, rags, oil and basins, they cleaned their guns for the expedition on the threshing floor of the barn, strewn with knives, swords, rifles and pistols. We think too of the mysterious and lengthy visits of the German doctor, Meyers, whom Moses Doan "would trust with any secret," of rum casks in the cellar and whispered plots, of the oaths of the olden time, the savage quarrels and the noise of the carouse protracted until daybreak, of the terror of the lonely woman in the house, and of the doom and felon's death that hung over all.

Home returning late in the evening by the uplands of Lahaska, through the rich valleys and wooded hollows of Buckingham, and in the shadow of its mountain, other picturos rise before us of the future exploits and death struggle of the desperate band, of buried treasure, and of treasure seekers of caves, lonely cabins and forest recesses, and of the time when hunted down like wild beasts the outlaws yielded at last to an exorable fate which drove them to prison, exile and death.

CHAPTER XXII.

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as do offend, make less the sin ;  
For such particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted; and that comfort, which  
The damn'd pretend, follows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments; every  
one

Must suffer in himself the measure of  
His wickedness. MASSINGER'S PICTURE.

Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's  
summons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy  
hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall  
be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

**F**REEDOM'S shrine—which for long years had been tottering upon its base from the open assault of hireling soldiers and the insidious attacks from internal feuds, from whose vandal approaches it had been valiantly defended by the brave hearts and noble souls, until its assailants had retired, and its true and loyal votaries lisped their matin orisons and vesper hymns for its perpetual consecration, in its new found home upon the western hemisphere.

The issue which usurping tyranny had forced upon the early Colonists had been met with a firm and unfaltering spirit of resistance to kingly terror, and, against regal power and wealth, it had been decided that man was competent to govern his own affairs uncontrolled by foreign interference. The banner which had hitherto been deemed invincible, and under whose folds the haughty hosts of England had triumphed from time immemorial, now drooped in the sun, nor flaunted to the breeze. Liberty's standard was flung out from the mountain top, its golden stars kissing the morning dawn, and unfurled upon the ocean wave, reflecting back to heaven the last, faint gleams of departing day. The strife was over, the contest decided, Lord Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, was the closing scene of the eventful drama; the signet of an irresistible fate imprinted by God himself upon that parchment scroll that declared our independence.

The Doans were now thrown back upon their own strength and bravery for a livelihood and protection. They might have returned to the peaceful avocation of tilling the soil, which they had followed previous to the commencement of hostilities between the mother country and the infant

Colonies; for if the wrongs which they pretended they had suffered, and which they considered a justification for their conduct, were really inflicted upon them, so that they were compelled by passionate revenge to adopt their lawless course of conduct, had any existence, save in their own disordered imaginations, they had already been most fearfully and terribly avenged, both by the most reckless robberies and the most fiendish outrages. The mild and winsome angel of peace was winging her happy flight back to the busy hamlets and bustling towns, from which years before she had been driven by the frown of the war-god, and even the refugees, if they had been so disposed, might have followed in her train with impunity. They had, however, become so habituated to pillage and plunder, that a life of industry possessed no charms for them. They preferred to hear the ruffian shout, and mingle in the outlaw's revel, as being far more congenial to their depraved natures; and whatever excuses may be urged as justifying their previous conduct, after the conflict had terminated and joy with her seraph attendants brooded over scenes of desolation and carnage, there can be no apology invented, which will sanction their conduct. Henceforth the black clouds of hatred and malice enveloped like a pall their cowardly actions, unrelieved by a single sun-gleam of charity or forbearance, to those who were so unfortunate as to become the object of their spleen.

Late in the autumn of 1781, they returned from a trip to the Southern States and commenced the business of stealing horses by wholesale, in which they were very successful, as many an unfortunate farmer could testify to his sorrow. The gang had secret haunts and kept up a regular line of communication from the river Delaware to Virginia, they having selected Baltimore as the market for the disposal of their live stock. One of their temporary hovels was built of brush upon the banks of Gaddis' Run, a second in Towamencin township, Montgomery county, and a third, which was used as a general depot, upon the southern boundary of Chester county. During the winter of 1781-82, it is estimated that they stole, at least two hundred horses, and derived the proceeds from their sale. It is unnecessary to narrate these pilferings in detail, and therefore we only refer to two instances, as they will be connected with our history. One of

these was the larceny of a splendid young bay horse, the property of John Shaw, valued at £200; and the second was the taking of a pet black horse belonging to Joseph Grier.

So bold had they become that the neighborhood, in self-defence, organized a company to hunt them down, and put a stop to their depredations. Many of those who feared the loss of their property, and were anxious for their capture, refusing to join the party, because they were afraid that, if unsuccessful, the Doans would be avenged upon them for interfering, and others were unwilling to aid in their arrest for the reason that they had formerly sympathized with and harbored them when in difficulty. Colonel William H. Hart, whose courageous spirit was not to be daunted by such obstacles, determined to rid the country of the scoundrels if it was possible induced twelve others to join him in effecting his design, and they in consultation at the Dublin tavern, selected Colonel Robinson as their leader, appointing also Patrick Mechlin as a spy upon their actions, who was to follow them and, if anything special occurred, report it to the party. He proved a great annoyance in their way, by sleeping in day time, and then riding all night upon a very fast grey mare, which he owned, and who was more swift of foot than any nag which the Doans rode. It was his custom, when he came near them, to ride by, and at the top of his stentorian voice cry out as he passed every farm house so as to put them on their guard—“The Doans are coming!” “The Doans are coming!”

Upon one occasion he had followed them until near daybreak, and by his continued halloing, prevented them from perpetrating any mischief. He then informed Colonel Hart and his company where they had taken refuge; and the next evening after dusk they all started in pursuit of the villains. Guided by Mechlin, they rode quietly along to the woods at the school house this side of Fisherville, where they halted by the roadside, awaiting their coming. They had not been there many minutes before they heard the crackling of brush and leaves to the left of them, and orders were immediately given by Colonel Hart for them to remain perfectly still until they came out, and then fire at the rascals. Mechlin was too much excited to obey the command, and just as they discerned them approaching from the thicket, he called out at the top of his voice:

"Go, Grey! Come on, boys!"

This imprudence doubtless saved their lives, for they wheeled at once and went on a full run up the Easton road, with Hart and his men after them; but after a chase of several miles they gave up all idea of capturing them.

Colonel George Piper, who lived and died in Bedminster township, was appointed a deputy Marshal of the United States, with authority to arrest the Doans, either dead or alive, and to affix a price upon their heads, to be given to any one who should take them. He accordingly provided himself with a *posse comitatus*, and among the number whom he selected to aid him was old vendue cryer, Philip Hinkle. Upon one occasion he received an intimation from Mechlin that the Doans were secreted at old Wyker's, in Tinicum, near the brick church. He accordingly went there and instituted a search for them. After examining the premises without discovering any thing to justify the suspicion of their being concealed on the property, they came to the conclusion that the refugees had left. Colonel Piper, however, thought it advisable to search the barn once more. There was one stable that had not been searched, as it was said to contain nothing but straw. Colonel Piper opened the door and found the entrance piled up with the material above mentioned. He gave the bundles a kick when they all fell in, and a number of fine horses presented themselves to his view, which had all been stolen by the Doans from various persons in Chester county. He took possession of them at once, advertised them in the Philadelphia papers, and the owners of the animals came and recovered back their lost property. Some years afterwards it was ascertained by the disclosure made by one of the gang, that the Doans had often been secreted under the floor of an old weaving shop, adjoining Wyker's house, and were, we have no doubt, concealed there during the time that the search was made for them.

About a week after this, Colonel Hart and five of his neighbors, hearing that they were at the old home-stead, went after them. As they approached the house, Mechlin observed three of them shooting with rifles at a mark, in the orchard. They proceeded towards them very cautiously, and without being observed until they were within about one hundred and fifty yards of the outlaws. One of the

Doans then said: "Run, boys; there are the rebels coming!"

They took his advice and ran towards the barn, with Hart and his party close after them. After this they were not visible, and while two were left as guards outside, the others went in to secure them. After searching in every nook and corner below, overturning the hay in the mow and running pitchforks in to see if they were concealed under it, they came to the conclusion that they must have taken refuge in the house and were now secreted there. Leaving two of their party to watch the barn, the others went to the house and ransacked it from cellar to garret, but without discovering any one of them. As there was considerable mystery in their sudden disappearance, and satisfied that they could not be far off, they concluded to wait back of the barrack and see if they would not come out from their hiding place. They remained here until sundown and were then forced to return home without effecting the object of their visit, and unable to imagine what could possibly have become of their tory enemies. Years afterwards, when the property had fallen into the possession of John Thomas, it was discovered that immediately above the middle stall was a sliding board, so fixed as to move back easily, and over this was a false floor where there was room enough for half a dozen men to lie in without any danger of their lurking place being discovered by any one, and this was no doubt the place where they had vanished so suddenly from the eyes of their pursuers.

\*One night Moses Doan and several of the gang sledded it for about twenty miles into New Jersey, broke into the hut of a man living there, and seizing upon his wife, a young and pretty woman, carried her off to their temporary residence at Gaddis Run, and Moses made her live with him, which she did for two months, apparently reconciled, but sought an opportunity and made her escape back to her husband. At a village near by, she told the affecting story of her wrongs, and the people there were highly excited in consequence of it. Measures were put on foot to raise a party to go after the Doans, and revenge the injury inflicted upon the young woman. This was not carried through with, however, either from their feelings upon the subject subsiding, or from a very natural and excusable dread of encountering a gang so powerful and vindictive as the Doans. The young

woman was conveyed back to her husband, but he refused to live with her afterwards. She came to Philadelphia, where she was employed as a servant in the Markoe family, in which she remained several years; but having become intemperate, she was finally received in the almshouse (Spruce street) where she died about the year 1824. She used to tell the story of her capture by the Doans with much delight, and could relate, besides, many traditions of the prowess and strength of the gang.

We give the above incident precisely as it was written many years since, but we cannot give to it all implicit credence. That the woman was taken away is true; but we are induced to the belief that there was no abduction about it, and that she went with the Doans of her own free will and accord; having been intimate with them for some time previously. Her subsequent conduct is proof that she was not more chaste than prudent. The mere taking of her away, therefore, is not such a heinous crime as has been heretofore represented.

About two months after this, Colonel William Hart and his brother followed them to Virginia, where they lost all traces of their whereabouts and returned home without seeing any of them. They remained away until February, 1783, when they returned again to their old haunts, very much dispirited at the loss of one of their number.

Fitzpatrick, instead of going South with them, preferred to remain secluded in caves in Chester county, and carry on his depredations upon his own account, and this blunder proved fatal to him. This brave, yet erring man, who for years had defied whole multitudes, and baffled long and successfully the untiring vigilance of his of many bitter foes, like Samson of old, was at length betrayed and taken by a woman. This modern Delilah was the mistress and confidant of Fitz, and was entirely dependent for the means of her livelihood and support upon his prodigal generosity. She at that time lived in a little log house upon the Strassburg road, and a little beyond Crum creek, in a lonely and retired situation.

He was apprehended by men whom she had concealed in the house for that purpose during his absence, who succeeded in tying him after a desperate resistance upon his part, for in his efforts to escape from them he inflicted bruises upon their persons from which they suffered for a long time afterwards. They conducted him immedi-

ately to the jail in Chester, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, behaving throughout with a firmness worthy of a hero, and consistently with the character which he had always sustained. The welfare of society and the peace of the community demanded that he should expiate his crimes upon the scaffold, and he met his fate with an eye undimmed by a single tear, and a brow unruffled by any gleams of cowardice or dread, declaring in firm and solemn tone of voice to the crowd who had assembled to witness the last, sad scene in the tragedy of his eccentric and eventful life, that "I have done nothing more than what under the same circumstances I should do again!" We do not desire to cloak vice and crime with our palliation or approval, and surely we have no wish to robe it in such smooth language as to make the example of Fitzpatrick worthy of imitation by any of our readers. But the entire history of his life is a continued illustration of his generous heart and his benevolent disposition. Under a blinded and misguided sense of duty he had violated the laws of his country, and it was right that he should suffer; but inex-  
cusable as may have been his errors in the eye of human justice, he went from earth to the bar of his God without one stain of blood upon his character, or any stigma of unpardonable outrage to answer for there. Guilty of errors we admithim to have been, but he never robbed the poor, plundered the unfortunate, or insulted women throughout his whole career. He took no advantage of a disabled foe, and a prostrate enemy he turned away from in pity; while all his ill-got gains were distributed with a lavish and regal bounty upon the desolate widow and the fatherless orphan. This much is freely accorded to him, in justice to his memory.

Moses Doan, it is said, was a different man entirely from the time that he was informed of the death of his congenial partner, Fitzpatrick. At first he was heard to utter the most blasphemous oaths of vengeance upon those who had been instrumental in securing his capture and aiding in his conviction. Alone, he started off to Fitz's place of concealment, under a sworn vow to take the life of the false-hearted woman who had rewarded his kindness by repaying in the most wanton treachery; fortunately, her neighbors, becoming fearful that some of the refugee's confederates would attack her, had her removed to, and secreted in one of

their own dwellings, and Moses, after making the most diligent inquiry, was unable to hear any tidings of where she was concealed. If he had, no one in the least conversant with his disposition, could have doubted that he would have carried his plan into execution. He returned to his comrades very much dispirited, and it is said told them that their fate was now sealed; that if they fell into the clutches of the rebels who were continually pursuing them, and driving them from place to place, they could expect no mercy at their hands, and would have to prepare themselves to meet the same ignominious death that Fitz had already suffered.

The position in which the outlaws were now placed was one of extreme danger. Go where they would, houses were closed upon them, and mankind everywhere shunned them as they would a pestilence; while they were followed by day and haunted by night by armed companies of men resolved to have their lives, as an atonement for the many wrongs of which they had been guilty. Even those craven wretches, who, during the dark period of the Revolution had given them food and shelter, as well as loudly approving their course of conduct, now when they needed help and sympathy took good care to keep out of their way, while in all public gatherings they were loud and vehement in denouncing their many atrocious and unjustifiable acts. In addition to the laudable desire which a few entertained to punish them for their heinous sins, there was also a prospect of pecuniary benefit which urged others to join the hue and cry raised against them.

Home was a word whose meaning was now unknown to the guilt-stricken Doans, for the fields in which in playful infancy they gambolled, and the forest where in the merry hours of childhood they had wandered many a day—these were all confiscated and wrested from them. The federal government had decreed them to be outlaws, not recognized as within the protection of law, and had offered a reward of \$800 to any person who should capture them alive or shoot them dead. The confidence and bravery which had formerly been predominant traits in their lawless characters, now that the tempest which their own actions had summoned was beginning to sweep over their heads in mad fury, seemed to desert them, and they were left desolate and alone to brave as best they might the

coming storm of wrath and indignation. They no more rode merrily along in day time, heedless of the good or evil opinions of those whom they chanced to meet, but wandered stealthily around in the darkness of night and under its shadowy gleaming continued the perpetration of their enormities. But although the seal of irresistible fate was stamped upon their furrowed brows, they prepared to meet their certain doom in a spirit of defiance towards all mankind, by uttering the most solemn vows that they never would be captured alive, and that if any one dared to kill one of their number, they would do it at the peril of their own lives, which would surely be forfeited by the others who might survive him. Idle as many would now be disposed to consider these threats, they had at that time their intended effect, and the danger of attack which they considered they would certainly incur from the refugees, prevented many persons when called upon from assisting in their pursuit and capture.

They returned again from the South, and before the people were aware of it, commenced anew their old tricks upon the farmers in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOHN SHAW, a worthy resident of Plumstead, and who resided upon a farm which he owned, and which was within sight of where the Doans had been raised, became the special object of their hatred. As has been mentioned previously, he had a valuable horse stolen from him, and his suspicions had from the first fallen upon the Doans as being the robbers. Unwilling, as well as probably being unable, to bear his loss, without making an effort to regain his missing property, he met old Joseph Doan several times, and told him as his belief, that his sons were guilty of the theft, and requested him to ascertain where they had disposed of him, so that he might recover him back, adding that if they would do so, it would be all right, and he never would say anything more about it. This had all been revealed to the refugees by their father, who, to his credit be it said, advised them, if they were the perpetrators of the larceny, to restore the horse to the lawful owner at once, as that would quiet all animosity between them, stating in addition, that the two families had always been friends, and that he desired them to remain so in the future.

The whole gang vehemently denied to their father all participation in stealing the horse, declaring to him that if they had done so, they would, out of mere respect for his feelings, have him brought back without delay. After leaving the house, they held a general consultation upon the subject of old Shaw's accusing them of horse stealing, and swore that they would be revenged upon the old rascal. A plan of carrying out their vengeance was accordingly determined upon, and it was agreed to carry it at once into execution before the community could be made aware of their unexpected return to the neighborhood.

It was agreed that he should be waited upon immediately, to satisfy him that they were guiltless of the charge which he had preferred against them, and thereby induce him to retract the offensive accusation, and if he would not do this they resolved to mark him in such a way that he would hereafter have a good and sufficient reason for remembering their visit. The account which follows, is, we are

satisfied, the only correct one which has ever been published, and for which we are indebted to a lady who was a daughter of Mr. Shaw, and a resident of Doylestown, and who, though but a little child at the time it happened, recollects the occurrence very distinctly. She informed us that she, along with the other children, had been asleep for several hours, when she was awakened by strange noises in the room, and upon raising her head discovered that there were strangers present, but being then a mere infant, she closed her eyes and went to sleep again. At that time she was too young to think or care about the object of their coming; but for years afterwards the story as it often fell from the lips of her father, became as familiar as household words, never to be erased from the tablet of her memory.

It was still early in the evening, not later than ten o'clock at the farthest, when the Doans started for Shaw's residence. The night was one of those beauteous mid-summer eves which follow in the wake of day, at that season of the year when stars gleam more golden, and moonbeams ringe with a more silvery hue the leaflet as it sways upon the tree, and the floating ripple as it trembles upon the bosom of the purling rill. The sigh of the zephyr wind as it floated in melody o'er the hill, or nestled in the murmur which came stealing gently from the vale, lingered like a spirit of heaven-toned harmony upon the broken heath and in the petals of the wild flowers that bloomed within the valley. Nature seemed breathing the joy of peace from out her rural dells and vernal glades; but all these linked together made no impression upon the reckless Doans, as they moved on to the accomplishment of their evil designs.

About ten o'clock, having taken a circuitous path to avoid suspicion, they came to the residence of their victim. Mr. Shaw had been in fear for some time previous of an attack from them, and upon hearing them approach, prepared to defend his family and house as well as he was able. They walked boldly up to the front door and demanded admission, which Shaw at once firmly denied them. At the same time he placed the barrel of a loaded rifle in an opening which had been left for that purpose. This move the cunning Doans observed, and one of them said:

"If you will permit us to come in peaceably, we will not harm any of

you, as we want to satisfy you that we never stole your horse."

"Promise that alone is your object, and I will open the door," replied Shaw, willing to do almost anything to keep them in good humor.

"Well, we won't hurt you," replied one of the gang.

Shaw opened the door, and in walked the refugees, as usual, without ceremony. There was some conversation then took place regarding the missing animal, during which Shaw declared his unchanged opinion that they were the persons who had taken him away, and they as resolutely denied with the most profane oaths, having had any knowledge of the matter. At length, finding that it was impossible to convince him of their innocence. Aaron Doan remarked to his companions in a low whisper, but so as the family could hear:

"As the old fool won't believe us about the horse business, let's give him some cause to grumble at us hereafter by taking off every d--n animal he owns."

"Good, that's the plan!" replied Levi.

The idea appearing to suit all around, Moses left the room in company with Levi to go to the barn, ordering his confederates to remain and watch the family, so that no one should escape and give the alarm to the neighbors. Their Captain had not been gone more than five minutes, when Joseph Doan said to Shaw:

"Do you still charge us with stealing the horse?"

Shaw did not answer the question, and then Abraham walked across the room to where he was sitting, and inquired of him in an angry tone:

"Answer, you old brute; do you think now that we stole your horse?"

There was no reply to this, as Shaw was satisfied in his own mind that they were guilty, and he did not wish to tell a falsehood, even to relieve himself from their insolence and threatened injury.

"Take that then," replied Joseph, striking him over the head with a pistol which he held in his hand. "Maybe a few good knocks will help you to say something."

Their victim fell forward upon the floor, from the chair on which he had been sitting, where he lay insensible, when Abraham bellowed out.

"Give it to him, Joe; hit him again. He's not hurt half as bad as he lets on to be. Jump up, old fellow, and let's see you move around," and he at once commenced assisting his cousin.

in the brutal outrage by striking the prostrate man with a loaded riding whip over the face and head. He plied his cruelty with such force as to cut several deep gashes on his cheek, and at every blow demanding him to deny that he considered them horse thieves, which prudence alone would have induced him to do, had he not become insensible from the severe beating and the loss of blood which flowed freely from his wounds.

Their intention was no doubt to complete their enormity by scourging him until life was extinct, which, in the way they were progressing, would not have required many moments longer, when Moses returned from the barn, and with that commendable feeling, which, despite his vices, ever shone out brightly in the most darkened phases of his depravity, to protect and defend the helpless, at once commanded them to desist from their merciless flagellation. Thrusting Joseph away from Shaw, he spoke of their cowardly conduct in terms of condemnation the most severe. He raised the victim of their wrath up from the floor, placed him in his bed, and washed the blood from his person. After he had done this, he assisted Shaw's wife in bandaging his wounds, and remained watching at his bedside until consciousness returned. The whole party then went out, mounted their horses and rode off, having possessed themselves of all the silver spoons, knee-buckles and spurs which Shaw had, and driving before them four of his horses, which, however, they for some reason left loose in the woods about a mile distant, where they were found the next day.

Josiah Shaw, who died several years ago in Doylestown, then a mere boy, was sent out about midnight to alarm the neighborhood, inform them of what had taken place, and start a party in pursuit of the villains. He went alone from house to house, informed them of what the Doans had been doing, and begged of them to go in pursuit of them. He met with very little success, however, the people living near by belonging to the Mennonite sect, and they gave the very plausible excuse that their religious faith would not permit their interference. The true reason was that many of them secretly, and several of them openly, countenanced the conduct of the outlaws, and harbored them in cellars when hotly pursued, so that day had already dawned, ere he found men of nerve and willingness to start

after them to apprehend the gang if possible, and bring them to justice.

Immediately after leaving Shaw, they started for the residence of Joseph Grier, a collector of the public money, who had long incurred their displeasure on account of his being an active Whig, as well as having published them in the Philadelphia papers as horse thieves. The advertisement had been inserted with his own name appended to it, and gave a minute and accurate description of the entire gang, cautioning farmers to be on their guard, and be prepared to receive them as they deserved. This was sufficient to awaken all the bitter and unrelenting enmity of their nature, and they determined to punish him severely.

It was near one o'clock, when Grier, who had been somewhat unwell for a few days previous, rose from his bed, went down stairs, and lighting a candle, concluded to wait up until daybreak. Going to the door, which he opened to see how the weather looked, he heard the quick and ringing sound of horses' hoofs in the distance, but becoming more distinct every moment. After waiting a short time, he ascertained that they were coming the back road towards his place. It seemed as if they were near enough for him to have seen them if the morning had been starlight, but it was so dark that he could not see even his hand before him. It flashed upon his mind that the party could be no other than the Doans; and well knowing the ill feeling which they cherished towards him, and their having sworn repeatedly that they would have revenge upon him if he ever fell into their power, he left the house, and under cover of the darkness secreted himself behind a tree near by.

Scarcely had he done this ere the refugees rode quietly up to the house, dismounted without a word being said, and observing the candle burning, proceeded very stealthily to the window, into which they looked to see if any one was up at that early hour. They then went to the kitchen door, raised the latch and stepped stealthily into the room. One of them, whom he always supposed to be Abraham, took the candle in his hand and mounted the stairway, followed by two of the others. Grier's feelings at this time can be more easily imagined than described.

His family were at the mercy of the villains; and in their anger at not

finding him, they might wreak their vengeance upon the innocent. The only consolation left to him was a frail one, that they had never been known, at least in Bucks county, to attack women and children, when they were defenceless and in the absence of their natural protectors. The cold sweat rolled in big drops from his brow, as he watched the solitary candle, moved by ruffian hands, pass from one room to the other, expecting every moment to hear the agonizing scream of terror from his wife, or the cry of help from some other loved member of his family, imploring for that assistance which was not within hearing. All that he could do he knew could but exasperate them the more, and his life would repay the forfeit of his interference. After searching every room without being able to find him, they went back to the chamber where his wife was still sleeping, unconscious of what was going on, and asked her where her husband was concealed.

One glance was sufficient for the astonished woman. Knowing them well by sight, she was sure they intended to murder the family. The emotion overcame her and she fainted away, and they then left the apartment without disturbing her farther. They broke open two or three drawers in the spare room, scattered the contents upon the floor, appropriated a few trifling articles to their own use and then left the premises, one of them saying, as he mounted his horse, loud enough for Grier to overhear him:

"It's a confounded lucky thing for Joe Grier that he was away from home; but we'll catch the rascal yet."

Grier was very much relieved from the torture of suspense under which he had been suffering when they rode away, without harming any member of his family, or setting fire to the buildings, which he was fearful they would do before they went.

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The revengeful spirit of the Doans when once aroused was not easily allayed, and thus it proved in this expedition. Not satisfied with what they had already done, they determined to finish the night's mischief by paying a visit to Colonel Robinson, who at that time kept tavern in the primitive and old fashioned village of Dublin, six miles north of Doylestown.

Robinson was a powerfully formed man, and in physical strength had never been compelled to acknowledge

any one as his equal when matched against them single-handed. From the first outbreak in favor of Independence, he had always been a firm and consistent Whig, denouncing in terms of unqualified censure the recreant course of the Doans and their allies, and the utterance of such opinions in that neighborhood at the time of which we are writing required more than ordinary firmness. During the Revolution he had undergone heavy and sorrowful domestic affliction, on account of his eldest son who had joined the American army, and afterwards had dishonorably deserted the standard of freedom, and became a wanderer with a price set upon his head. Hunted down by the officers who had been sent in pursuit of him, he applied to his father to secrete him and screen him from the heavy punishment which would be inflicted upon him, if captured. At first the Colonel refused, but the love of a parent overcame him, and he received him into his house, preparing a place of concealment for him, known only to himself, in the cellar, where he remained in his solitary confinement for over seven years.

Robinson had been among the foremost who a year previous were eager for the capture and death of the refugees, accompanying Colonel Hart and his party in examining caves, barns and old buildings in the hope of finding them; and this was well known to the Doans and increased their enmity towards him.

They reached Dublin about three o'clock and called Robinson up, telling him they were in search of horse thieves and wanted something to drink. Entirely unsuspecting who his early visitors really were, he dressed himself and unbarred the door. No sooner had this been done than he found himself roughly seized by two of the outlaws, who endeavored to throw him. In this they were unsuccessful, as he managed to tear himself away from them and reached the door leading into the bar-room, where he knew there was a brace of pistols, which, if he could only reach, would enable him to defend himself. Before, however, he had time to avail himself of the service of his weapons, he was struck a violent blow over the head by one of the party, which felled him to the floor. Two of the gang then sat upon him to keep him down, while the others proceeded to tie his hands to prevent his doing them any harm.

After a long and fruitless struggle and resistance upon his part, they

finally managed to pinion him securely in such a way that he could not use either of his arms or limbs. They then relighted the candle which had been extinguished in the scuffle, broke open the bar, helped themselves to the liquor contained therein, and then very coolly drank the health of their captive host. Two of the gang went out of the room and ascended the stairway, opening the door of the chamber on the left side of the steps where the wife of Robinson was lying in bed. She had been roused from her slumber by the noise below, but, as they kept tavern, and people were accustomed to stop early in the morning as they were on their way to market, she thought nothing strange of it, and went to sleep again.

Joseph Doan wakened her by placing his arm under her head and raising it from the pillow. She gazed upon the outlaws for a moment with that vacant stare of doubt usual to all persons when suddenly disturbed, and then uttered a piercing scream for help. Joseph Doan at once placed his rough hand over her mouth to prevent her cries from being heard, and then informed her that they had her husband tied fast enough, and that she would fare better if she would remain quiet and inform them where the money was. This she resolutely refused to do, and then Joseph commenced searching the drawers and closet, while Mahlon held her firmly upon the bed.

They were unable to find the treasure which they had come after, and angry at their want of success, they swore they would whip her for being so stubborn and refusing to tell them where it was hid. The two then dragged her out of bed and pulled her down stairs by her hair, placing her on the bench with her husband, and declaring they would shoot her dead if she attempted to stir.

Aaron found a large, thick-plated looking glass hanging in the sitting-room, which he brought and placed upon the floor, and then stripping Robinson naked, compelled him to dance on it while the rest looked around and laughed heartily at their victim. After this they drank several times, and then amused themselves by taking turn about in striking Robinson a number of times with their whips, and not caring much whether their blows fell upon his body or face.

A man by the name of Thompson happening about this time to pass the house, heard the noise, and his

curiosity being excited as to the cause of it, peeped in the window and discovered the Doans whipping the landlord. He started off at once to alarm Mechlin, who lived about half a mile from there, on the Welsh road. Reaching there almost out of breath, he awakened him up and gave the alarm. Mechlin rose immediately, and saddling his favorite grey, regardless of danger, started for the tavern, halloving as he went along at the top of his voice: "Look out for the Tories! The Doans are about!" The refugees heard him shouting, and knowing full well who he was, supposed that he was accompanied by a large party, and rushed out of the house, got their horses and started out the road leading to Lunn's Tavern.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Her dark wing shall the raven flap,  
O'er the false-hearted,  
His warm blod the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted,  
Shame and dishonor sit,  
On his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it,  
Never! oh, never!

ANON.

By ten-fold odds oppressed at length,  
Despite his struggles and his strength,  
He took an hundred mortal wounds,  
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;  
And when he died, his mortal groan  
Had more of laughter than of moan.

SCOTT'S ROKEBY.

**I**N their hurry to escape they forgot Joseph Doan, who had gone down cellar to get something to eat, but hearing a noise outside, hurried up and found Mechlin in the bar-room, untying Robinson, and his confederates gone. One glance was sufficient to satisfy him that something wrong had transpired, when he jumped through the window and ran for his horse. Mechlin, however, was too quick for him; for hearing the glass break, he looked out of the door to see what was going on, and observed Joseph just starting off. Taking up his rifle, he bounded out of the house, mounted his active grey and started in pursuit of the outlaw. The race must have been an exciting one, as their horses were so nearly matched in speed that for several miles they kept about the same distance apart. When they left Dublin, morning was furling the veil of darkness to its bosom, and dreary night was dancing his parting cotillion with the crimson-robed sprites of advancing day, while the golden flashes of the rising sun tinged the surrounding hills with beauty, and bathed its mellow beams in the moist vapor floating up from the neighboring glens.

Onward over hillock and valley, coursed the noble horses which carried the reckless refugee and his brave, determined pursuer—the outlaw, knowing full well that the avenger was on his track, and that he could not expect from his foe either mercy or quarter, if he was able to overtake him. Aware that his life hung suspended upon the result of the race, he buried the spur-rowel into his horse's sides and urged him onward, while the undaunted Mechlin still kept halloving in his wake with his deep-toned voice, at intervals of a few moments, "Stop you rascal, or I'll shoot you

dead!" "The advantage was in favor of the Whig against the Tory, for the reason that Doan could not depend upon aught but his pistols to aid him, while the intrepid Mechlin carried a rifle, which in times of emergency was as true to duty as the noble heart of its owner. If he could only succeed in bringing the refugee within range, his death was inevitable; but Doan was as conscious of this as his enemy, and by keeping his horse upon a run prevented him from coming nearer than two hundred yards of him. Suddenly the spirited steed which he rode, flagged a little in his pace, and then Joseph, fearful that the grey nag might outwind him, determined to avoid him by stratagem, and at once turned his horse's head around; then giving a low whistle the animal bounded over a high worm fence and kept on across the field, while Doan looking back, said with a ringing laugh of defiance:

"Now follow if you dare!"

The answer came back from Mechlin, as his horse which he had trained for that kind of sport, leaped the fence in gallant style and came bearing down upon the astonished outlaw:

"I'm after you yet!"

On they went over ravine and meadow, Doan choosing his own route for escape; until after a fearful ride, every step of which was fraught with danger to both horsemen, they came to Prospect Hill. As they were rounding its base and coming to ascending ground, Mechlin began gaining upon his victim, who he doubtless would have soon overtaken had not his horse cast a shoe, the loss of which at the rate they were going would soon lame him, and for this reason he determined to try if he could shoot him down. Leaving the bridle rein fall from his hand, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, his keen eye taking deliberate aim along its polished barrel, he exclaimed:

"Now, Doan, give up like a man, or I'll shoot you as dead as a dog!"

"Fire, and be d—d to you!" answered Joseph.

Mechlin pulled the trigger, and the report of his deadly weapon followed. Doan uttered a cry of agony and pain, and as Mechlin observed, put his hand to his face and then bent his head to the neck of his horse, but still rode on with Mechlin after him, to see what effect the ball had upon him. When he had gone about one hundred yards from the place where he fired, he discovered blood in the road, and dismounting, picked up four

of the outlaw's teeth which had been shot from his mouth, tearing it in such a frightful manner as to leave an ugly mark, which the refugee carried to his grave. Mechlin returned to Dublin, and exhibited the teeth in the tavern, where they were kept for some time afterwards as a curiosity.

Suffering the most acute pain, caused by the terrible wound inflicted upon him from Mechlin's gun, the desperate refugee went on until he came to the Bethlehem road, down which he turned and proceeded in that direction until he had gone about five miles from Montgomery Square, when he fainted from loss of blood and fell off his horse. He was discovered lying in the road by a party of farmers who came along in a hay wagon. They carried him into a house near by, and patched up the wound as well as their rustic skill would permit, and then laid the still senseless man upon the settee, without ever dreaming as to who he really was. After bathing his brow with spirits he revived somewhat, and gazed idly around the room. One of them then said them:

"Who are you, stranger, and how did you get so badly hurt?"

"I suppose I must have had a fit, to which I am subject, and falling off my horse, he tramped upon my face," replied Joseph.

"Which way are you traveling, friend," inquired another.

"I'm going to Philadelphia on business."

"Well, poor man," interposed the kind-hearted lady of the house, "you had better rest yourself here for to-day, and may be to-morrow you will feel better."

Doan, satisfied by their remarks that they had no suspicion as to who he was, and there being therefore no reason why he should refuse the proffered hospitality, concluded it was best to do as she had suggested. He was cunning enough, however, to tell them that noise effected his head, and he would pay them well if they would only give him a bed up stairs to repose upon, where he would not be disturbed.

"Bless your heart," answered the benevolent woman, "you shall have it in welcome, without any charge."

Just then the master of the premises, who had been at work in a field some distance off, and had been sent for as soon as the wounded man had been discovered, entered the room, and fixing his eye upon the sufferer very intently, first scratched his pate, as

men always do when they are somewhat puzzled, and then said to him:

"It seems to me, stranger, that I've seen you before, somewhere or other; but hang me if I can tell where, for the life of me."

"Like as not," replied Joseph; "for I often travel this way."

"Yes, I remember who you are now," continued the farmer, his face brightening up with the idea: "I have met you at the 'Conestoga Wagon' several times."

"Very probable, sir," answered the refugee.

"You are one of the rascally Tories who go about the country stealing horses, and your name is Doan."

The outlaw was not more surprised at this unexpected disclosure from the lips of his host, than the group standing around him were astonished, for they at once stepped away from him as if he was an evil spirit, whose very touch would be pollution.

"Come, boys," said the farmer, "the whole darn gang are as cunning as foxes; there is no trusting any one of them, and he is not half so bad hurt as he lets on. Hand me a rope and help me tie the rascal."

A clothes line was brought by one of the young men, and Joseph, too weak to offer any resistance, submitted without a murmur to his captors, and was soon securely bound. A consultation was then held, and it was decided to take him at once to Philadelphia, for fear his confederates might find out where he was and rescue him. They laid him in a wagon, and three of them got in and drove to the city. Before sunset that evening, the crime-stained Tory was safely locked behind the bolts and bars of the old Walnut street prison.

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The refugees were now realizing the inevitable consequences resulting from the manner of their life, as one of the gang had already been executed, and another confined in jail awaiting his trial. The whole community were now aroused to the necessity of their driving them out of the country, or else taking their lives to prevent further mischief. The next we hear of them is at the log house in Wrightstown, from which they were compelled to flee from the avenger. They rode up through Buckingham township, and stopped to rest at the farm owned several years ago by Preston Rich. Here, Moses took the saddle bag containing a large amount of money from his horse, carried it away some distance and buried it with

a common hoe which he found at the barn. As he was not gone but a short time, and as his death occurred shortly afterwards, it is reasonable to suppose that it either remains where he concealed it, or else, that it fell into the hands of others who never saw fit to say anything about it.

After this they kept themselves secluded in their cave on the Tohickon, until hunger forced them to go out for something to eat. They went to a little log house on the Tohickon, on the Plumstead side of the creek, which was then occupied by a confederate of theirs named Halsey. The building has since gone to decay, but on the site has been erected another, which for many years was occupied by John Wildonger. They ordered Halsey's wife to give them bread, to which she replied that there was no meal in the house. They then told her if she would send out and get flour, they would pay her well for it, at the same time exhibiting a large quantity of money, which they declared should be hers if she did as they bid her. The prospect of gain overcame her scruples, for she well knew who her guests were, and the penalty consequent upon harboring them. She directed her son, a lad about eleven years of age to go down to Wismer's old mill, about half a mile distant, and procure the meal. The boy started, and when he arrived there, very innocently informed the miller that the Doans were at their house, and that his mother was in a hurry for the flour to make bread for them. The miller at once tied the boy to prevent him from running home and giving the alarm, and started off immediately over the fields to the tavern, which at the present time is Gardenville, there being a training going on there that day to raise a party to capture them.

Colonel William Hart, as soon as he was informed of their whereabouts, appealed to the crowd in the road to accompany him in taking them. As the best evidence of how the feelings of the community leaned, he was only able to raise seven men who were willing to run the risk, and several of these had to be plied with rum several times to keep their courage up. The party consisting of nine men all told, including Major Kennedy and himself, started upon the hazardous and perilous expedition.

They rode on in silence until within fifty yards of the house, when they dismounted and held a consultation.

It was some time before any one could be prevailed upon to open the door, but finally Colonel Hart said he would do it. No precautions were taken to guard the back part of the house, as it was said there was no way there for them to escape. All was silent as a death chamber, when the fearless Hart stepped out from his companions and advanced towards the house alone. He reached the door in safety, as the Doans had not observed him coming, pulled the string hanging outside which raised the latch, and opened the door, exclaiming as he did so:

"Now, boys, we have got you!" His party emboldened by the manner of their leader, ran up to the house, while Moses, as soon as he heard the voice, and knew it to be Hart's, rushed in upon him to overpower him. Hart let his rifle fall, and closed in upon his enemy. With almost any other man in Bucks county, the strife would soon have terminated in favor of the refugee, but it was a matter of public notoriety, that during their long career of crime and outrage, the whole gang had never been known to attack the Harts, yet they had always denounced their lawless conduct in the most bitter terms of censure, and had frequently expressed the opinion that the peace of society and the harmony of the community demanded their lives as part atonement for the wanton injuries which they had inflicted, and to prevent their committing any more depredations. Hart and his family alone, of all the others in the neighborhood, who had denounced them, escaped their unpleasant and annoying visitations.

There was a mystery in this which people who conversed about it were unable to solve to their satisfaction. But the Doans, brave as they were when encountering those who were inferior to them in strength and numbers, had not forgotten their schoolboy days when Hart had thrown them prostrate upon the playground in the sportive contest, or rebuked by blows which felled them for their overbearing conduct to the younger scholars; yet, here at last, upon the threshold of the old cabin, had met again the two, whose hours of childhood had been passed upon the same green-sward and hunted in the same forest. Few years had passed since then, and even now, manhood's imperial seal of strength had stamped itself upon their stalwart frames. The change which time had wrought, however, had indeed been great—the one a branded outlaw, against whom the doors of

every honest man were closed—while the other came as the avenger of the wrongs of which Doan had been the prime conspirator in carrying into execution.

Moses knew that the odds were against him in attempting to cope with his powerful antagonist; but, nerved for the struggle by that desperate resolution which had always characterized him in the time of danger, he grasped Hart around his waist with his powerful arms, and as his conqueror remarked afterwards: “A man might as well have been screwed in a vice as to have been hugged by Mose Doan!” Hart was prepared for the move, and clasped him in the same way. The struggle for supremacy was severe for a moment, when the same back grip of Hart, which years before had overpowered the outlaw, was too much for him to bear, and he fell partly outside of the door, with Hart upon him, who placed his knee upon his breast, and with his right hand grasped his throat, exclaiming as he did so:

“Ah, Mose, I’ve got you fast now—you had better give in!”

“Never, by G—d!” was the instantaneous reply of the prostrate foe, as he vainly attempted to release himself.

“Give up like a man,” continued Hart, “and it will be better for you.”

“I would sooner die first—kill me if you will,” answered Moses, whose proud spirit nothing could subdue.

“Hold him a minute, and I’ll put an end to him,” exclaimed Captain Robert Gibson, of Fisherville, who, hearing at the tavern that Hart and his men had gone after the refugees, had started after them at once, and arrived after Hart had thrown Doan.

Moses motioned with his hand to Hart to loosen his grasp upon his throat, for he was held so tight that he could not speak, and convinced now that he was placed entirely at the mercy of his captor, no doubt concluded it was best for him to give up with as good a grace as possible. Hart released his hold upon the outlaw, and then he muttered, although it was said to be audible, on account of the low tone in which he spoke, only to Colonel Hart and the two who were standing near by him:

“I surrender to God and my country.”

Hart being satisfied of this was about rising from him, when Gibson, taking deliberate aim with his rifle, fired.

The ball entered the heart of the refugee, and with a convulsive spring upwards, he fell back upon the door-sill, a corpse, the life-blood running in a stream from the fatal wound.

**D**URING the occurrence of this painful scene of retributive justice, the two other outlaws, Abraham and Levi, more intent upon effecting their escape than in aiding their leader, jumped from a window at the back part of the house. The wife of Halsey was at that side, having gone there after wood, and Abraham fearing that in his effort to get away, he would be discovered and fired upon, had recourse to a very novel expedient in order to protect himself from the bullets, and which but few men would have thought of having recourse to in such a desperate emergency.

Running up to the frightened woman, he caught hold of her clothing, placed himself in front of her, and raised her on his back. With this strange shield over his person, he started on a run as if his burden was a mere child, to reach his horse. He effected his purpose in safety, although within range of the rifles of Hart's party, who were prevented from firing for fear of injuring the woman. As soon as he came to his horse, he mounted and rode off rapidly, leaving his comrades to get out of the difficulty, if they could, without any assistance from him.

Levi, in the confusion got away from the house without being perceived, until he had taken refuge behind a tree with a loaded gun. The first intimation they had of his being out of the house was hearing him say:

"Let Moses go, or I'll shoot every d—n one of you!"

There was no answer made to his request by their pursuers, and true to his word, he raised the gun and fired. The ball whizzed like lightning through the air upon its fatal errand, struck the gun of Colonel Hart's younger brother, tearing a splinter from the hand part of it which entered the groin of Major Kennedy, who fell to the earth mortally wounded. He was carried home upon the shoulders of his friends, where he lingered in great agony for two days when death came to his relief and terminated his sufferings.

The body of Moses Doan was left lying upon the steps in front of the door, while the others were engaged

in attending upon the wounded Kennedy. The Hon. John Ruckman, of Solebury, informed us that his father hearing that Moses had been shot started to go over to Halsey's, and permitted him, then quite a child, to accompany him. He remembered distinctly of seeing the dead refugee lying on the steps, with the hole made by the bullet in his body, which was then covered with a coarse rag.

Thus perished the leader of the gang in the prime of his manhood, young in years but old in iniquity. That he had commendable traits of character, all who have observed his history will readily concede; but these redeeming qualities of his better nature were so blurred and blackened over by crime, as to avail him little in the estimation of the community. Although the commission of murder cannot be ascribed to him, yet his was the fearless spirit and cunning heart which planned, even if he did not seem to be the foremost in the perpetration of the numberless outrages which marked their lives with the brand of shame and ignominy.

About an hour after this terrible tragedy in real life had been completed, Philip Hinkle, known as the old vendue cryer, made his appearance at the place, accompanied by several of his neighbors. He approached the corpse of the outlaw, kicked it off the steps on to the ground, remarking as he did so:

"Thank God, the Tory is dead at last!"

Without informing any one present of his intention, for it is reasonable to suppose that if he had, they would have interfered to prevent it, he dragged the body of Doan to his horse, laid him on in front of the saddle, mounted himself, and started off with him. He carried him in this way until he reached Fisherville, where, upon seeing his father and mother standing at the door, he came up in front of them and pitched the body off, remarking at the time:

"There is one of your Tory sons. He won't bother any of us soon again."

However much this wanton, cruel act, (for we can apply to it no more lenient term,) may have been palliated by the natural and intense excitement pervading the county at the time, every one must now regard it as inexcusable. The parents had endured enough of sorrow for the vices of their offspring, without the addition of this revolting exhibition of their dead son, to break and rend their woe-stricken hearts.

The remains of Moses Doan were placed in a rough box, and he was buried the same night upon the farm of a man named Overholtzer, in the northeast corner of a field back of the village of Fisherville. The place is not now known by any mark, as his grave has been left without any memento, and the plow of the husbandman has long years ago removed all traces of its existence.

The funeral of the murdered and lamented Kennedy was the largest ever known in that part of Bucks county. The news had spread like wild-fire, and the yeomanry came in crowds to pay the last sad tribute of sincere respect to the brave man, who had lost his life while engaged in so praiseworthy a cause. As it was just after the successful termination of the war, the military spirit was at its height, and every company who could be notified turned out in their strength. He was borne to his grave with drums muffled and flags draped, to the burial place of his family, at the English Presbyterian Church of Deep Run.

In order to fix the time when these events transpired, and about which there were many different and conflicting opinions, we visited the graveyard a short time since, where all that was mortal of this brave man and noble officer repose. We found his tomb after some little difficulty, in a most wretched condition of neglect and decay; the head-stone leaning over and ready to fall down and the grave sunken. It is situated in the northeast side of the yard about seven yards from the church, and upon the marble tablet is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF  
MAJOR WILLIAM KENNEDY,  
Who died of the wounds he received from a  
robber on the first day of September,  
in the year of our Lord, 1783, in  
the 40th year of his age.

Misfortune was indeed following close upon the outlaws, yet they still continued their reckless career; those who were yet left appearing to become more emboldened as misery and disaster confronted them. It was not a week after the death of their captain, before they went in broad daylight to the residence of John Daily, in the northwest corner of Tinicum township, tied his son William to a tree in front of the house, gave him a severe whipping, and afterwards robbed the dwelling of provisions and everything valuable which it contained.

On the night that Mrs. Smith, the wife of James Smith, of Nockamixon, was dying, they came there near mid-

night and attempted to enter the house, but were frightened off by the winnowing of a gray horse who came trotting up the lane. Supposing it was a party in pursuit, they left immediately, very much to the gratification of the family.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, on the 8th of September, 1783, in the seventh year of the Commonwealth, passed an "Act to encourage the speedy apprehending and bringing to justice divers robbers, burglars and felons," in which they offered a reward for certain persons therein named, among whom were Abraham, Mahlon, Levi and Aaron Doan—a reward of £100 being offered for either of them; and if any citizen in pursuit of them should be killed, his family were to receive £800.

Mahlon Doan was arrested in Baltimore, in the month of January following, for horse stealing, and while confined in jail awaiting his trial, with heavy fetters upon his limbs, made his escape by cutting off the fleshy part of his heels, so that he could slip the shackles off. He was tracked by the blood from his feet to Fell's Point, but after that nothing was ever heard of him. It has always been supposed that in a fit of desperation he drowned himself, to avoid punishment for his many offences.

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For some time we have no information of the whereabouts of the other three; but, on the 15th of May, 1787, Levi and Abraham were both captured on a public road near the Yellow Springs, in Chester county, and not far from the village of Kimberton.

Broken in spirit and worn down by continued anxiety, they made no attempt to escape from their pursuers, which, as their horses were fast they might have succeeded in, but gave themselves up to their captors. After being securely bound they were conducted to West Chester, and from thence three days after to Philadelphia.

There were several bills of indictment against them, and in June they were arraigned for trial and severally pleaded not guilty. After a protracted investigation upon the charge against them, in which the great difficulty in the way of conviction was to prove their identity, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against them. They were sentenced by Judge McKean, to be hung, and on the 24th of September following they were publicly executed upon Smith's Island by the Sheriff, Joseph Copperthwait, in the

presence of an immense concourse of spectators.

During the time which intervened between their trial and ignominious death, their only sister, Mary, or, as she was generally called, Polly Doan, known to be as fearless and reckless as her brothers, with a sister's unchanged devotion visited them in prison. The keeper, as she was about entering the cell of the condemned felons, observed a loaf of bread under her shawl which he took away from her and broke over his knee, when he discovered in the middle of it a small saw and a file which she intended for them to make their escape with. He at once ordered her to leave the jail, and led her out without allowing her a sight of the prisoners. Most persons would have failed heart at this failure, but her mind soon suggested another plan which she determined to carry out.

On the afternoon of the same day, she dressed herself in the plain garb of an old Quaker lady, with a long cloak, and a hood like those worn in olden times, which concealed her face. Then providing herself with a basket of cakes, she went to the prison and was admitted by the same keeper who had expelled her in the morning. It was the custom at that time for benevolent Friends to visit the unfortunate prisoners, and distribute bread and other eatables among them. She gave to all whom she met indiscriminately, until she came to Levi, when handing him a cake with her right hand, she with her left dropped down her cloak, between his feet, a small file, and then passed on in her pretended charitable mission to the other prisoners without exciting the least suspicion as to her real motive in visiting them.

An aged gentleman who lived in Philadelphia, and who was raised upon a property near them in Plumstead township, informed us that he visited the condemned men two days before they suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and that Abraham conversed with him freely, admitting the justice of their conviction and his regret at his past conduct; but that Levi was moody and sullen during the interview, expressing no wish to live, except to have revenge upon those who had been witnesses against him.

Polly Doan remained in Philadelphia until after the hanging of the malefactors, and after they were cut down, she entreated to have their bodies given to her for interment, and the authorities at length conceded to

her request. She had the two rough coffins placed in a wagon, and rode upon them from the city to Plumstead. Hannah Michener remembered climbing upon the wheel of the wagon and seeing the coffins, and Mrs. Anna Thompson remembered their being brought up, and it was on a Wednesday—as it was a week day and she was at meeting. The Friends, after deliberating awhile, refused to grant permission to put the bodies in the graveyard, and they were buried on the same day in the northeast corner of the woods nearly opposite to the meeting house.

Mrs. Steinmetz, for many years a resident of Spring Valley, and who lived on the Doan property after John G. Thomas bought it, informed us that after they were hung, she several times saw Levi's mother go across the fields with a Bible in her hand, to his grave, upon which she would sit and weep for hours.

As instances of Abraham Doan's agility, we have heard from persons who witnessed the feats, that he could jump over a rifle when held up by the tallest men in the neighborhood as high as they could reach. On a running jump he excelled all competitors. The distance over which he has thus leaped, ascertained after measurement, was full thirty feet.

As another illustration of his surprising activity, there is a reliable tradition that in the spring of 1786, a group of idlers were assembled in front of a hotel in East King street, in the city of Lancaster. Observing the prodigious leaping of one of their number, whose strength and agility was so pre-eminent that he excelled all the rest in the sport, in the midst of his success and exultation, an athletic man stepped from the crowd, and offered to match him at the pastime for a wager. His offer was at once accepted, the money staked, and the over-confident leaper did his best.

As the stranger very calmly stepped up to the mark, there was a general smile among the bystanders at his venturing to compete with their famous friend. He, however, very leisurely took off his hat and coat, tied a handkerchief around his waist, and at a single spring cleared the ground several feet beyond his competitor. Never were a set of men more astonished than the spectators who witnessed this feat, and the man who had been thus signally outdone, was so amazed that he exclaimed: "By G—! you must either be the devil or a Doan!" The stranger immediately

left the party, who upon inquiring afterwards ascertained that it was Abraham Doan.

In 1782, the refugees were secreted for several weeks in the hay-mow of a barn owned by Charles Selner, in which they concealed themselves during the day, and wandered about during the night under cover of the darkness. Selner knew that they were there, and although he had formerly defended their conduct, he had no wish to harbor them when the law had affixed a heavy penalty upon any person who should give them shelter. He dare not order them off for fear they might become incensed and perpetrate injury and outrage upon him or his family, and if they remained there with his knowledge and permission, they would certainly involve him in difficulty with the authorities.

Here was a dilemma, but Selner avoided it by asking a young lad whom he met in the road, to hurry off and tell Major Kennedy that the Doans were in his barn. Kennedy, upon receipt of the information, summoned eight militia men, marched to the premises and surrounded the barn. While they were deliberating what was best to do in order to secure them, the outlaws opened the door and ran towards the chicken-hearted group, who at once became panic-stricken and fled as the Doans fired.

Major Kennedy, too brave to be thwarted in his purpose by their cowardly conduct, pursued Abraham across the fields. Notwithstanding Kennedy rode a horse noted for his speed and Abe was on foot, yet he ran so fast that after a race of two or three miles he was forced to abandon the pursuit, and they all escaped unharmed, especially the militia, who, it is said, never looked behind them until they reached their homes.

There is a tradition, which has been handed down from father to son, which relates that so great was Abraham's strength and agility, that he was known upon several occasions to run and make a flying leap over a Conestoga wagon; that he performed this feat at Dublin upon a training day, and afterwards repeating it successfully, upon being challenged to do so at a vendue in Buckingham township, in the presence of two or three hundred persons, who witnessed its being repeated.

Joseph Doan, whom we have traced to prison in Philadelphia, after remaining there about six months, was brought up to Newtown to stand his

trial in Bucks county. He did not remain in custody long, however, before he made his escape in company with three other scamps. He effected his release through the carelessness and want of vigilance of the jailor's son in neglecting to lock him up, and thus eluded the demands of justice. He appears to have resolved upon leading a more moral life, as the next information we have of him is his being engaged in teaching school in Mercer county, New Jersey, where he remained devoted to his new occupation for over a year, under the assumed name of Grover. For some reason, he decamped very suddenly without giving any notice to his employers (who were well satisfied of his ability) of his intention. From there he removed to Canada, where he lived, near Toronto, and was supposed to be dead for many years, when he returned to the home of his childhood.

One day, an old, gray-haired man, in a rickety wagon, drawn by a half-starved horse, was observed loitering for several hours in the neighborhood of Plumstead Meeting House, walking through the graveyard and gazing intently at the building. This excited the curiosity of those near by, and upon approaching him and making inquiry they ascertained that it was no other than the long missing Joseph Doan, as the bullet wound in his mouth, caused by Mechlin's gun, proved beyond a doubt. He indulged little in conversation with those who approached him, but appeared communing with his own thoughts. Perhaps this was a punishment greater than man could have inflicted, for now three-quarters of a century had gone into oblivion, but their traces were in the furrows on his cheek and in the dimness of his eye.

Aged and decrepid, the sands of his life ebbing to a close, the last scion of an outcast family, and he upon the verge of the grave, how solemn must have been the communings with his own soul, how bitter the regrets which would well up from the spirit founts of conscience and remorse. Here had his hours of prattling infancy glided peaceably on—here first dawned the gay visions of his promising manhood—here the old building beneath whose unpretending roof he had been brought to mingle in the silent worship of his fathers—here too slumbered in an obscure corner his brother and cousin, who had been his companions in vice, with not even a stone to mark the place of their repose. With these old memories

breathing from the charnel house of the departed, a few, perchance, tinged with the sunbeam of early joy; but, alas! the most of them blighted by the mildew of crime or the tempest cloud which had swept in terrible and scathing fury o'er the household gods of his family.

Poor, wretched and forsaken man, sitting in a chill autumn day upon the ruined wall, a monument of human wretchedness and God's retribution. Let others censure as they will, we have not now the heart, gazing upon such a scene of desolate woe, to utter one word in censure or condemnation.

He returned to his home as mysteriously as he came. But in 1839 he paid another visit to Bucks county. He apparently was very poor, and was anxious to recover a claim which he alleged was due him; but, his appearance causing some excitement, he was advised to leave, and did so. He died at a very advanced age, in Canada, in the summer of 1847.

**M**ANY years previous to the last visit of Joseph Doan in Bucks county, Josiah Shaw who, had himself, in his younger years, received from him, the schoolmaster, many a severe flogging, and rejoiced in the dignified title of 'Squire Shaw, sitting one day at his window, whom should he see entering his gate but old Joseph Doan—the traitor to his country, the robber of Shaw's father, the old schoolmaster who had so often flogged him, the refugee from prison, and now a poor, degraded, broken-down old man.\* Mr. Shaw assumed his magisterial dignity, and met him bluntly at the door with the question: "What business have you with me, sir?" Some inquiries passed, a recognition was effected, and a cold, formal shaking of hands was exchanged.

The old scoundrel had returned from Canada to bring a suit against an old Quaker gentleman in the county for a small legacy of some forty dollars coming to Doan, and he had the cool impudence to require the services of a magistrate whose father he had formerly robbed and nearly murdered. It was creditable to 'Squire Shaw's high sense of honor and respect for the law he was sworn to administer, that the outlaw recovered his money and returned quietly to Canada.

The meeting between the plaintiff and defendant, at his office, is said to have been quite amusing. Their conversation was conducted, on both sides, in the plain language of Quakers; but, nevertheless, they abused each other most roundly—the one alleging his authority from the government to blow the others brains out, or to take him "dead or alive;" and the other claiming his money, so long, as he thought, unjustly detained. Subsequently, Mary Vickars, the sister of the Doans, with her husband, also returned from Canada and made a similar claim for a legacy before 'Squire Shaw.

As to the fate of Aaron Doan we know nothing whatever, except that on the 29th of July, 1788, he was reprieved under the gallows, at Newark, New Jersey, having been convicted of breaking open Hassel Patterson's house, at Acquackanonk. The probability is that he also fled to Canada and died there. At the time that he

and his brothers were declared outlaws he returned to his home and was taken sick. His mother laid all the time of his illness in the same bed with him, pretending to be sick, in order to conceal him until he regained his health. Dr. Charles Meredith, of Doylestown, attended him at the time; and when Aaron was arrested for horse stealing, in Lancaster county, he proved an alibi by the testimony of his physician, who swore that, at the time the offence was committed, he was under his professional care and too unwell to even leave his bed.

Joseph Condit, alias Foxy Joe, after the separation of the gang, from the causes which we have narrated, wandered off to New York, in which city he was tried for the perpetration of a street murder, in the summer of 1784. He, with a partner in crime, was convicted and hung some time in January, 1785.

Joseph Doan, Sr., was tried and found guilty, as an accessory after the fact, in receiving and comforting Solomon and Isaac Vickars and others, knowing that they had previously robbed John Hart, the Treasurer of Bucks county. He was sentenced by the Court to be branded upon the hand and undergo an imprisonment in the common jail for the period of six months.

Eleazer Doan, the uncle of the refugees, was indicted by the Grand Jury and tried for aiding in their depredations, and also for receiving and harboring them; but the evidence given not being sufficient to convict him, he was acquitted upon both counts.

Nathaniel Halsey, a confederate, was indicted by the Grand Inquest for harboring and giving shelter to Moses Doan and the other refugees after they had been attainted by outlawry, and he, knowing of their said offence which they had committed, was brought to trial and convicted by the traverse jury. He was the same man who inhabited the miserable hut where Moses Doan was apprehended and shot, at the time that Major Kennedy was murdered by Levi. He was sentenced to be branded upon the hand, and undergo an imprisonment of six months in the county jail.

In the record of the Criminal Court of Bucks county for the year 1778, preserved in the office of the Clerk of the Sessions, we find the following entries:

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| March Term.<br>The State<br>vs.<br>Joseph Doan, | } Misdemeanor. |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|

Defendant pleads guilty. Fined £60, half to the State and half to the prosecutor.

The record does not specify whether it was the father or son, but we presume that it was the latter.

There is also the following entry, with no date affixed to it, but near the same time:

The State  
vs.  
Moses Doan, } Misdemeanor.

Joseph Doan, Sr., and John Bancroft, tent in £200 each, for the appearance of Moses Doan at the next Term. The charge against him must either have been compromised or abandoned, for at the next session he was discharged by order of the Court.

Many persons firmly believe and have endeavored to convince us that one of the Doans was hung at Newtown. We have instituted the most thorough inquiry into this opinion, and are entirely satisfied that they are mistaken. They have probably confounded it with the execution of Tomlinson at that place, who was convicted of being concerned in the Hart robbery, as the record of the Court is barren of any evidence which might be construed to sustain this idea. But we have the testimony of living witnesses that it is an error. Jonathan Briggs and James Linton, who had resided in Newtown almost their entire life time, say that such was not the fact, and this positive evidence from two worthy and respected citizens, we trust, decides the question.

The two Vickars left the United States and settled in the British Dominions to avoid the tightening of a rope around their jugulars. Isaac, some years afterwards, was married to Mary Doan, the only sister of the refugees. The parents of the outlaws removed to Canada soon after the execution of Abraham and Levi in Philadelphia, and the community were relieved from any apprehensions of injury to their persons or loss of their property.

After their property had been confiscated, and they declared outlaws, they harbored for several weeks in the barn of Abraham Wismer, of Plumstead township, without their whereabouts being known to any one but the owner. They took the knife used in cutting feed and hewed the hay so as to admit their horses and themselves in such a way that even if the barn had been searched, it would have been impossible to find them.

They were concealed for several days, when the Whigs were scouring the country in search of them, in the cellar of a man named Myers. He was suspected of acting in concert with them, and the pursuers had traced them by their footprints to the door of his house. A thorough search was made of the building, but without success, and they were compelled to leave without discovering them. Levi, while in prison, several years afterwards, informed a citizen of Bucks county, who visited him, that they heard every word which Kennedy and his party said, they being concealed in a place from which they had dug the earth for that purpose, and which was large enough for them to stand in, the only entrance to which was through a hole made in the cellar wall, which had been stopped up with two large stones by Myers himself, after they had crept into it.

Mrs. Steinmetz, of whom we have previously spoken, informed us that Joseph Doan stole a valuable bay horse of a farmer in Chester county, and brought him to the woods near Keichline's tavern. The owner advertised his loss both in the newspapers and by handbills, and Joseph, fearing that he could not dispose of him without being detected, very coolly rode to the residence of the man he had robbed, informed him that he thought he knew where the horse was, and if he would pay him the reward, he would show him where he could find him.

This the farmer agreed to, and rode with the refugee, without knowing who he was, up to where the lost animal was quietly grazing. He at once identified him as being his property, and cheerfully paid the thief the reward he had promised. They rode back together until they reached the road which turns to the left, just before you ascend the Dyerstown hill, when Joseph said he would have to leave him. They shook hands very cordially and separated. When they were about three hundred yards apart, Joseph hallowed to him to stop. He did so, and the refugee then sang out: "Stranger, there is one thing I forgot to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" answered the farmer.

"I stole that horse myself," replied Joseph, putting spurs to his horse, and was soon beyond the view of his angry and astonished dupe.

Upon another occasion, Joseph was hotly pursued by Colonel Robinson, who would soon have taken him prisoner, as he was fast giving out from

fatigue, had he not met a boy who was going to mill on horseback. With one spring he was on the horse's back behind the astonished lad, who he took hold of very gently and let him slip to the ground. "Now catch me if you can!" he exclaimed to his foes, as he turned around in the saddle so as to face them, and then striking the steed a heavy blow with his hand, he bounded off in a run with his new rider, who did not even draw the rein on him. The last that Robinson saw of him, he was standing up on the horse waving a farewell to them with his handkerchief. The animal, who had done him such good service, instead of appropriating to himself as he might have done, he returned to the place where he had started with him, and his owner found him the next morning.

They appeared to be fond of annoying Mr. Sackett, in Wrightstown, who hated and despised them, whenever they had an opportunity. They once rode to his house, and after abusing him some time out at the gate, he threatened to follow them and have them taken prisoners. They dared him to try it, and Sackett, becoming angry, went to the barn, saddled his horse, mounted, and started after them. They laughed heartily at his anxiety to overtake them, and led him quite a merry race down to Logtown. Here they wheeled and rode around him several times, very much to the amazement of the people whom Sackett had called out to assist him. Although many of them were Whigs, they set to laughing so at their mischievous manouvers that they were unable to help him, and he was compelled to give up the idea of taking them prisoners.

While they were employed by the British as spies, General William Howe, while conversing in regard to their surprising strength and agility, remarked to an aid who was standing near him: "*Sir, those Doans are the most daring fellows that ever lived. I believe the devil himself couldn't match them.*"

Some of our readers, the fairer portion especially, around whose brows are wreathed the fragrant flowers which breathe over dull and common life, the perfume of a holy, spirit sympathy—and whose approval we crave, may wish to know what became of the first love of Moses Doan, the firm, yet gentle Mary Doremy, who first read his reckless disposition aright, and sought by words of kindness to win him back to the path of

rectitude and honor. She was wooed and won by a youth of bright promise, who in after years occupied the highest post of honor that was within the gift of the people of New Jersey. Long years ago they laid her away to rest, and over her grave the myrtle creeps and the willow bends, while her memory is a holy keepsake with those who were so fortunate as to have known her. And now a word in confidence to you, reader, not to be whispered to any one else, if Mary Doremy was as beautiful and lovely in her haleyon hours of youth as her great-grand-daughter Mary now is—she was worthy the admiration and homage of all who can appreciate true worth.

As some persons who may have perused imaginative stories in regard to these refugees, which have been published as mere catch-penny affairs, may think that we have unintentionally omitted two incidents which have been ascribed to them, viz.: A letter found in Moses Doan's pocket after he was shot, and their participation in the Massacre at Wyoming, we will remark, that from careful inquiry we are satisfied that no such letter was ever found upon his person. As to their being at Wyoming, that is equally untrue; as, whatever other crimes they may have committed, it is no more than sheer justice to state that they were never known to be so inhuman and blood-thirsty as to mingle in such a cruel and fiendish act as that is known to be. Independent of that, however, at the time that massacre occurred they were otherwise engaged in plundering the Whigs in Bucks county. The relating of such mere fanciful incidents may serve admirably to garnish a romance destitute of truth, or embellish the pages of fiction when writers do not possess facts, but in a correct narrative they would be out of place, and are entitled to no insertion from us.

We are satisfied that the amount of money, horses, silverware, and other property, of which the Doans became possessed during their pilfering excursions, must have amounted to at least the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Whatever became of this large amount remains a mystery to this day. The death of several of them within a short time of each other, is proof that they could not have made use of it, and as the greater portion of it was buried, it probably remains where the refugees hid it. It is probable, however, that Joseph Doan's two last visits to Bucks county,

and his remaining in the neighborhood of their old haunts for several days with a horse and wagon, had something to do with it; and this may have been the principal inducement for his returning to Bucks county.

And now, reader, the curtain falls upon these scenes of blinded passion, heinous outrages, and mistaken revenge. To the best of our ability they have been carefully compiled from the best sources of information within our reach; and it has been our earnest endeavor to portray the facts and incidents of their lives, fully, fairly and impartially. The result of our inquiries and labor is before you, and with it rests the proud satisfaction, that all which we have written is sanctioned and endorsed by truth. Perfection we do not claim for it; that, after the lapse of three quarters of a century would be impossible; but we have inserted no incident unless the judgment of our own mind has been entirely satisfied of its authenticity.

The task allotted to us of fashioning into shape a succinct and correct account of their lives, for which we have had to depend upon the frail memories of those whom age and time has touched with their forgetful and decaying wand, and to search amid the musty traditions and vague rumors which enveloped our subject, has indeed been no easy one. But it has been considerably lightened by the cordial co-operation of all those with whom we have conversed, and who have cheerfully given to us all the information which they themselves possessed.

We have no wish to comment longer upon their iniquitous crimes or violent deaths; and, while we are justified in the declaration, yet we disclaim, in doing so, any feeling of selfish vanity, as the material has been furnished by others. We have no hesitation in avowing that it is the only authentic and reliable history ever written of the Tory Doans.

[The present instalment of "The Doan Outlaws," although the concluding part of Mr. Rogers' narrative, does not complete the story. The DEMOCRAT will follow it up with a series of very interesting articles touching various portions of the careers of the refugees. While Mr. Rogers' entertaining narrative is reasonably accurate and complete, he did not cover the whole ground, and many interesting facts have

escaped him. Through the kindness and industry of those who have brought them to light from the records we will be able to present them to our readers. The article next week will be "The Doans Before the Revolution," from a paper read before the Bucks County Historical Society, in 1885, by Henry C. Mercer, Esq.—  
EDITOR DEMOCRAT.]

**T**HE following interesting article on the Doan family prior to the Revolutionary War, in which they played such a conspicuous part, was written by Henry C. Mercer, Esq., of "Aldie," Doylestown, whose researches have brought to light much valuable material bearing on their genealogy and their careers:

#### THE DOANS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

READ BEFORE THE BUCKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT QUAKERTOWN, APRIL 15, 1884, BY HENRY C. MERCER, ESQ.

Who were the Doanes? and where did they come from?

Whoever ransacks the minutes of, at least, three Friends' monthly meetings, the chaotic Orphans' Court files, Common Pleas records, deeds, wills, unindexed criminal dockets on file at Doylestown, goes over the cart-loads of dusty tax-books in the court house garret, and attempts to reconcile the distorted traditions collected in many days' journeys over the river townships, will, in answer to the above questions, find it perhaps as difficult as I do to curb his tendency to overestimate the interest of facts so laboriously gleaned.

John Doane (spelled with a suffix e), founder of the name in America, and great-great-great-grandfather of the Bucks county refugees, was one of the Pilgrim Fathers. On the strength of a statement in the so-called "Father Pratt's" history of Eastham, Barnstable county, Mass., some of his descendants have claimed that he came to Plymouth from England in one of the first three ships. But as his name appears in the passenger lists of neither the Mayflower, the Fortune, or the Anne, nor in 1627, when the original tendency in common was dissolved, we must rest satisfied with the fact that he came before 1630, when his name first appears on the tax list.

It appears from some family minute that he was born in 1590, and Heman Doane, of Eastham, in an oration in honor of his ancestor, a few years ago, quoted the family tradition that he had come from "Wales, west of England."

It is a pity that this tradition was not a little more definite as to his antecedents, for it would have been very satisfactory to connect him cer-

tainly with the ancient West of England family near by, the Doanes of Cheshire.

The name of the 11th century conquerors, spelled variously Doan, Don, Donne, Done, and Dawne, was probably of Norman French origin, D'Oane, and in its etymology, allied possibly to "dun," dark, swarthy.

Doubtless, all the variations of the name in England, Blackmore's Lorna Doone included, can be traced to this stock.

The male line of the Cheshire Doanes, now represented on the female side by Lord Alvanley, failed in 1630, and the name has fallen in the social scale in England within the last two centuries.

Among the several coat-of-arms current in the family here and in England, probably the Cape Cod one, with the gilt dove crest, is the most interesting. On the shield appears a unicorn, signifying wars between England and Scotland, and crosses referring to the crusades (gules on a ground azure). Beneath is the motto, *crux mihi lux*—"The cross is my light."

The dove crest indicates that certain members of the family have helped negotiate treaties of peace.

Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, keeps the unicorn and crosses, but adopts the motto, "right onward."

A quartering on one of the English coats indicates that the Doanes were closely related to the Venables, Barons of Kinderton, Cheshire, and relatives of the Conqueror.

"Near the lofty hall of Tilstone," says an old history describing their seat, "are the ruins of the house of Flaxyards, seat of the Doanes of Utkinton, where Sir John Doane, knight, by his well-pleasing services to his majesty James I, who took his pleasure and repast in his Forest of Delamere, A. D. 1617, of which he was chief forester, ordered so wisely his Highness' sports that he freely honored him with a knighthood and graced the House of Utkinton by his royal presence.

The name appears in Domesday Book, holding Utkinton, Cheshire, by knight's fee. *Ipses comes tenet Done*, "Done holds as a 'comes' or lord's attendant." We find it on the battle rolls of Azincourt, Blorebeath and Flodden Field, and in the Froissart Chronicle, which tells of how Lord Alvanley fought at Poictiers, where, having obtained permission of the Black Prince to do somefeat of arms, that, "then he departed from the King with four knights who promised

not to fail him, John Grey, Hugh Done, Miles Stapleton and Thomas Wall, and he was in the front part of the battle, where they did marvels in arms;" and we find it again in an ancient song which tells of the "men of blood" who fell in one of the fierce battles between Henry IV and Hotspur.

"Here Dutton, Dutton kills, a Done doth kill a Done;  
A Booth a Booth, and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown."

If John Doane, the Pilgrim Father, did come from "Wales, west of England," with Cheshire one of its adjoining counties, it is not difficult to believe that he might have been a younger son, or, at least, a son of a younger branch of the Cheshire family, nor is there anything in the history of his American descendants to preclude the presumption that they were sprung from "a race of warriors," as an old history calls them, "from the time of King John," and if anything were needed to strengthen this presumption it would be the statement in Ormerod's History of Cheshire, that the last Sir John Doane, on the troubles in the 17th century, adopted the cause of the Parliament and imbibed Presbyterian tenets, which could well account for at least one of his nephews or cousins emigrating to Puritan Plymouth.

Beyond the bare facts of Deacon John Doane having been the father of numerous children, having been Governor's assistant in 1633, along with stern Miles Standish, and chosen deacon of Plymouth Church in 1634, and having helped found the offshoot colony of Eastham in 1644, where his family afterward lived, we have little to say of the first John Doane.

What sort of a granite personality one would have encountered in a deacon of Plymouth Church, and even what Deacon John looked like, we need not find it hard to imagine, with the aid of one of Mr. Boughton's canvasses.

For some reason, so runs a tradition, he was rocked in a cradle in his old age, and though, doubtless, at no time sprightly, we may perhaps from this conjecture, at least, that he was restless.

Of his wife, as of the wives of many of his associates, we know nothing. Some one complains that the Pilgrim mothers have not been heard from. Possibly the best objection against lavishing all the pity on the Pilgrim fathers, as distinguished from giving any at all to the mothers, is best ex-

pressed in the words of a New England lady of to-day, who declares that the Pilgrim mothers had to bear not only all the hardships of the Pilgrim fathers, but the Pilgrim fathers besides.

Up to a short time ago all we had wherewith to connect our Doans of Bucks county with Deacon John and the New England family, his descendants, from whom Doane street, in Boston, takes its name, was a minute in the records of the Middletown Friends' monthly meeting, which stated that on the 3d-month, 17th day, 1696, Daniel Doane and Mehetabel, his wife, brought a certificate of good conduct, etc., thither from the Friends' meeting at Sandwich, Mass.

The breach had to be filled up with sundry Johns and Daniels out of the local Cape Cod histories in a very unsatisfactory manner.

Exactly what the relationship was remained a mystery until Mr. John A. Doane, of Atlanta, Ga., went all the way to Eastham, Mass., and showed Mr. Heman Doane there, a direct descendant of Deacon John, how he had forgotten to look in the records of his own county court, where much of his own genealogy had lain unnoticed by him all his life.

These put it beyond a doubt that John had a son Daniel, or *Dan'l*, as they would call it there, who again had a son Daniel, who was no other than our Pennsylvania emigrant.

About the time that the Pilgrim fathers were calling hard names, talking about the "freeting gangrene-like doctrines," and fining, whipping, ostracising and banishing the Friends, Daniel, Jr., with a dash of contrariness, perhaps, not inconsistent with some of his doings in Bucks county, deserted the religion of his ancestors and joined the persecuted sect at Sandwich, about forty miles away from his native town.

The Quakers of Cape Cod, however, in those days were by no means meekly submissive. Recalcitrants were continually getting into trouble for "tumultuous carriage," answering back in court, or giving the judge a piece of their mind. One Norton, for instance, found occasion to say in court to Governor Prince: "Thomas, thou liest; Prince, thou art a malicious man; thy clamorous tongue I regard no more than the dust under my feet; thou art like a scolding woman."

If there were any one about bold enough to talk in this way to the Governor, we doubt not, from what we

glean later, that Daniel, Jr., put in his oar now and then, before he found it convenient to emigrate to Bucks county.

Notwithstanding the coolness that must have existed between Daniel, Jr., and his father, who, after amply providing for all his other children with farms and money, cut Daniel off in his will with one pound sterling, he probably continued to live at Eastham until the time of his journey across the wilderness with his wife, Mehetabel, in 1696.

Considering that such patronymics as Heman, Myrick, Keziah, and Simeon, had been common in the family, Daniel's children, whom he took along with him, Daniel, Lydia, Eleazer and Elijah, and Joseph, Israel, Rebecca and Elizabeth, born afterwards in Bucks county, got off rather easily as far as names went, but a generation later, we find his descendants in Bucks county consoling themselves with a free use of Tamar, Abigail, Ephraim, Tabitha, Ebenezer and Mehetabel. Although Daniel began well in Bucks county, and was, it appears, at first a religious teacher among the Friends, about three years after his arrival a dark rumor "that Daniel should meddle in predictions by astrologie" brought him into trouble with the meeting, which lasted almost continually until he was disowned in 1711.

He had a way of assuming the defensive which involved the frequent sending of committees to parley with him, whom he often met with "unseemly expressions and contemptuous flouts." From time to time, when it had gone too far, he would send in written apologies to meeting, one of which it appeared "was not fit to be read."

There was trouble too "as to ye man's wife that came to such an untimely end," as to which scandal Daniel declares in one of his numerous "papers" that "many mouths were open to speak things strange and ambiguous concerning me, but I was clear, both as to action and thought."

How far Daniel's astrological methods differed from those of Wiggins may best be seen in his chief paper, worthy of Nostradamus himself, read before meeting in 1702, when the "rumors" had assumed their darkest character.

"In as much as many," reads the paper, here and there, "by their consulting the figures of conceptions, and with revolutions and perfections, pre-

sume to tell what is contingent to bear upon earth either weal or woe, while they themselves are ye bitter source, and are shut up under the oxit of ye animated spirit, and become fools to ye wisdom of Egypt; and inasmuch as it hath much amused the minds of many concerning me because I have done some things of that nature as to prediction, and some have been inquisitous to see ye aphorisms and schemes by which I did work them, and though I did never show it unto any, yet I do say ingeniously and without mental reservation, that I never was inclined, much less to study, any magick art or southing divination or negromantic trick."

But soon after, taking unto himself seven devils worse than the first, he proceeded to walk "loosely and vainly," and meet all attempts to recall him with "contemptuous flouts," so that finally, tired out with Daniel and his dark doings, the meeting, in 1711, disowns the said Daniel Doan "to be one of us," and "we being clear of him, his wickedness lies upon his own head."

Between him and the refugees of Plumstead there is but a gap of two generations, easily filled up. It appears from his will, dated 1743, on record in Doylestown, and sundry deeds, that he was a carpenter, and in his latter days at least, and after the death of Mehetabel, his New England spouse, he took unto himself a second, by whom he had Samuel, Mary, Thomas, Sarah and Ebenezer, making in all eleven children whose descendants were to people the forests of North Carolina, the lake shores of Canada, and the backwoods of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

But it is in the astrologer's son Israel, grandfather of the refugees, that we are particularly interested, and here again, after rummaging the court records, we are able to glean but a few meagre facts; that he removed from Middletown, lived for a while in Wrightstown, and squatted on the Indians' land in Plumstead before 1726; that he lived to a great old age, through the Revolution, and until his wild grandsons had left their home forever; that he, too, got into trouble with meeting, and when, finally, in October, 1725, his case having been brought up several times, it appearing that "he had gone out from among the Friends to consummate his marriage contrary to our known rules of discipline," he was finally dropped from membership.

Those were the days when, as an

old Chapman manuscript says: "The Indians were friendly and deer and bears were in great plenty, and bread was made from Indian corn, when the grain was carried to market on caravans of horses tied head to tail along Indian paths. It was the golden age between 1725 and '60, when the men dressed chiefly in deer skins and the women in linsey and linen. When no luxuries had as yet appeared, and men ate from wooden trenchers with pewter spoons, when the robust women could reap and make hay as well as keep house, and walk ten or twelve miles to monthly meeting, and all would make merry with no lack of good old Jamaica rum at the harvest home."

Passing over the other children of the above named Israel—Mahlon, whom I cannot trace; Elijah, who died early; Martha Michener, who, notwithstanding her father's trouble, was married in meeting; Elizabeth Lewis, Mary Wharton and Rachel Leipper, who lived near Plumstead meeting house and had two handsome daughters—we come to Joseph and Israel, parents of the refugees.

Israel number two lived with his father and died before him on the farm now owned by Reuben High, half a mile northwest of Plumsteadville. He married Rachel Vickers, and had children, Abraham, the refugee; Israel, number three, grandfather of Mr. A. J. Doan, of Jersey City, to whom I am indebted for much of my information; Thomas, whose son now lives at Edgewood; Elizabeth, Mary, who married her cousin, Joseph Doan, Jr., the refugee, and went with him to Canada; Rachel, who married a William Burges, and one of whose sons became president of the New Jersey State Senate; and Leah, who married John Skelton.

Joseph Doan, Sr., son of the first and brother of the second Israel, a carpenter, and by tradition a maker of plows, though as it appears from the tax books, he bought and sold other parcels of land from time to time, lived on the Hagerty farm, on the turnpike just south of Plumsteadville. He married Hester, and was the father of five of the six outlaws, Joseph, Jr., Moses, Levi, Aaron and Mahlon, who, with their first cousin, Abraham, above mentioned, formed the compliment of the Doans in the outlaw band.

But there was another Joseph, a great uncle of the refugees, and not to be confused with their father just named. He was a son of Daniel, the

astrologer, and brother of Israel number one, and a grandfather through his son Jonathan to the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, an ancestor of Aaron Doan, of Philadelphia, W. R. Doan, of Toronto, and Abel Doan, of Westfield, Indiana. He was a skilled backwoodsman, this Joseph, and the Joseph Doan whom William Penn employed secretly to walk over the ground of the Indian walk and blaze the trees. He paid a visit, as the minutes show, to his relatives in New England, and on his return emigrated to Cane Creek, North Carolina, in 1751, leaving us with one less Joseph in our hands.

As the name of Eleazer has been heard of in tradition and in the published accounts in connection with the refugees, it will be well to say here that the Eleazer Doan, who in 1788 removed from his properties called Doanston, near the Haycock, to Plumstead, where he bought and kept the old Price tavern, which he owned until his death in 1811, although once in jail for harboring them, was not one of the refugees.

Whoever takes the trouble to run through the illy-arranged Orphans' Court archives at Doylestown, will find that there were several Eleazers, but that Eleazer number one, of Upper Makefield, son of old Daniel, the astrologer, had a son John, who lived on a tract of his father's land on the Tohickon, and that said John had a son Eleazer, the tavern-keeper above named, who came in for a share of this land when his father died intestate, and lived there through the Revolution, not appearing in Plumstead until 1788, five years after his second cousins had met their death or exile.

Of these fine looking young men, as they grew up to manhood, before the outbreak of the Revolution, save as to their superiority at wrestling bouts and jumping matches, we can say but little. All were unmarried except Joseph, Jr., who married his first cousin Mary, Abraham's sister, and appears to have been a man of considerable education for the times. Strange to say, he taught school in Plumstead (at Danboro, doubtless), as one of his pupils, 'Squire Shaw, who resided in Doylestown many years ago, often flogged by him, could have testified.

Upon examination we find that the romantic stories of their exploits with Indians, save possibly the one of the leap over the ravine at Kingwood, N. J., which more properly, perhaps,

belongs to another paper, all are apocryphal.

Possibly, as Mr. Morris states, their father played on "a good old violin, whose sweet notes echoed from tree to tree in the solemn stillness of the night," or as another story goes, Abraham Doan, being employed by a Solebury farmer to trim his apple trees, cut them down first and trimmed them afterwards "for devilment," but whatever may be supposed as to these tales, we certainly have heard nothing from either Mr. Bernard Kepler or Mr. Nathan Preston, of Plumstead, whose respective grandfather and mother were schoolmates of the outlaws, to corroborate the statement that "Abram was an infamous character even then, for whom there was no extenuation," or that Moses' horse was named "Wild Devil," or that he once joined the Mingoes on a raid to Wyoming, or conquered in wrestling one Lackawalon, an Indian champion whom "heil couldn't beat."

But these were the days when the high ridges of Plumstead were still unbarred of their primeval timber, when wolves were common, and game so plenty that settlers took their guns to meeting, and beavers built their dams across Pine Run. Doubtless, often the young backwoodsmen, when not at work on their father's farms, dressed in their garb of deer and coon skins, trapped beavers on Skippack, Neshaminy and Pine Run, shone deer at midnight in the forest that then shaded the "rocks" of Nockamixon, fished the pool at Black's Eddy, or pursued the bear or wildcat to his lair in the gloomy shadow of "Cassidy's Rocks," and as fancy pictures the early wilderness life in Pennsylvania, it is easy to see the smoke of their evening camp-fire rising above the tree tops of the Blue Mountains or Haycock, or hear the crack of their rifles at daybreak half drowned in the Tohickon's roar.

Our space will not allow us even to glance at the cause of their resistance to the Colonies; suffice it to say that there is no reason to doubt the verdict of tradition and history, which states that they were quiet and orderly citizens before the outbreak of the Revolution, and to add that from 1768 to 1776, a period presumably covering the young men's "wild oats," there is absolutely nothing against the Doans in the criminal dockets of Bucks county.

**T**HIS interesting account of James Fitzpatrick, the noted Chester county outlaw of the Revolution, is from the pen of H. G. Ashmead, and first appeared in the Chester (Pa.) *Evening News* some years ago. Fitzpatrick was an intimate fellow spirit of the Doans, joined them upon occasions in their raids, and was the guest upon at least one memorable occasion at the home of the Doans in Plumstead. Mr. Ashmead's narrative follows:

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#### A CHESTER COUNTY OUTLAW.

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JAMES FITZPATRICK, THE "SANDY FLASH" OF BAYARD TAYLOR'S NOVEL.—AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE CLAIMED RELATIONSHIP WITH THE DOANS OF BUCKS COUNTY.

The character of "Sandy Flash," in Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett," is not wholly the creation of that brilliant author's imagination, but is based upon actual adventures of a sturdy freebooter, who, for more than twelve months, kept the good people of the county of Chester, in the Republic of Pennsylvania, in constant dread, by reason of his audacious and multifarious misdeeds. James Fitzpatrick was evidently a remarkable representative of a class of aggressive spirits, ever present in the social organization, who in the convulsive upheavals of a nation in civil war, frequently emerge from obscurity, and whose strength of character and unhesitating courage in ill doing, secure to their memories an immortality of infamy. The name of James Fitzpatrick in Chester and Delaware counties is still surrounded with that peculiar glamour of crime which is so often associated with the acts of bold, bad men, and to this day his deeds are recalled by the representatives of the old families of this section, with no little local pride, for the subject of their theme was, at least, no ordinary *espérado*. In the lapse of a century many of the circumstances appertaining to the personal history of the outlaw have become so confused and associated in tradition with incidents which never happened with him, that it is a matter of no little difficulty to determine which are and which are not spurious narratives. In the following recital, I believe, is presented

the prominent events in the life of James Fitzpatrick as correctly as can be done at a period so remote from the time when they took place, and in a case where the documentary evidence is exceedingly meagre:

James Fitzpatrick was born in Chester county, and when quite a lad he was indentured by his father, an Irish emigrant in indigent circumstances, to John Passmore, of Doe Run, as an apprentice to the trade of blacksmithing. His early life was distinguished by no unusual incidents. He worked faithfully at the anvil until he attained his majority and acquired some local prominence as a shoer, and was known in the neighborhood round as an excellent judge of horses. His bodily strength is said to have been enormous, his physical endurance noticeable, and he conspicuously excelled all the young men of the locality where he resided in athletic sports. Personally he was handsome; above the average height in stature, he was erect and graceful in carriage; his complexion florid, his features well formed, his eyes a clear bright blue in color, and his hair sandy and luxuriant. On several occasions he had exhibited extraordinary personal courage, circumstances which, subsequently remembered, increased the alarm of the Whigs when Fitzpatrick became an active, unscrupulous partisan of the cause of the King.

After serving the full term of his apprenticeship with Mr. Passmore, he worked as a journeyman at several forges in the county until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, when he enlisted in the military service of the Province. Subsequently, in the shaping of events, he became attached to the flying camp and accompanied the organization to the city of New York. There, for some slight breach of military discipline, he was punished by flogging. The penalty imposed for his dereliction was more than he could bear, and deserting in the night time he swam the Hudson river, and made his way across New Jersey to Philadelphia, intending to proceed to his home in Chester county. In the latter city he was recognized, apprehended, and being absent without leave of his commanding officers, was lodged in the old Walnut street prison, from whence he was released on consenting to re-enter the Continental army, for at that time men were eagerly sought for to bear arms. The imprisonment was resented by Fitzpatrick as a wrong that had been done him; therefore, at the first op-

portunity which presented itself, he again deserted and returned to his home in Chester county, where for a time he worked honestly at his trade and in odd jobs at harvesting for the farmers in the neighborhood.

During the summer of 1777, Fitzpatrick with several other men were mowing in the field of his late master, John Passmore, in West Marlborough township, when he was taken into custody as a deserter by two Continental soldiers, who had been sent from Wilmington to arrest him. Fitzpatrick having been captured by surprise, was compelled to resort to subterfuge to recover his liberty. By a plausible story, respecting clothing that he would require and a request to be permitted to bid good-bye to his aged mother, he prevailed upon the soldiers (who were instructed to bring their captive to Wilmington), to accompany him to his mother's residence, a tenant house on Mr. Passmore's land. When they reached the dwelling, Fitzpatrick opened the door and quickly grasped his rifle from behind it, where he was accustomed to keep that fire-arm, leveled it at the soldiers and swore he would kill them, if they did not leave immediately. They had learned sufficiently of the determination of the character of their prisoner to believe he would not hesitate an instant to make his threat good; hence, acting on the better part of valor, without more ado they hastily retreated. Fitzpatrick, as soon as the men had fled, returned to the meadow where he had been at work and renewed his labor as coolly as if no unusual incident had occurred to disturb the placidity of his everyday life.

The implacable hatred to the patriot cause, which was engendered in the mind of Fitzpatrick, as the result of corporal punishment, inflicted on him while with the Continental army in New York, soon had the opportunity to vent itself upon the Whigs of Chester county, whom he believed had betrayed his whereabouts to the Colonial military authorities. On the 25th of August, 1777, the British forces, eighteen thousand men, under General Howe, landed at the head of the Elk, in the movement against Philadelphia, which resulted in the capture of that city. Fitzpatrick promptly repaired to the camp of the English army, was subsequently present at the Battle of Brandywine, and accompanied the victorious enemy to Philadelphia, from which city he made many petty plundering excursions into Chester county, in which preda-

tory expedition she was accompanied by Mordecai Dougherty, a Tory from the same neighborhood whence Fitzpatrick came. The latter had been reared in the family of Nathan Hayes, residing near Doe Run, and it is supposed the two worthies had known each other from their youth. After Fitzpatrick joined the English forces, he always spoke of himself as captain and dubbed Dougherty with the title of lieutenant, but whether either of them was ever commissioned as such by Sir William Howe is very doubtful.

In June, 1777, while Fitzpatrick and his associates were engaged in one of these predatory raids, the British army evacuated Philadelphia, and the two men determined to remain in Chester county and carry on the war as an independent, irregular body. To that end they made their quarters at a point known as Hand's Pass, near the present town of Coatesville, and had also secluded hiding places along the Brandywine, in Newlin and West Bradford townships, one of which, Hon. J. Smith Futhey, the historian and antiquarian of Chester county, says: "Was on the high hill on the west creek near the present Marshall's station, on the Wilmington and Reading Railroad." From these retired places of concealment, Fitzpatrick and Dougherty issued to make desperate expeditions or to undertake daring adventures, which, in a short time, rendered their names a terror to the Whigs of that neighborhood, for as to the Tories, they regarded them as their friends and never molested them. The collectors of the public revenue, however, were their especial prey, and oftentimes unfortunate tax-gathers who fell in their way were made the victims of the utmost brutality. Frequently after stripping them of all their money they would tie the unhappy officials to convenient trees and flog them unmercifully. On one occasion, one of these men was not only robbed of a large sum of money by Fitzpatrick and his companion, but he was taken to one of their hidden lurking places in the woods, where he was detained for two weeks, to the consternation of his family, who could only account for his absence by the supposition that he had been murdered.

At another time two tax-collectors, armed with muskets, met a man walking alone whom they did not know, and entered into conversation with him. During the interview one of the officials inquired of the stranger

whether he had seen Fitzpatrick, or if he could give him any information as to the whereabouts of that individual, remarking at the same time that he rather preferred that he should encounter that person, for if he did he, Fitzpatrick, would not escape from him so easily as he had done from other collectors who had fallen in with him. The stranger continued the conversation a few minutes longer, when, turning suddenly upon the men, he disarmed them both, then quietly informed them that he was Captain Fitzpatrick, and that he would be obliged to them for their money. From the boastful Captain McGowan, one of the collectors, he took his watch, but as the latter said it was a family relic, doubly valuable to him on that account, he returned it promptly. Captain McGowan wore his hair in a neat queue, of which he was very vain, and as a particular indignity Fitzgerald cut it off close to his head. He also despoiled the unfortunate military officer of his sword and pistols, and then tied him to a tree and administered a sound flagellation. At its conclusion Fitzpatrick informed the crestfallen man that he had heard him, McGowan, boasting while at an inn a few miles distant, what he would do with him should he encounter him, and he had therefore given him the opportunity to make his boast good.

A local writer of rude verse of the period, in commemorating Fitzpatrick's exploits, thus alludes to this incident:

"Some he did rob, then let them go free,  
Bold Captain McGowan he tied to a tree.  
Some he did whip, and some he did spare,  
He caught Captain McGowan and cut off his hair."

Subsequently when the outlaw was in chains in his cell in the jail at Chester, Captain McGowan visited Fitzpatrick to inquire what he had done with the sword and pistols he had taken from him. The prisoner asked him if he remembered the tavern where he had expressed his wishes to meet him, and the tree to which he was tied to be flogged by the man he was looking for. These questions were answered in the affirmative. Thereupon Fitzpatrick told him that about three hundred yards to the southward of that tree he would find his sword and pistols concealed between the bark and wood of a decayed oak log. It is stated that the arms were found at the place thus designated.

The audacious courage of the man frequently manifested itself in the most reckless acts of bravado on his

part. On one occasion fifty or more persons, all well-armed, gathered together with the avowed purpose of taking Fitzpatrick, dead or alive; but being unsuccessful in their search, they repaired to an inn, where, seated upon the porch, they discussed the recent exploits of the outlaw and the liquors of the tavern at the same time, until the crowd became excited, and many of the men expressed a desire to meet Fitzpatrick, who was well known to almost every one present. Suddenly, during the heat of the conversation, the outlaw, with his rifle in his hands, presented himself before them, called for a glass of liquor, drank it, and after paying for it withdrew as quietly as he had come, excepting, as he backed off, he announced that he would shoot the first man who stirred to molest him. Then walking backward, holding the rifle menacingly toward the body of men, moved away until he had attained, as he regarded, a sufficient distance from his enemies, when he turned and fled into the woods.

Several weeks before the British army evacuated Philadelphia, Fitzpatrick and Dougherty, in one of their expeditions from that city, repaired to the house of Joseph Luckey and Peter Bergandine, where they committed acts of the most flagrant lawlessness. The whole neighborhood was aroused by the outrages, and Colonel Andrew Boyd, the then lieutenant of the county, wrote to the Executive Council of Pennsylvania that he had caused diligent search to be made for the culprits, but unsuccessfully, as the Loyalists of Newlin and adjoining townships aided and secreted the malefactors. Council thereupon declared the two men outlaws, and offered a reward of a thousand dollars for their arrest, or a like sum for that of Fitzpatrick alone. The Whigs of Chester county thereupon made cause against the men, and repeatedly large bands assembled to capture the outlaws, and numerous plans were resorted to to effect that object. Nevertheless the best laid schemes looking to that end miscarried, the proscribed men eluded every ambushment, and by fresh outrages, in other sections of the county, added to the consternation which their deeds had created among the patriots. It is related, that on one occasion, a meeting of the Whigs was called at a tavern on the West Chester road to devise plans for the capture of Fitzpatrick and companion. With amazing effrontery Fitzpatrick presented

himself in disguise at the assembly. A militia captain present rendered himself peculiarly conspicuous by his repeated declarations that he wanted to see Fitzpatrick, whom he did not know, and volunteered to capture him and bring him to justice. The outlaw, who had heard these boasts, unperceived took a candlestick from the mantleshelf, secreted it in his pocket, and then approaching the noisy captain, told him if he would withdraw with him into another room he would inform him how, when and where he could see the brigand and have an opportunity to capture him. The latter consented to go with him. Fitzpatrick, after they had entered the room designated, shut and locked the door, then leveled the candlestick at the Captain's head, saying as he did so:

"Young man, you want to see Captain Fitz. I am that person. I'll trouble you for your watch and what money you may have about you."

The entrapped hero hastily complied with the request, whereupon Fitzpatrick tied his hands behind him with his own handkerchief.

"Now, sir," he said, as he unlocked the door, "you may go back to your friends and tell them that you wanted to see Captain Fitz and you have seen him."

An old resident of Springfield township, Delaware county, who died a quarter of a century ago, at an advanced age, related the following incident which happened to him when a lad of eighteen: One morning, the old gentleman said, in the early spring of 1778, a blacksmith's apprentice who had just arrived at the shop, which was located on the West Chester road, near the Fox Chase tavern, in Newtown township, was employed in starting the fire, preparatory to the appearance of the master smith and the journeyman. While thus engaged, a fine looking, athletic young man, with sandy hair and ruddy complexion, mounted on a horse that, to a practiced eye, gave indications of strength, speed and endurance, drew rein at the door of the forge and said:

"Young man, my horse has cast a shoe. Do you think you can put one on?"

"I think I can."

"Well, I'll let you try," said the stranger, dismounting and hitching his horse.

The apprentice was much pleased at this opportunity to exhibit his skill, and taking hold of the horse's foot, began to trim and prepare the hoof.

"Young man," said the stranger, "just give me one of those aprons, and if you'll blow the bellows, I'll try my hand at the job just to see what sort of a blacksmith I'd make."

"It's a dangerous thing to drive a nail into a horse's foot, and you may lame him so that he will be ruined."

"I'll take the chances." was the reply of the stranger, as he tied the apron on. "If I lame him I'll be responsible for damages."

He at once began his work, and the apprentice soon saw that the man was thoroughly master of the art. After the horse had been shod the lad said:

"You are wellarmed, sir, I see. Are you in the army?"

"It's dangerous traveling these roads alone, is it not? They tell me there is a Captain Fitz or Fitch who frequents this neighborhood, and the people are much afraid of him, I've heard."

"Many people are afraid of Fitzpatrick," was the youth's reply.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No sir, but I've often heard him described."

"Do I answer the description you have had of Fitzpatrick?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know that you do," was the cautious reply.

The man mounted his horse, and throwing a coin to the apprentice said: "Pay your master for the shoe, and keep the rest for yourself. So, my young man, you have never seen Fitzpatrick, and I don't know whether I answer the description you've heard of him. I'm going now, and I might just as well say to you that Fitzpatrick happens to be my name." And the stranger rode rapidly away.

After Fitzpatrick was taken and was in irons, at Chester, the apprentice, who chanced to be in the county seat, pressed into the crowd to see the noted prisoner, when the latter recognized him, and manacled as he was, stretched out his hand and gave that of the lad a hearty shake, saying: "How are you brother, chap?"

The prominence given to Fitzpatrick by the Executive Committee in proscribing him and offering a large reward for his capture was accepted by the latter as a flattering recognition of his abilities, and the alarm with which his deeds were regarded by the Whigs. He was repeatedly shot at by concealed marksmen, but always escaped unscathed until the notion became prevalent that his was a charmed life; shrewdness in avoiding snares to entrap him, his ability, courage and

readiness in alluding pursuit, together with his apparent recklessness in thrusting himself almost within the clutches of his enemies, merely to disappoint them afresh, served to deepen the general impression heretofore mentioned. A short time after a price was set upon his life, to manifest his contempt of the proclamation and his mean opinion of the bravery of his foemen, in broad daylight, armed only with a pair of pistols and a dagger, he entered the hamlet of Kennett Square, deliberately walked through its streets, the people whom he met making way for him to pass, and repaired to the "Unicorn," the ancient and most noted hostelry in the village, destroyed by fire in January, 1875.

He unhesitatingly entered the bar-room in which a crowd of two-score men were assembled, talking of the outlaw, for he was a constant topic of conversation, and making copious drafts upon the good cheer of mine host, the jolly, jovial Major John Bell, until they had become boisterously intoxicated. In that condition many of the men—as seems to have been customary on these occasions—expressed the desire to meet Fitzpatrick, whose personal peculiarities were well known to every one present. The reckless man, apparently as if an accustomed frequenter of the inn, called for a glass of liquor, drank it, and quietly walked away, without the least molestation, by word or sign from any one. The insolent intrepidity of the act so utterly astonished the crowd that they did not recover from their amazement until Fitzpatrick was out of range of their firearms.

His robberies were bold and to the sheer effrontery of many of his deeds was he indebted for his immunity from arrest. On one occasion when a number of men were harvesting in a field on the farm of James Shields, Fitzpatrick and Dougherty presented themselves, and the former informed Mr. Shields that he had called at his house and borrowed his watch, his silver shoe buckles and his shoes. Shields said promptly:

"You must return them."

"That will depend altogether upon your behavior towards us," was the reply of the outlaw, with a laugh.

Archibald Hambleton, a young man who was reaping in the field at the time, was taken into custody by Fitzpatrick and his companion, who compelled him to go with them to his

parents' home. There the outlaws appropriated to their own use a rifle, powder horn and shot pouch, and Fitzpatrick forced Hambleton to swear on a Bible that he would not follow, betray, disturb or molest any of his (Hambleton's) neighbors, many of whom were Tories, in retaliation for the theft. He also told Hambleton if he violated his oath in any respect, he and Dougherty would return there and burn not only his parents' house, but the houses of every rebel in the neighborhood.

Despite his many crimes there was a rough chivalry in the character of the man which exhibited itself in his marked gallantry towards women, in his open, generous disposition to aid them when ill fortune bore heavily; indeed he was never known to rob a poor man or ill-treat a female. Many are the instances related when he bestowed upon the destitute that which he had taken from those in good circumstances; and the weak or defenceless never suffered at his hand.

The short but eventful career of the outlaw was rapidly drawn to an end. On Saturday afternoon, the twenty-second day of August, 1778, shortly after five o'clock, Fitzpatrick went to the house of William McAfee, a well-to-do farmer, who resided in Edgemont township, in the present county of Delaware, near Castle Rock, a cluster of peculiar rocks, boulder upon boulder in picturesque confusion, a place often visited by tourists, as a natural curiosity, not far from Crum Creek, where that stream is crossed by the West Chester road, and about ten miles from old Chester, on the Delaware. The house stood on a plantation known as the Castle Rock Farm, now owned by Mr. William Taylor, whose present dwelling stands on the site where McAfee's house was then located. It seems that Fitzpatrick had visited the family, who were ardent Whigs, on a former occasion and had taken from them some articles of value. On the afternoon above mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. McAfee and their son, Robert, a captain of a military company, were at tea, when the latter glancing out of the door, saw a man armed with a rifle, a pair of pistols in his belt and a sword at his side, approaching on horseback. As he came from the direction of the American camp, the captain supposed the horseman was a soldier in the Continental service. The latter rode to the door, dismounted and asked whether William McAfee lived there. An affirmative response was made to

this interrogatory, whereupon the stranger entered the room and inquired:

"Are you Captain Robert McAfee?"

"I am Robert McAfee," was the rejoinder of the son.

"And I am Captain Fitzpatrick."

"If that be so," quietly said the young man, "sit down and take a cup of tea with us, you are welcome to it."

But, Fitzpatrick, who seemed to have entertained personal enmity against the McAfees, rudely refusing the invitation, declaring, with an oath that he would neither eat or drink, nor would he leave the house until he had stripped the inmates of all the money they had; that he was levying a contribution from the rebels and that he had fixed upon one hundred and fifty pounds as the sum to be paid by the McAfee's. Thereupon presenting his pistol at Captain McAfee, he ordered the members of the family to deliver to him all articles of jewelry and money they had upon their persons. A pair of well made low shoes, or pumps, with silver buckles, worn by the son, particularly pleased Fitzpatrick's fancy, and kicking off those he wore, he immediately appropriated those articles to his own use. The shoes, however, were rather small for the outlaw, and when he put them on, his heels pressed the counters down. During a moment when Fitzpatrick's attention was drawn elsewhere, Captain McAfee threw the keys of his chest, together with some Continental bills he had in his pockets, behind the door. His mother obtaining possession of the keys, went up stairs and unlocked the chest, in which a large sum of money was, secreted it under a quantity of wheat which was stored in the garret. Fitzpatrick, as soon as he became aware that Mrs. McAfee had left the room, threatened to kill her son if he did not immediately cause her to descend. In response to the call the mother promptly appeared, accompanied by Rachel Walker, the hired woman, Fitzpatrick having ransacked every place in the lower rooms where he supposed money or plate could be secreted, ordered all the inmates of the dwelling to ascend to the upper apartments. In the passage the outlaw observed Captain McAfee's rifle, which he discharged and threw out of the door, remarking that it could be there until it was wanted. As they were about the stairs, Wm. McAfee endeavored to dissuade Fitzpatrick from ascending, promising him immunity.

from punishment for what he had already done to them, but the latter, believing that there was a large sum of money in the house, adhered to his purpose, and drawing his sword, placed the point of it at the breast of the old man, threatening to run him through if he did not immediately proceed.

When in the upper rooms, Fitzpatrick commanded Captain McAfee to unlock his chest and produce the one hundred and fifty pounds already demanded. The latter, in a tone of well-assumed astonishment, exclaimed:

"How can you expect that so young a man as I am would have so large a sum of money in my possession?"

However, he promptly opened the chest, the keys of which his mother had returned to him, and told Fitzpatrick to search it. The outlaw complied with this invitation, but not finding the money, which, it is supposed, he had learned was in the possession of Robert McAfee, his disappointment was great, and turning to the Captain said that in lieu of the money he would compel him, as he was his prisoner, to take part in his next campaign, and to that end he must provide himself with a horse and clothing, for it would be a long and severe expedition. The threat was not to be misunderstood, and Captain McAfee was convinced that his only hope for liberty, possibly life itself, was in the capture of the outlaw.

Fitzpatrick ordered Captain McAfee, his father and mother, in the order given, to stand in a row on his right hand, while Rachel Walker stood a short distance from and in front of him. The pumps which the outlaw had appropriated to his own use, being down at the heels, seemed to have annoyed him. He laid his arms, except a pistol which he kept in his hand on the bed, and placing one of his feet on the side of the bedstead, he strove to force, with both hands, the shoe on his foot. Captain McAfee, who was a large and muscular man, saw that the opportunity to put his resolution into effect was now presented, and springing suddenly he seized Fitzpatrick from behind, in such a way as to prevent the latter the full use of his arms, and then after some struggling, managed to throw him to the floor. The outlaw strove desperately to free his hand in which he still clutched the pistol. Rachel Walker, thereupon, caught the weapon, and, although in the scuffle her hand was badly hurt by the lock, she stoutly maintained her hold until she wrested the fire-

arm from his grasp. As the men were still struggling, Rachel threw a double woolen coverlid over the head and face of Fitzpatrick, holding it in that position, which partially smothered him, and gave McAfee complete mastery over the prostrated man.

David Cunningham, a hired man on the farm, who had entered the house, hearing the noise of the scuffling, came up stairs. He was immediately ordered by Captain McAfee to get a rope and secure Fitzpatrick. While Mrs. McAfee was striving to bind his feet he kicked her so violently in the side that she fell against the partition at the other end of the room. After the unhappy man was firmly bound, he begged earnestly of his captor that he would blow out his brains and make an end of his misery. Captain McAfee told him that he would deliver him to the proper authorities, and to that end he sent David Cunningham to inform the nearest Whig neighbors of the capture, with a request that they would aid in guarding the prisoner from any attempted rescue. This being done Cunningham was instructed to proceed to the American camp and ask that a guard be sent to take Fitzpatrick to a place of safety.

Rachel Walker, after the capture had been made, armed with the pistol she had wrested from the outlaw, stood sentinel at the door of the apartment, but when David Cunningham rode away on his errand, she remembered that Dougherty and other companions of the outlaw might be lurking in the neighborhood, and she immediately started to bring Miss Jane McAfee home from the house of a friend near by, before night came on. As the two women were returning they met a young man and woman walking together. The news the former had was too momentous to be kept, and they therefore imparted to the latter the fact that Fitzpatrick had been taken and was then a prisoner at McAfee's. This information aroused the latter's curiosity, and together the four repaired to the house. When they came into the room the young woman seated herself on the bed on which Fitzpatrick was lying, and apparently deeply moved with pity at the sight of the handsome man pinioned, her womanly sympathies exhibited themselves in an effort to comfort him. She smoothed his hair with her hand, and when he complained of being chilly, she threw a covering over him.

The immediate neighbors of the

McAfee's were Loyalists, and the nearest Whigs were about two miles distant, hence it was about eight and nine o'clock before any assistance was had to prevent a rescue. Captain McAfee then, exhausted by the struggle and the excitement which he had been under, repaired to an adjoining apartment to rest himself. Some time after he had retired it was discovered that Fitzpatrick; whose body was covered by the quilt, had freed his arm from the rope, and it was suspected that the young woman had been mainly instrumental in loosing the bonds. He was speedily rebound, and the rope was drawn so tightly that he complained that it hurt him. No attention was paid by the men present to the remonstrance of the prisoner, and he appealed to Miss Jane McAfee, who called her brother. The latter declared that Fitzpatrick should not be ill-used, and although he must be bound, the ropes should not be drawn unnecessarily tight to cause him pain. About eleven o'clock one of the men who were guarding Fitzpatrick sat near the window, when he was immediately fired at, the ball lodging in the weather-boarding of the house beneath the sill. A number of the men present made search for the assailant, whom they believed to have been Dougherty, but failed to apprehend him. They merely found a sword which was recognized as one that Fitzpatrick had taken from a patriot officer. Two hours after midnight the guard dispatched from the American camp to escort Fitzpatrick to a place of safe detention arrived, and taking him in charge conveyed him to Old Chester, where he was lodged in jail early the following morning. Dougherty, after the capture of his superior, passed entirely out of public notice, and nothing is known of his subsequent career. He may have taken part in the series of annoyances to which Captain McAfee and family were subjected after the capture of Fitzpatrick. Two stacks of oats were burned, the spring house opened, all the milk pans therein ruined, and the manes and tails of their horses on their farm cut off, and other outrages perpetrated.

On the fifteenth of September, Fitzpatrick was tried and convicted of burglary and robbery, and sentenced to be hanged. The Executive Council of the State approved the sentence, and designated the twenty-sixth day of the same month as the time when the execution should take place. While confined in the old jail in Ches-

ter, after conviction, Fitzpatrick made an effort to escape. He filed his chains and would have succeeded in his attempt had it not been that iron bars imbedded in the masonry of the flue of the chimney prevented his egress in that way, and the noise made in striving to break them out aroused the keepers. He was, therefore removed by order of council to the then recently erected prison on Walnut street, Philadelphia, as a place of greater security. There he twice broke his handcuffs off in one night, but was prevented from effecting his escape by the vigilance of the guards. The day previous to his execution he was conveyed to Chester.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth day of September, 1778, at the intersection of Providence and Edgemont Avenues, in North Ward, Chester, James Fitzpatrick met his fate. Tradition has it that after the rope was adjusted about his neck and the cart drawn from beneath the gallows, he fell to the earth on his feet, and that by standing on his toes the strain on his neck was removed. This the hangman saw, and springing upon the shoulders of the doomed man, the increased weight forced the body down until James Fitzpatrick was actually strangled to death.

Notwithstanding the terror which the outlaw inspired, there is no evidence to show that he ever stained his hands with human blood in any of his numerous forages. There is, however, a traditionary story that within a hundred yards of the bridge which crosses the Allapocas creek, a tributary of the Brandywine, at Jessup's road, about a half-mile from the built-up portion of the city of Wilmington, Fitzpatrick once buried a large sum of gold and silver coin, which he had taken from a drover, whom he had waylaid and murdered on the King's highway, between the former city and Chester. The highwayman after the commission of the crime, took possession of the murdered man's horse and fled in the direction of the Brandywine. The deed had been perpetrated just before dusk, and when the murderer reached the Allapocas creek, night had settled down on the earth. Near by where he drew rein, was the barn of Colonel Elliott, and from its well-filled bins the robber stole oats with which he fed his horse, emptying the grain upon a large flat stone near the margin of the stream. It is related that subsequently the highwayman was captured and suffered the extreme penalty of his crime, that

previous to his execution he confessed that he had secreted his ill-gotten treasure beneath a flat rock, on the bank of the creek, and that the place could be easily determined, from the fact that the grain which the horse threw over the side of the stone, had taken root and sprouted. To this day the seekers after buried treasure, often make nocturnal visits to the spot which tradition has designated as the place where the blood-stained money was buried, and dig in hope of its recovery. Neither gold nor silver coin has yet rewarded the adventurous man who has dared to encounter the headless phantoms, who are said to keep watch and ward over the accursed hoard.

There is not, however, the slightest testimony to connect Fitzpatrick with the crime. The date at which the murder is said to have been committed is almost twelve years after Fitzpatrick had been executed, and he made no confession, unless the fact of pleading guilty on the charge of burglary and robbery, on his trial at Chester, can be designated. The outlaw of Chester county was no murdering footpad, but a courageous, although mistaken man, who, because he was subjected to a degrading punishment in the Continental army, renounced that service and in revenge for his supposed wrongs, in his ignorance he waged illegal warfare upon those whom had formerly been his companions. He lived and died a brave man, and, under other circumstances, had he properly employed his extraordinary energies and abilities, might have achieved as brilliant a record as any personage in that age of giant men.

The following account of the Doans (spelled by the writer Doanes) in Lancaster county, Pa., was the first of two papers published in two successive issues of a newspaper in Lancaster, probably on April 4th and 5th, 1873. I find it in a collection of notes in manuscript, filed letters and cuttings from newspapers relating to the Doan outlaws, gathered by me between the year 1880 and 1886. A filed letter explains that the cuttings were sent me from West Chester by Mr. Gilbert Cope, in 1885, and I learn from another letter that I. W., the author, was Mr. Isaac Walker, of The Gap, in Lancaster county, who wrote me on January 31, 1884, in answer to a request that he would continue his publication of memorabilia concerning the Doans:

"In regard to your request, I can only say that I am not in the way of writing much any more. Joseph, the father, and Mahlon, were imprisoned at Bedford, in September, 1783. Pa. Archives, x., pp. 110-111. A gang of twenty-eight desperadoes, (among the number were said to have been some of the Doanes,) broke jail in Washington county in the year 1784. Abraham and Levi were both hung in Philadelphia on the same day.

"The petitions of Aaron Doane for mercy can be found on pages 348 and 717, vol. x., Penn. Archives.

"Their names are to be found in the proclamation of the Presidents of the Executive Councils in vol. xiv., Col. Records.

"They had for a long time a rendezvous and hiding place at a spring on land which I now own, in Sadsbury township, Lancaster county, and the old stone house is still standing in which they secreted their plunder.

"When I was yet a small boy, I could see a number of their names distinctly, which had been carved high up in the smooth bark of the tall maples which stood on the banks of the spring, and which the hand of time had not obliterated in more than thirty years.

"It is a tradition that one of them was captured at a certain tavern in Lancaster, when a number of young men at a vendue were jumping on a wager, and at the height of the exercise a stranger stepped up and overleaped the best man in the crowd, which at once caused a suspicion that he must be a 'Doan,' and they had him arrested. He was tried and convicted."

HENRY C. MERCER.

JUNE 12, 1896.

## AMERICAN ROBIN HOODS.

THE DOAN BROTHERS AND THEIR DARING DEEDS.—INTERESTING EPISODES IN THE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF LANCASTER COUNTY.—REMARKABLE PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SANGUINARY BAND.—BECOMING BRITISH SPIES.

**A**S the names of the "Doanes" have been frequently mentioned in connection with the Revolutionary history of the eastern section of Lancaster county, a name so familiar to our oldest inhabitants, although they were not properly considered as among the worthy settlers, yet as they occupied a portion of the well-known "Penn Tract," in Sadsbury township, during the last years of the Revolutionary war, they should, no doubt, receive more than a passing notice, and perhaps it would not be out of place here to give a brief account of their family and their eventful careers. Among the many traditions of great physical prowess and dexterous ingenuity, incidental to our countrymen during the eventful period of the American Revolution, there is none, in our opinion, more conspicuous than the daring exploits, hazardous adventures and ingenious enterprises of that remarkable family of brothers. Soon after the middle of the last century, near Old Buckingham Meeting House, (that meeting house was "for a time" the headquarters and lodging place of General Washington's army,) and not far from the banks of the Delaware, in the township of Plumstead, in the county of Bucks, there dwelt a quiet and unobtrusive man, who, by his energy and persevering industry, rose to be a man of property and distinction. This man, Joseph Doane, was the father of seven sons and one daughter, and was known to be a kind father and a man of great paternal affection, yet, notwithstanding, his sons repaid his kindness only with ingratitude. His sons names were Moses, Aaron, Levi, Abraham, Eleazar, Joseph and Mahlon. As soon as they were able to handle the rifle they left the parental roof and plunged into the distant forests, much to the grief of their fond parent. (See "Annals of the Revolution," page 11.) While they were yet toys they roamed over the mountains to the valley of the Wyoming, then occupied by the Shawnee and Delaware Indians. They joined the Delaware tribe and fought in their wars as bravely and expertly

as the "sons of the forest." (See "Historical Tales of the Olden Time," page 43.) At the breaking out of the American Revolution they had arrived at manhood, and their many perilous adventures brought them into great renown as bold desperadoes.

They were severally fine-looking men, and expert horsemen, and not one of them under six feet in height, and so much resembled each other, that when they were arraigned for trial, it was found impossible for the witnesses to designate them one from the other, and in that way they often effected their escape from justice. They were far above ordinary robbers, being generous and humane to all moderate people.

They alleged that the Whigs had injured them and they sought revenge at the hazard of their lives, that they had been cheated out of their property by men who took advantage of their slight knowledge of the laws of their country, and, when too late to procure legal redress, they discovered the imposition that had been practised upon them, and in the Doanes' heart was implanted a deep hatred against the people among whom they formerly resided. They espoused the British cause and were employed by them as spies, and in the language of General Howe to a brother officer, "they were the most daring, and the most inveterate of all the refugees." Moses Doane met General Howe on Staten Island, who at once admitted him to a private interview with the British officers, and before the council had broken up it had decided to take the refugee's advice, who conducted the army to a neglected pass between the hills. A detachment followed under Lord Percy, and the British army advanced between the village of Brooklyn and the hills, and gained the open country undiscovered by the Americans, and by this stratagem, originating with Moses Doane, the Americans were completely hemmed in, and being overpowered by numbers, they were thrown into confusion, and met with great disaster.

It is a tradition which we find recorded in the "Annals of the Revolution," page 22, that upon a certain occasion one of the Doanes was riding between Philadelphia and Frakford and observed a British officer, a few rods in advance of his company, who was insulting an American female on the road, and fired with indignation, Tory as he was, he promptly drew a pistol and killed the aggressor on the spot. The report of the pistol speedily

brought up his company, but Doane dashing to the Delaware, where it was nearly a mile in width, boldly plunged into the river, while the bullets were flying over his head, and escaped to the Jersey shore.

While Moses, Aaron and Levi were with the British army, the rest of the gang kept in their old haunts.

In the Summer of 1778, Moses, Aaron and Mahlon repaired to the Valley of the Wyoming. They left Wyoming after arranging their plans with the Tories and went among the Indians and made arrangements which resulted in their surprising and capturing the forts, and rendering that beautiful and fertile valley one horrid scene of carnage, misery and ruin. The Doanes were the foremost in the work of slaughter, and nothing throughout the whole war, not excepting the massacre at the Paoli, so much exasperated the Americans against the British, as that they should have connived at this unparalleled work of treachery and murder.

About this time they found a suitable hiding place, and established their headquarters in an old stone building, which was said to have been erected by John Williams, about the year 1745, and which stands to the present day, on land of Joseph C. Walker, in Sadsbury township, Lancaster county, which afforded them for a time a secure retreat, being surrounded by vast bodies of densely set timber, and the roads through which were mostly as but winding paths through the "dark recesses of the forest." Here they deposited their plunder, and became a terror to the quiet people of the neighborhood, whom they robbed and plundered. Unfortunately for themselves some of our young men in the eastern townships joined their gang, and among the number were Jacob and Solomon Moore, the sons of Jeremiah and Mary Moore, of Sadsbury; Hugh McDill, of Salisbury; Amos Williams, who kept a store in Williamstown, then in Strasburg township, and for whom that place was named; David Watson and Thomas Brilla, Jr., of Sadsbury township, Chester county, and the well known and notorious Stephen Hall, of Sadsbury, Lancaster county, making their gang eighteen in number.

They continued their depredations in Sadsbury township until they became unbearable, and the people rose in arms against them, and they were finally routed, about the year 1787, by Captain Joseph Walker's militia, of

Sadsbury and Bart, and Captain John Slaymaker's, of Salisbury and Strasburg townships, who on one occasion surrounded the old house and demanded a surrender, but as it so happened, they had all made their escape, excepting one man, who had gone to the cellar for some whiskey, and who quickly reached the second story window and demanded a parley in order to make a surrender, but no sooner had he got the men in front of the house than he loaped from one of the back windows and made his escape in the thicket of woods; but the militiamen, however, helped themselves to a quantity of fire-arms and whiskey which had been concealed in the cellar. We find it recorded in history that Captain John Slaymaker, then of Strasburg township, turned out with his company of militia, from the neighborhood of Williamstown, one dark and stormy night, through rain, sleet and hail, in the expectation of capturing them; but they having been apprised by an accomplice, had made good their escape.

After they had been driven from "Old Bucks," and had found a hiding place in Lancaster county, they mostly traveled in disguise, sometimes clad as beggars, and at other times they wore the garb of the Orthodox Quakers, and visited the different towns for the purpose of obtaining plunder. Sometimes they perpetrated rubberies in the city of Philadelphia, Lancaster, York, Bedford, in Washington county, at Newark, N. J., and many other places.

While in Sadsbury township, their Summer resort and place of rendezvous was on the banks of a flowing spring, overhung by the branches of lofty trees, about one mile southward from the Gap, which was for many years was designated as the "Doane" spring.

When the writer of this article was a small boy, about the year 1811, his father took him down to this spring, which was on the eastern border of our place, and pointed out to us the names of the Doanes, which had been carved high up in the smooth bark of the tall maples that grew on the banks of that romantic spring, so that in after years we might tell that we had seen the names of the celebrated Doanes, which had been cut by their own hands on our place, and which the ruthless hand of time had not obliterated for more than a quarter of a century. No doubt they were alternately picketed in the top of one of those tall trees,

keeping a lookout for the militia. Near the close of the war, when they were no longer under the shadows of British protection, they became more desperate and ferocious than ever; they knew that every man's hand was against them, and, except in disguise, they dare not travel any more alone, and were always seen four or five together. They were declared outlaws, and dwelt in caves and old deserted houses in a manner that recalls to mind the days of "Robin Hood," and the wildest descriptions of novelty and adventure.

[A number of minor errors of fact will be found in the above narrative, but these will be readily recognized by those who have thus far carefully read the "Doan Outlaws." The article, however, is valuable and accurate as to the doings of the Doans in Lancaster county.—EDITOR DEMOCRAT.]

## AMERICAN ROBIN HOODS.

THE DOAN BROTHERS AND THEIR DARING DEEDS.—INTERESTING EPISODES IN THE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF LANCASTER COUNTY.—REMARKABLE PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SANGUINARY BAND.—BECOMING BRITISH SPIES.

THE greatest losses that our people sustained by the Doanes was in the loss of many of their most valuable horses, which were generally sold to Tories of North Carolina. At the close of the great struggle for American Independence the people of this section of Lancaster county were not overburdened with loose cash, but what little some of them had they were relieved of by the banditti. The Boyds of Salisbury, and the Reas of Sadsbury township, were said to have suffered the most. James Rea, Sr., the father of the late James Rea, Esq., had escaped with his specie, his wife and one child, from the Indian massacre at McConnellstown, and, having fled to Lancaster county for safety, he settled on land of Robert Baily, and was robbed by them of his all.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the day of retribution had come, and swift destruction awaited them. The once haughty family of the Doanes were now doomed to wander as outlaws and vagabonds on the earth, and their "punishment was greater than they could bear."

The government of the State took measures for the arrest of the desperadoes, and in the year 1783 a law was passed by the General Assembly of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to encourage the speedy apprehension and bringing to justice of divers robbers, burglars and felons," eighteen in number, who were designated by name, and in addition to a reward of £100 each, £150 was offered to any one who should be in any way wounded in arresting them, and if killed £300 should be allowed to his family.

It appears by the "Annals of the Revolution" that Moses Doane had been shot and killed near the mouth of Tohickon Creek, in Bucks county, but the particulars of his death are not given, but which particulars were related to us by the daughter of Thos. Kinsey, who lived in the same neighborhood during the war. She had seen the Doanes in her childhood, and could describe their personal appear-

ance well. She was our own mother-in-law, the late Mercy Brooke, her father having known their family for many years, and had shod their horses for them during the war.

She removed to Lancaster county, where she resided for the space of about sixty years, and has stated that Moses, who had been absent, while the American army occupied the eastern parts of Pennsylvania, secretly returned to visit a young woman with whom he had been on intimate terms before the war. The men of the neighborhood, however, being aware of the intimacy which existed between them, closely watched the premises, and being apprised of his coming by some young people who had been past the house late in the evening and had seen a stranger going to the place, the captain soon rallied a small company of the militia, who surrounded the house and obtained an entrance. They discovered that the young woman had taken up one of the boards in the kitchen floor and concealed her visitor underneath, and although he fired on the company and wounded one of his assailants, yet quickly his body was perforated with bullets, and, being taken out, the militia man, who was badly wounded in the back, had his comrades to hold him up while he had the satisfaction of putting another bullet through his dead body. And now the saddest part of the story remains to be told. After burning a hole through the ear of the young lady's father with a red hot iron, they flung the dead body of Moses across one of their horses, and taking it to the house of his aged and unoffending grandfather, and with the most horrid imprecations, called the old man out, who there beheld the lifeless body of his bleeding and mangled grandson.

Joseph Doane, Jr., proclaimed an outlaw, and was condemned to death in Bucks county about the same time that four of his accomplices were hanged in Philadelphia, viz.: James Burke, George Crowder, Richard Williams and Peter Brown, who were executed on the 16th of October, 1784.

The landed estates of their father, Joseph Doane, Sr., were confiscated on account of harboring his sons. He fled to Maryland, but as a large reward was offered for his apprehension, he was captured and sent to jail at Bedford, and from thence to Philadelphia, where he was condemned to suffer death as an attainted traitor.

Aaron Doane was proclaimed an outlaw, and was also apprehended in

Maryland and sent on by way of Bedford to Philadelphia, where he was condemned to death, but he petitioned the Supreme Executive Council for a pardon, and which petition is such a remarkable document that we give it entire:

COPY—PETITION OF AARON DOANE, 1784.  
*To His Excellency, John Dickenson, Esq., Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, and President of the Executive Council.*

The humble petition of Aaron Doane, a poor, unhappy man, now under sentence of death in the goal of Philadelphia, most humbly sheweth.

That your unfortunate petitioner, deeply impressed with a full sense of your merciful generosity for the extension of a few days' life, most humbly throw myself at thy mercy seat, praying thy compassion, humanity and mercy.

Innocent of the crime laid to his charge, outlawed and being absent from the State, which hindered his knowledge thereof, he is now condemned to suffer an ignominious death, unheard or even tried, to know if he was guilty of the crime or not.

Oh, thou Great Ruler, to whom the laws have given the power of being the dispenser of life and death, seal not my death, have mercy on an innocent man, shed not my blood unheard or untried. If by the outlawry I am to suffer, consider, thou great Governor, my innocence, my not been tried, not being heard, and the power vested in thee, to extend it to objects of mercy. Save then my life, oh gracious Judge! Let mercy and compassion preside in thy breast over rigorous law. Let thy government be crowned by lenity, moderation and mercy, not rigor or resentment. Pardon thy suppliant petitioner, extend thy mercy towards him, give thy distressed servant another sentence, banish to other territories thy unfortunate suppliant, but let not thy human hand seal my death, unheard or untried, but show thy mercy; and may the Almighty Dispenser of life and death take thee in His charge will be ever the prayer of the wretched unfortunate.

AARON DOANE.  
*New Goal, October 17, 1784.*

Aaron Doane was pardoned March 28, 1785, after sending to the Supreme Executive Council another very humble petition imploring for mercy, and after being confined in the Philadelphia jail, heavily loaded with irons, for the space of fifteen months. A person of the same name was reprieved under the gallows at Newark, N. J., July, 1788.

Abraham and Levi Doane were both hanged at Philadelphia on the 24th of September, 1788, one of whom was arrested in Lancaster under the following circumstances: There had been a vendue at a certain tavern in town, where the young men were trying their feats at jumping, and Doane being there in disguise, imprudently stepped out, and having far out-leaped any one on the ground, which circumstances caused a suspicion that he must be a Doane. He was at once arrested and sent to Philadelphia.

RESOLUTION OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY—DOANE,  
1787.—STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Tuesday, Sept. 28, 1788, P. M.

On motion of Mr. Fitzsimons, seconded by  
Mr. Peters,

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed  
to confer with Council in the case of Levi  
Doane and Abraham Doane, and to request a  
respite of their execution for six days.

*Ordered*, That Mr. Fitzsimons, Mr. Lewis  
and Mr. Rittenhouse be a committee for the  
purposes contained in the foregoing resolu-  
tion. J. SHALLUS, Clerk.

Extract from the minutes.

This resolution was negatived in  
the Executive Council the next morn-  
ing, and they were hanged.

Among all the young men of the  
neighborhood who joined the "Doane  
banditti" scarcely one was left to tell  
of their fate. William Cole and David  
Watson were hanged; Jacob and Solo-  
mon Moore, of Sadsbury township,  
with their aged father and mother,  
fled to "Canada West;" Mahlon  
Doane fled for life, but was captured  
in Maryland, brought back and con-  
demned to the gallows; Thos. Bulla,  
Jr., fled to South Carolina; Amos  
Williams to North Carolina, but as a  
reward of \$300 was offered for his ap-  
prehension, he was captured and tried  
for his life, some others were shot,  
some were branded in the hand and  
imprisoned, and in a very few years  
the grave had closed over them for-  
ever, and they experienced the truth  
of the Apostolic testimony that "the  
way of the transgressor is hard."

I. W.

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# The Doylestown Democrat.

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JULY 16, 1896.

"The Doan Outlaws."

The concluding portion of "The Doan Outlaws," which has been in preparation for some time, will be ready for publication next week. It will contain a number of very interesting chapters, and nearly all the matter contained therein will be new.

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**M**R. JOHN P. ROGERS, in his admirable history of The Doan Outlaws, states that after the death of Moses Doan and the capture of Joseph and Mahlon, "we have no information of the whereabouts of the other three"—Abraham, Levi and Aaron. Fortunately we have a record not only of where they went to from this county, but also of much of their doings, recorded in the somewhat quaint language of the times. These records appear not to have been accessible to Mr. Rogers, or he certainly would have incorporated them in his fascinating tale. They embrace by no means the least interesting, and certainly the wildest and most reckless, portion of their checkered careers.

The struggle for Independence, commencing in doubt but desperate determination at Lexington and terminating so gloriously with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, set a fitting arena for the operations of this reckless band of refugees. Only in the time of a long, bitter war, characterized by some of the most desperate and bloodiest battles the world ever saw, could such a band of outlaws have existed. A thinly settled country, portions of it wild and uncultivated, furnished them natural fastnesses where they were secure from any superior force that might have pursued them. Their acts, committed when the Colonists had larger interests at stake, escaped the attention they otherwise would have received during the period the war was in progress.

But when the War for Independence ceased the Doans, schooled by many years of lawlessness, did not cease their war upon society. They had passed beyond the point where they could have stopped and their doings have passed into the history and traditions of the war. While in Bucks county, they were among neighbors and acquaintances, and much of their deviltry was due to an innate trait of human nature to pay off old scores. Had they vanished from public view with the British army, the last few years of their lives would have been less tragic, but also less picturesque.

After the murder of their leader, Moses Doan, in a cabin on the Tohickon, the terrible warning which this should have been of the state of

the public mind respecting them was lost upon them. The fate of their brave and conservative leader seemed to incite them to new depredations. The people of the county made it so warm for them here in the next few months that they were forced to flee the county. Organized bands of citizens hunted them from haunt to haunt, and even squads of soldiers returned from the war were pressed into service to call them down. But they would not be called down. The wild frontier sections of Pennsylvania, where inhabitants were few and law executed with laxity, offered them the security they wanted and thither they went. For the next year or two they made Bedford, Fayette and Washington counties their headquarters.

But the band, though probably as large as that which operated in Bucks, was quite different in personnel when it reached the counties in the southwestern corner of the State. The leader, Moses, was dead, and Abraham had taken his place; some of the Doans were in prison, as we shall show later on, while the new members of the gang were desperate characters, though congenial spirits, picked up here and there. It is, of course, impossible to give their names or the number in the band at this time.

It was not long before the robberies created consternation there by their boldness as they did in Bucks. As here, they frequently attacked the tax collectors. This set the machinery of the law in motion, and it was not long before one of the gang, in all likelihood their leader, Abraham Doan, was captured in Washington county and lodged in jail. The rest of the gang, however, made a successful attempt to rescue him from jail, and they then continued their reckless conduct. They completely terrorized the people, who, paralyzed with fear, seemed helpless to defend themselves.

The county authorities then called the attention of the State authorities to the condition of affairs there, and early in the summer of 1784, Secretary Armstrong received a letter from them, of which the following is an extract:

UNIONTOWN, 29th May, 1784.

*Sir:*

\* \* \* \* \*

On the other hand, the banditti from Bucks county, or some others equally bad, or, more probably both, have established themselves in some part of this country not certainly known, but thought to be in the de-

serted part of Washington county, whence they make frequent incursions into the settlements under cover of the night, terrify the inhabitants, sometimes beat them unmercifully, and always rob them of such of their property as they think proper, and then retire to their lurking places. What seems to confirm the belief of its being the Doanes or their companions, is drawn from the circumstances attending the detection and confinement of one of the gang in Washington county some time ago. After this wretch had been rescued from the Sheriff's guard there, he, with other of his companions came to the house of the person who was the principal in taking him, robbed him of his horse and other property, and cautioned him against meddling with any of them hereafter; and this also, added to the frequency of their robberies in the county, favours the belief of their residence there. This county, however, and even this town has suffered by them, though they came in the character of thieves, and not of robbers here. And yet nothing has been attempted hitherto to punish or bring them to justice; partly perhaps because there are not yet a sufficient number provoked by their losses, but principally from the improbability of succeeding in the attempt. For, though they cannot be pointed out with certainty or prosecuted with success, there must be too many in this country who give them support and assistance, and who would readily notify them of any preparation making against them; and from the representation of their number, which is said to have been twenty-eight at the forcing of the goal in Washington, nothing can be undertaken against them without such preparation as must make it very generally known. To these reasons, perhaps a third may be safely added which will have its weight with many, especially those who consider themselves most exposed—the fear of drawing upon themselves and their families the resentment of these justly dreaded ruffians.

With great respect, I am, Sir,  
Your very humble and  
Obedient servant,  
EPHRAIM DOUGLASS.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, Junior, Esquire,  
Secretary.

It will be seen by this letter that the Doans were having pretty free swing in the counties of Fayette, Washington and Bedford. Their acts had lost none of their cunning and despera-

tion with the change of base. The robbery of Philip Jenkins, tax collector of Springhill township, Westmoreland county, created widespread consternation, and it was this outrage that probably led to the breaking up of the gang some time later. Joseph McGarraugh and Alexander Barr, Commissioners of Westmoreland county, transmitted by messenger on August 5, 1784, certain depositions, which contain accounts of this and other robberies. The depositions are given just as they were taken down.

No. 1.—**DEPOSITION OF JAMES BELL,** }  
1784, Fayette County, ss. }

The examination of James Bell, of George Township, and County aforesaid, taken on oath before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for sd County the 5th Day of June, 1784, who saith that the night between the 2d and 3d days of this Inst. he being in the Dwelling House of Philip Jenkins, Collector of the Township of Springhill, in sd County, and about nine o'clock of the same night Came in three men with pistols cocked in their hands who Did violently assault and beat him the sd Jenkins, and Demanded his Dublicate and money with their cocked pistols at his Breast, and he got up and went to the Room where his Dublicate was while one stayed and kept said Deponent on his seat, but he understood they Robb'd sd Jenkins of his Dublicate, warrant and money, and threatening if Ever he had any Concern with the Business they would burn him and all he had, or if any other person had any Concern with it they would do so to them. One of them was a Tall man with a Hunting shirt on, another was of a middle size, had on a Hunting shirt and trowsers, the other was a less sized man with a Hunting shirt and Trowsers on, and all their faces were streaked with black.

JAMES BELL  
Taken, made and signed the Day and  
year above written before me.

ROBERT RICHEY.

No. 2.—**DEPOSITION OF PHILIP JENKINS,** }  
1784, Fayette County, ss. }

The examination of Philip Jenkins, Collector of Springhill Township, County aforesaid, taken upon Oath before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for sd County the seventh Day of June, A. D. 1784, who saith that:

In the Night Between the 2d and 3d Day of the Instant Between 9 and 10 o'clock of the same, there suddenly

Rush'd in at the Door of my Dwelling house three men, each one having in one hand a Pistol, in the other a Club, and as quick as they step'd on the floor, Each one Cock'd his pistol (and all the family together was sitting before them and also some others that had come to accompany us sitting up with a sick Child then in the Cradle,) then they said:

"Every one sit still; the first that moves is a dead person."

Then turning their faces right to me said:

"Where is the man of the house?"

With that they step'd towards me and said:

"Here is the rascal; and deliver up your duplicate and papers."

With that they gave me a stroke on the head, and I said:

"Pray, give me time," and got up to go to the room to get the papers. Two of them followed me and I gave them the duplicate and warrant.

"Now," said they, "deliver your cash."

Then said I:

"My cash or what I have collected is so trifling it is not worth your while to rob me."

"You d—— rascal," said they, "don't stand to prate."

And with that did most violently beat me with their clubs on my head. Then I pulled out what I had in my pocket and said:

"Don't abuse me in such a manner. There is the money."

They then said, "Give us more."

I said I had none. With that they held their cocked pistols to my breast and swore, saying they would blow me thro', while the pistols were at my breast. I said:

"Gentlemen, do not, I beg of you, take all my money, for if you want to stop tax lifting your having the papers is sufficient, and do not be so cruel."

Then they grew furious and again beat me and said:

"Give us your pistol."

I said I owned none, upon which one of them said to the other:

"I seen him have one." Then I said:

"It was none of mine, and that it was Colonel Gaddis';" upon which they said Gaddis was a clever fellow, he delivered up like a man; but I was a d—— rascal. I denied that I had and they made me show them the pistol. Then they swore they would search all the house but they would have all the money, and accordingly one of them set about it with a candle in one hand and his pistol and

club under his arm, while the other two men kept guard, and when this searcher for the tax found the money it made him merry.

"See here," said he, taking up a handful of crowns, "what a heap, and the d— rascal denied it."

Thus he went on and searched every place in the house 'till he found all the money, both public and private, that was in the house, and then all three stood before me and demanded if ever I would have any more to do with tax gathering. I said I did not think I should.

"You — —," says they, "if you do go collecting any more and distressing for the tax, you will be a dead man, and we will burn all you have, — — you." Says they, "We have great mind to smash you to the Earth," and lift up their clubs, but only one beat me, and he not on my head but on my side, saying:

"The first man that is concerned with tax gathering is or shall be a dead man."

They also robbed me of a pocket bottle, my razor and some soap.

One of them was a man about six foot or more, large eyes, inclining to clear, large nose and mouth and remarkable long neck, having on a hunting shirt, yellowish under jacket, having his middle tied with a spotted handkerchief, red and white woolen overalls; and the other was a middle-sized man, with trowsers and hunting shirt; they all had their faces streaked with black. Two of them could speak Dutch; one had the Dutch dialect on his tongue, but I knew them not, nor had no suspicion who they were by their voice or features. The sum of money that was public property that I was robbed of was twenty-one pounds, fifteen shilling and seven pence, my money was about forty shillings.

PHILIP JENKINS.

The above wrote by the deponent and swore to before me,

JOSEPH McGARRAUGH.

**T**HE letter from the Commissioners of Westmoreland county to President Dickinson, of the Supreme Executive Council, was promptly laid by that gentleman before the Council. The depositions accompanying the letter apprised them of the deplorable situation of affairs in that and adjoining counties. They decided to act without delay. The minutes of the Council speak of the depredations of the gang and the encouragement given them by their sympathizers as a "conspiracy to prevent the levying taxes in the county of Fayette, and the robbery upon collectors." The Commissioners' letter was considered on June 29, 1784, by the Council, and after a discussion of the matter, it was ordered that a proclamation be issued in the following words:

*Pennsylvania, ss.*

*By the President and the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, By the depositions taken according to law, it appears that several evil disposed persons have conspired to prevent the levying of taxes in the county of Fayette, and that in pursuance thereof, the collectors of the townships of Manallin and Springfield, in said county, were robbed of the duplicates then in their possession:

And Whereas, It is of great importance to the good people of this Commonwealth that such heinous offenders should be brought to condign punishment; we have thought fit to offer, and do hereby offer a public reward of fifty pounds for each and every of the said conspirators and robbers, or any of them, to any person or persons who shall apprehend and secure them, or any of them, to be paid on conviction for the same. And all Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, and Constables, are hereby strictly enjoined and required to make diligent search and inquiry after, and to use their utmost endeavors to apprehend and secure the said offenders, so that they may be dealt with according to law.

Given in Council under the hand of his Excellency, John Dickinson, Esquire, President, and the seal of the State, at Philadelphia, this twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

JOHN DICKINSON,

Attest:—JOHN ARMSTRONG, Jun'r, Secretary.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

Subsequent to the adoption of the above proclamation, Ephraim Douglass, of Uniontown, addressed a letter to President Dickinson, in which it appears that the proclamation must have been quite effective, for he says that some of the band had been captured. It will be noticed that he refers to the robbery of another collector and the difficulty in collecting taxes, owing to the prevailing feeling on that subject. Mr. Douglass' letter follows:

UNIONTOWN, 11th July, 1784.

Sir:—In obedience to the commands of your honorable Board of the 5th of June last I take this first opportunity of informing Council that there has yet been no Sheriff for the County of Fayette separate from that of Westmoreland, the Sheriff of that County continuing to do the duty of that office in this as before the division, and no bond has been taken for his performance of it in this county district from the other.

Taking it for certain Council have been informed of the capture of some of the robbers who have lately pursued the same practices here for which they fled hither, I will not trouble them with the particulars of that transaction. Everything in our power has been done to discover their connections in this quarter, without any certainty of having succeeded; several have been apprehended on suspicion, and three from a greater concurrence of circumstances, have by the advice of the Attorney for the State, been recognized to the next Court of Oyer and Terminer for the County. The others have been released without security.

I can make no other communications of importance enough to merit the attention of Council, unless what relates to the Taxes of this county, some small sums have been collected in some of the townships—one of the collectors has been robbed of what he had gathered by the same banditti, it is thought, who committed the other robberies in this county—some attempts have been made to raise the money by the sale of goods taken by the collectors for the taxes, but no one would bid for them. Thus the laws are eluded without being openly opposed. With the utmost respect for every member of your honorable body, I have the honor to be

Your Excellency's most humble

and devoted servant,  
EPHRAIM DOUGLASS.

Directed, His Excellency, JOHN DICK-  
INSON, Esquire President.

This is about all the information available upon the operations of the Doans in Fayette, Westmoreland and Washington counties, excepting that relating to their capture. In the next chapter it is proposed to go back to the robbery of the treasury of Bucks county, the first great crime that attracted attention to the Doans, and detail the circumstances relating to the arrest of members of the gang for that offense and follow this up with what record evidence there is of the court trials and final disposing of the desperadoes. This will comprise some valuable and very interesting matter, as there were many nice points of law involved in some of the cases, and, besides, strong efforts were made by the friends of the prisoners to save them from the gallows.

**W**HEN the news of the robbery of the Treasury at Newtown reached the people of the county, the indignation against the band of refugees, lead by the Doans, was deep-seated, and measures of a vigorous character were taken to apprehend them. Among those arrested for the crime was Jesse Vickars. While under the sentence of death in the Newtown jail, Vickars made the following confession to the authorities:

No. 2.—**CONFESSON OF JESSE VICKARS.**  
People concerned in Robbing the Treasury of Newtown.

Ned Connard & his Brother, (name not known,) a Blacksmith, in Maryland.

Caleb Paul & John Paul, sons of James Paul, near Graham Park, Warminster Township.

Caleb is now in Monmouth County Goal. Told so by Joseph Tombleson. While the jury was out on his Tryal under a fictitious name, further told him that before he was put into said Goal, the said Paul was apprehended in Jersey as a suspicious Person, upon searching found about 60 or 70 Dollars with him, but had address sufficient to knock down the Gard & make his escape, with the loss of his Horse & Saddle.

John Tombleson harbored them & supplied them with Victuals at this time, as well as for a year or two before, & received a 140 hard dollars, & a quantity of State money for his share; as mentioned in his former Confession that he had frequently saw Refugees at his House, that he believes him to be one of the principal persons in forming the plan of Robbing the Treasury, that he frequently waited on John Atkinson in Newtown for information; concerning the sums of money in the Treasury, & suitable time for attacking it; that a few days before said Robbery he was at John Tomblesons & went with John to his barn that he there saw Six or Seven Guns & Moses & Aaron Dones cleaning the said guns & making Catridges & Bullets.

After they had finished making their Catrides, &c., they came in to the House and got their Dinners & he dined with them, that at this time John Tombleson & the two Dones pressed him to go with them to Rob the Treasury, which, he refused, being fearful, and told them it was dan-

gerous, that there was a Gard over the Treasury. Tombleson replied that he had a man in town that acquainted him with everything that passed in Newtown. Tombleson brought a gun-lock to Atkinson to mend two days before the Treasury was Robbed, that he frequently saw Refugees that was concerned in the Robbery as well as others harberd in at his House, and likewise British Prisoners concealed there, & further says that he had reason to believe Joseph Tombleson, son of John Tombleson knew of the Robbery of the Treasury altho he never spoke with him upon the subject, nor does he think drew any share, he heard some of the Company say he did not—that he don't know that Marget Tombleson, wife of John Tombleson, was acquainted with their intention, but from circumstances thinks it impossible but she must.

Ames White, of Buckingham—frequently harberd numbers of Refugees, and the Sunday before the Robbery of the Treasury, delivered flints to Mahlon Done which he had purchased in Philadelphia for him, which flints were used on that expedition, and further saith, that he don't know of his certain knowledge, that he received a share, or was acquainted with their Plot before the Robbery but is convinced from circumstances that hapened since that he was acquainted with it, that since the Robbery, about the first of June last White concealed a Quantity of Goods for Moses Done.

Moses Winder was acquainted with their intention of Robbing the Treasury, that he had conversed with him about it, that Winder who was himself a collector ingaged to carry in his money and acquaint them when there was a sufficient quantity of money in the Treasury for them to make the attact; the first plan was to rob Winder when he should have his money Collected, but Winder altered his mind, and urged the other plan. Winder got 30 Dollars paid by Moses Done, altho' he querried with Done why Winder did not get more, as he thinks in the Distribution he was allowed almost a whole share; Winder was not with them at the Robbery; he went into Jersey, he further saith that since he was apprehended upon suspicion of that Robbery he broke Goal, & in Company with Aaron Done went to Winder's house. Winder told them he was sorry they had not come a little sooner, for that Cap. Stillwell, his neighbor had just received a large sum of money (near £200) to pay the militia, and he might easily be Robbed

of it, that he knew he had no arms in his House, for he had reconiter'd him for that purpose; Done & him was at Winder's House all Night; he knew Winder to have harber'd those Denes and their Companions ever since the British was in Phila' he says he heard Winder say he knew that Saml. Burns, a Refugee, did steal two Horses & carry them into Philada., he thinks the Horses belonged to a Mr. Kirbreight; Winder told him so.

Joseph Doan, Senr. of Plumstead.— He don't know that this man was acquainted with their intention before the Robbery, but is positive that he was acquainted with it after it was done, that he borrowed £25 of the money from his son Moses, he heard him advise his sons to leave the place, for that the Robbery of the Treasury had made a great disturbance, & that they would certainly be found out, they mentioned there was no danger—he knew him to have harber'd his sons & their Companions ever since the British were in Phila. Between two & three months ago he was at the house of Joseph Doan, Senr., where he saw Moses & Aaron Doan, and with them a man who they told him was from Chester County, his name he has forgot, he was a large stout well made fellow and remarkably active, Doan told him, that this fellow lately robbed a mail in Chester County under pretense of giving a letter to the post-rider seized the man & pull'd him off his Horse, Doan told him that this fellow, got a number of Guineas for Robbing the mail.

Joseph Tombleson, of Writstown, the 2d—was acquainted with the intention of Robbing the Treasury several Days before the Robbery, the Pauls told him so, & he has other reasons to believe so—that he received 40 hard Dollars for his share from Moses Doan—that he knew Doan to have been harber'd at his House frequently with many other Refugees & British Deserters, and to have concealed one British Deserter for three weeks, that was taken near the Cowpens, in Carolina, till Moses Doan came and pilited him to New York. About a year and a half ago Joseph Tombleson first recommended to Moses Doan & himself the Plan of Robbing Collectors, &c.

Solomon Vicars.—Was along at the Robbery of the Office, that he got his share of 140 hard Dollars, that he was Centinel at Mr. Hart's, the Treasurer's house, at the back part of it, he did not come in front lest Mr. Hart should know him, that he had been

several times with them at John Tomlinson's.

John Atkinson, of Newtown.—Was acquainted with the intention of Robbing the Treasury, that he informed John Tombleson that there was no Gard at the Treasury, and that there was a considerable sum of money then in the Treasury, that he repaired a Gun Lock for them for the expedition, that he received 20 hard Dollars for his share from Moses Doan, that he gave it to him some place where Atkinson was burning a Coal Kiln.

Robt Steel,  
George Burns,  
two Woodwards,  
of Jersey, near  
Crosswicks.

Were present at the  
Robbery of the  
Office.

Aaron Doan,  
Moses Doan,  
George Sinclair,

Were present at the  
Robbery of the  
Office.

Maylon Doan,  
Jeremiah Cooper,

Said Cooper piloted the Woodwards from Jersey.

All received full shares, 140 hard Dollars.

N. B.—Jesse Vicars says he frequently saw the Hessian Doct'r at John Tombleson's, and he appeared to be very intimate with Tombleson.

ROBBERIES OF COLLECTORS.—Jesse Vicars was at John Tombleson's, and John told him that he had bribed Capt. Ralph Williamson, who was a collector of militia fines, and that Tombleson and Capt. Williamson had agreed that when Williamson should collect about 80 pounds, John Tombleson was to send two Fellows to Rob him, & Williamson was to be absent at the Shoemaker's, that Colonel Hart came to Williamson's house the afternoon before he was to have been Robbed, that he hurried the money to the office, Williamson went to John Tombleson and told him that old Hart, the D—d Rascal, had come and carried the money to the office, but that he had near £30 more to collect, & he would collect it as soon as possible and acquaint him with it, and in some time after, Williamson did acquaint Tombleson that he had collected near £25—and Tombleson sent Moses Doan & some other person, who took the money from Williamson's wife. Williamson was at the Shoemaker's, and afterwards divided it between John Tombleson, Doan & his accomplice, & Williamson. Williamson got the largest share. Tombleson complained that he cheated them.

Moses Doan & George Sinclair.—  
Robbed Groover of Sundry Goods and

Money left in his possession by a Pedlar—Moses Doan himself told me so.

About three months ago Moses Doan told me that the Hessian Destr, Henry Myres, promised to furnish him with a case of Pistols, which Doan was going for that evening.

ROBBERY OF JOB BARTON, COLLECTOR OF BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP.—Robt. Steel, Aaron Doan, Jesse Vicars, ware the persons that committed this robbery. We started from John Tombleson's house, the plan was concerted there with the assistance of John Tombleson. We got near 40 pounds from Barton. Tombleson got his full share. John Tombleson first mentioned the affair to me, and persuaded me to go with them, told me that if I would go and shew the Road they would not ask me to do anything more, that I carried no Arms, but stood at a Distance in the Garden while the other two committed the Robbery.

ROBBERY OF JOHN KEITH, COLLECTOR, UPPER MAKEFIELD.—I was innocent of this Robbery, and was not at the House that night. Aaron Doan told me that it was him and & his Brother Moses that committed that Robbery, and that it was him, Aaron, that went through the House.

Joseph Tombleson (son of John Tombleson) and Moses Doan stole William Simpson's Gray Stallion, swam him across the Delaware, took him Down into the Pines, but were disappointed in getting him off.

Jesse Vicars Was present at the Robbery of the Treasury—John Tombleson first acquainted him with the intention of Robbing the Treasury of Newtown—Moses & Aaron Doan ware cleaning Gunns at the Barn when Tombleson took me to the Barn to them. The party stayed two or three Days about John Tombleson's House, & Barn & Woods near, before they went to Rob the Treasury. On Saturday before the Robbery I went to Newtown with John Tombleson, to get John Atkinson to mend a Gun Lock. Which he did. The Monday Night following we Rob'd the Treasury, Moses Doan rode thro' the Town to see if the coast was clear, call'd at John Atkinson's, but did not see John, came thro' the Town, surrounded Mr. Hart's (the Treasurer's) House—I stood Cintinel at the Gate, while Steel, Doans, Woodwards & Paul's went in & presented a Pistol to Mr. Hart's Breast & made him deliver up the money and Key of the Office—Woodward carried the Key of the

Office from Mr. Hart's House to the Office—that we went from Newtown to Writestown School House, where we divided the money, there was Sixteen or Seventeen full Shares, which was near 140 Dollars hard, and about as much State money a Share & several other shares from 20 to 40 Dollars, Given to Winder, Atkinson & Joseph Tombleson—we were supplied with Victuals by John Tombleson for two Days before the Robbery.

*Indorsed.*—1782, August 7th, Confession of Jesse Vickars, now under sentence of death at Newtown, Taken before James Tate & Daniel Forst.

**B**EFORE proceeding with an account of the efforts to capture the Doan refugees, it is desirable to give the complete confessions of the Vicker brothers. These confessions not only gave the authorities important clues, but they contain much valuable information concerning the Doans. Some of this Mr. Rogers has elaborated, but much of it is new and entirely escaped him. In the preceeding chapter is given the statement of Jesse Vickers. Next will be given further confessions by both brothers, following the spelling, punctuation and general style of the old records:

NO. 3—CONFESSON OF SOLOMON VICKERS.

I was with the party that Night the Treasury of Newtown was robbed, I was placed Centinal at Back of the House, Steel went into the House first, Woodwards and Paul follow'd, I followed the party from Mr. Hart's House to the Office, was placed Centinal by the corner of the Gaol over an inhabitant who we met; when we left Newtown we went to Writestown School House, where we divided the money. I was not in the House when the money was divided, I don't know how many shares there was, but believe there was 14 or 15. I got for my share between 130 & 140 hard Dollars & about Sixty State Dollars. I saw them divide the State money, they divided that by Bills without any respect to their sums and some in sheets, which was Divided same way. Maylon Doan & Jesse Vicars first acquainted me with the design of robbing the treasury some few Days before it was executed. I met with the party a Sunday morning in a piece of woods near John Tombleson's, who directed me where I should find them, & I found the following persons.

Moses & Aaron Doan, John & Caleb Paul, Ned. Connard, two men the name of Woodwards, from Jersey, first names I did not know, & we were not at liberty to ask each others names. In the afternoon Maylon Doan, Rob't Steel & Jeremiah Cooper came to us, there was several others there whose names I did not know.

Jesse Vicars was with us that Day—John Tombleson was frequently with us, and supplied us with Victuals, was with us the evening of the Robbery just before we set off, & was talking with John Paul something about Newtown, giving Directions, as

I thought, how to proceed, he was not with us at the Robbery, but he drew his full share of hard money at the School House at Writestown—after the Division we went which way we pleased. I never was concerned with any of the Company in anything of the like nature, (or anybody else) in my life before.

Farther saith, that about two Weeks ago he was in Company with George Sincleare & Aaron Doan at John Tombleson's, and they told him that they about a Week before had rob'd a post & took his mail, some place near the falls, & that they had sent the mail to New York with Caleb Paul—that there was at that time at John Tombleson's a man the name of Giddion Varnam, from Chester County, who told me that some time before he had taken a mail in Chester County under pretense of giving the man a letter for his excellency, Gen. Washington, seized him & dragged him from his Horse—he was a large, stout, well made man, and remarkably active. I found these people at Tombleson's & left them there.

I heard Aaron Doan & Robt. Steel say that they & Jesse Vicars committed the Robbery on Joab Barton, Collector of Buckingham.

I know nothing of Keith's Robbery, nor ever saw the Horse.

Moses Doan told me that himself & George Sincleare Robbed Groover of the Pedlar's money & Goods.

John Tombleson told me that Aaron Doan & John Paul ware the men that ware at the Widow Keith's, endeavoring to prevent her from appearing against Jesse Vicars.

I do acknowledge this Confession to have been made by me & to contain nothing but the truth, to the best of my knowledge

#### SOLOMON VICKERS.

Taken before us,

JAMES TATE,

DAVID FORST.

*Indorsed*—1782, August 7th, Confession of Solomon Vickars, now confined in the Gaol of Newtown.

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While Solomon Vickers, told "nothing but the truth" in the above confession, he did not tell the whole truth, and the authorities, learning that he knew considerable about the Doan robberies of tax collectors in Bucks County took another affidavit from him, as follows:

NO. 4—CONFESSON OF SOLOMON VICKERS,  
CONTINUED.

ROBBERY OF COLLECTORS.—JAMES SNOTGRASS.—Moses Doan, Abram Doan & Levi Doan, Soloman Vicars, left our homes in the evening that James Snotgrass, the Collector, was Rob'd, all of us arm'd. Met in the grate Road, near Joseph Doan's & proceeded from there Directly to James Snotgrass, for the purpose of taking the publick money, knowing him to be a Collector. After some inquiry went into the House; M. Doan demanded the publick money of his Daughter. She after some threats shew it to us. We got 8 or 10 Hard Dolls, & 80 State Dolls.' We left the house and every one went to his own home.

Abram Doan told me that John Ferrill must have a Dollar for telling us the proper time for committing the Robbery & Directing us the way to Snotgrass's House, and Abram Doan Deducted so much out of our share.

SMITH.—About the 28th of March, Abram Doan, Joseph Doan, & Levi Doan, & myself agreed to go to the Swamp to rob one Smith, a Collector. We met in a piece of Woods by the road, & then proceeded to Richardson's Tavern, in Quaker Town; we halted their, & Drank about two Dollars worth. Went from their to Smith's House, & Richardson's Brother went with us & Shew us the way. Was acquainted with our design by Joseph Doan. Near 12 o'clock, went to the fore door, all but me; broke at the fore door of the Kitchen. We got from him one French Crown, it being all the money we could find. After he had shown us his Receipt from the Treasurer, we left the House. We was informed by Richards, the Tavern Keeper in Quaker Town, that was a proper time to attack Smith, the Collector, as he had a Quantity of money then by him. I understood that Richards was to have had a share for his information, if we got anything considerable, but as we got but one French Crown, he got none. We dispersed when we got near home, & every one went to his own house.

WEAVER IN TINICUM.—Joseph Doan and myself went together from Doan's house to one Weaver's, a Collector of Taxes in Tinicum, and forced open the Door, & went into the House. I asked him for the money he had collected, & he got some out of a Chest & laid it on a Bed, which I took—about 10 or 13 Dollars hard, & about £6 State, & the same night returned home the same Night.

HOLE, A COLLECTOR IN TINICUM.—

Moses Doan, Aaron Doan, Abram Doan, & myself met by Israel Doan; proceeded 4 or 5 miles to a Mr. Hole, a Collector in Tinicum; opened the Door, went in—the family was not gone to Bed—and demanded his money. After searching the House found one Dollar, which we took, & returned home about 12 O'Clock at Night.

George Sinclear & Caleb Paul took Col. Hart's Horses, I was told so at John Tombleson's by some of the party.

Jesse Vicars says that Moses Doan told him at John Tombleson's Aaron Doan & George Sinclear, & Moses Doan took Mr. Shaw's Horse and Mr. Thomas' Horse, but don't know what they did with them.

HOLE'S 2D ROBBERY.—Abram Doan and Solomon Vicars committed this robbery.—We set off from Israel Doan's on Horse back in the evening. Was not gone to Bed—open'd the Door and went in. Doan demanded his money; said something about swearing against Cad. Morris. Ordered him to collect no more; got about 8 shillings from him. Took his Duplicates and a Pinchback Watch. Returned home that Night.

SACKER'S HORSE—I was at Joseph Doan's house, and asked for Moses Doan, & was told he was in the Woods. I went to him, & found him with a Black Roan Horse hitched near him; asked him where he got that Horse; he laugh'd, and made no answer. At length found him to be Mr. Sacket's Horse. By M. Doan's Confession he told me how he got him—that he caught him in a field.

I went to John Blaker's House; was informed he was in the field; I went to him there; I inquired of him if he thought my Brother would be hang'd, or if he thought there would be a possibility of Rescuing him.

#### SOLOMON VICKERS.

We the Subscribers do Certify that the above examination was taken & subscribed before us.

JOSEPH HART,  
TIMOTHY TAYLOR.

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Another confession was taken also from Jesse Vickers, who divulged some more interesting secrets of the gang in the following words:

#### NO. 5—A FARTHER EXAMINATION OF JESSE VICKERS.

Moses Doan told this examinant that he was not afraid to trust Jo. Mires, the Hessian Doct'r, with any secret, & that he the Doctor was to provide him with a Case of pistols—

that the said Doan was frequently at the said Doct's House; that he went there in the dead hours of the Night. Mr. Doan was a refugee, & dare not appear at any other time. & further says that the said Doan told this examin't that the Hessian Doctor informed him that a Mr. John Thompson, his Neighbour, had received a large sum of money for the purpose of purchasing provisions for the French Army; & that the said Doctor was to inform him, the said Doan, a proper time to Rob Mr. Thompson.

And farther saith, that he has frequently saw the Doctor at John Tombleson's, with whom he appeared to be very intimate—and had known him to come to Tombleson's house in the Night with Tombleson, and stay there all Night, his own wife being in the Naborhood & nobody sick at Tombleson's.

This examin't farther says sometime ago he was at the House of Eliezer Doan, who told this examin't that Moses Doan & George Sinclair had been at his House some time before, and went from his House to rob a Certain —— of money & goods, late property of a Pedlar, who died at his House, first making their intentions known to said Eliezar Doan, who told this examin't that the Dutchman had fooled Moses Doan & George Sinclair—for the money was in the House, & he would not give it to them. Eliezer Doan beg'd this examin't never to speak of this transaction.

JESSE VICKERS.

JOSEPH HART, TIMOTHY TAYLOR.

*Indorsed.—1782, Aug. 9. Further Confession of Solomon & Jesse Vickers.*

**I**N the confession of Solomon Vickers, that member of the Doan refugee band makes reference to the presence of "Giddion Varnam, from Chester county," at John Tombleson's house about two weeks before the confession was made, which is dated August 7, 1782. Vickers says that Varnum told him that he had robbed the mail carrier sometime before, stopping him in the highway under the pretense of giving him a letter for General Washington, and then dragging the carrier from his horse. Vickers speaks of him as "a large, stout, well-made man, and remarkably active."

It is more than probable that "Giddion Varnum" was no other than the celebrated Captain Fitz, the Chester county outlaw and the boon companion of Moses Doan. A short time prior, Captain Fitz had led his band in a series of bold highway robberies on the "great road" between Philadelphia and Lancaster, and at the time of which Vickers speaks he was no doubt hiding from the officers of the law in this county under the fantastic name of "Giddion Varnam." We have no account of the robbery of the mail carrier, but we have records of other daring exploits of the band in the Pennsylvania Archives. Here is one of them:

On the evening of Thursday, July 25, 1782, between 5 and 6 o'clock, a large wagon pulled out of Philadelphia on to the Lancaster pike. The wagon was loaded with stores for the Continental army—an immense hogshead of clothing, four barrels of vinegar, a bale of blankets, some sugar, coffee and other small articles of private property. It was one of the "overland freighters" of Revolutionary days, sent out by Joseph Patton, and was driven by Archibald Henderson, a young man living in Salisbury township, Lancaster county. Passengers frequently traveled on these big wagons, and Henderson had one in the person of Jacob Miller, of Pequea.

They proceeded that night to Valley Hill, where they stopped over night, resuming the trip early the next morning.

On this day, Friday, Henderson fell in with another teamster named John Johnson, a tavern keeper, of Carlisle, who was taking a load of goods over the Philadelphia road for merchants in Yorktown. He had as a passenger Thomas Bedwell, a Philadelphia mer-

chant. The two teams crawled along the dusty road in company and without unusual incident until about 6 o'clock in the evening, when they were 38 miles out from Philadelphia. The sun was nearing the horizon and the great trees that in those days formed immense forests along the highway were casting their shadows across the roadbed. The teamsters were urging their tired horses through a lonely part of the country, so that they might make the next inn before nightfall. In order to lighten the load as the teams ascended a long hill, Bedwell, Johnson's passenger, walked. He was about 100 yards ahead of the teams, when, upon reaching the brow of the hill, he saw two men sitting on a log by the roadside, with their heads down and resting on their hands.

Bedwell passed the men, whose appearance aroused his suspicion. He had gone but a few yards, when he heard the men following him, and one of them ordered him to halt. Bedwell faced about and confronted two as picturesque bandits as ever leveled a pistol on a highway. One was a well-built fellow, nearly six feet tall, grey eyes, a rounding Roman nose, thin-lipped and brown hair tied behind. He wore a round fur hat, a white linen coat, jacket and overalls, the latter tied just above his silver-buckled shoes. The other was a smaller man, about five feet seven inches in height, and was more gaily dressed than his companion. He was also well built, with erect carriage, and wore on his short-cropped head a large French hat, cocked in rakish fashion. A fustain coat of brownish color, breeches and jacket of corded velvet of the same color and white worsted stockings completed a striking costume. He had on large square silver kneebuckles and shoebuckles. He also wore oval silver sleeve buttons, and upon his bosom a small silver brooch set with diamonds.

Each carried large, brass-barreled pistols, in such manner that Bedwell could not fail to see them. They ordered him out of the road into the woods, and when they had him well out of sight they took off his garter and bound his hands behind him. They then each drew a pistol, and placing it at his side commanded him to walk farther into the woods, where they interrogated him as to the contents of the wagon. They put him up against a tree and told him to remain there under the pain of being shot.

The wagons were now coming up over the brow of the hill, Henderson's three or four rods in advance of Johnson's. The robbers emerged from the woods, the smaller man taking hold of Henderson's horses and turning the team into the woods. The taller man walked on back and led Johnson's team after Henderson's. The highwaymen were very profane. Miller who was asleep in the first wagon awoke and attempted to get out, when one of the bandits leveled his pistol at him and told him, with an oath, to stay where he was or he would blow his brains out. The procession through the woods passed Bedwell, who presented a pitiable object leaning helpless against a tree. He was commanded to fall in, and accompany the teams. They finally reached a clearing fifty rods from the road, where a halt was made. We will let Henderson tell in his own language what then happened:

"The man leading my horses told me to turn the horses round and let the tail of the wagon stand down the hill, and told Johnson to drive up alongside of my team. I was standing by the tail of my wagon, when he said to me:

"Stand back."

"He then pulled off the end gate from my wagon, and told me to throw out the blanketing. Before I had time to get on my wagon, he said to Jacob Miller, who was still in it:

"You big — — — , throw them out."

"Miller then rolled out the bale of blankets. When the blankets came out, the tall man said:

"That belongs to the Continental Bougres."

"They then ordered the vinegar barrels rolled out. We rolled one out that did not break and the tall man got a stone and knocked in the head of it. The others were rolled out and stove. They next ordered the hogs-head of clothing to be unloaded. It did not break as it rolled out, and the little man got a stone, and knocked off some hoops and broke in the head. They took out part of the clothing and threw it in a heap. They said:

"These will do us no good, and as they belong to the Continental Bougres, we will burn them."

"They then went from my wagon to Johnson's. The little man crawled in and saw some lead in the front part.

"This,' says he, 'is to kill Indians.' He took up a keg. 'This,' said he, 'is powder to go with the lead,' and threw it as far from him as

he could. The head flew out and showed that it contained tea. The other bandit said:

"D—— the odds; this is what brought on the war."

"He then went to the hind part of the wagon and pushed two boxes out. Before they proceeded farther to unload the wagons the tall man went up the road, and after he was gone a little time I heard a pistol go off. Presently he brought Major Beaton with him and his horse. He tied Major Beaton's hands behind him and made him sit down.

"They then opened the boxes. The little man carried two armfuls of the goods away into the woods, one in the left and the other in the right—the big man meantime guarding us with two pistols. The little fellow then asked if we were not dry, and took us one by one to a spring to drink.

"About this time an old man, who was gathering herbs, appeared just at the edge of the cleared place. The big man ran to him, told him to stand and brought him and placed him with us. They then began to fill two bags with goods out of a chest from Mr. Johnson's wagon. The little fellow filled his pockets with snuff boxes and such articles—anything they did not choose to take they kicked away.

"While they were filling the bags, the big man went towards the spring. Just then I saw a man on a sorrel horse a few rods from the spring, and the big man talking to him. I could not hear what was said, and do not know the man who was on horseback. He had a long, Quaker-like coat on, buttoned, a round hat, and was without a saddle. The man on horseback went away, and the big man returned. They then took some brush handles from Johnson's wagon. The little one put a peg in the touch-hole of his pistol, took some pieces of paper and some tow, snapped his pistol and made a fire, putting on light stuff and the brush handles. When the fire burned he threw the coats on it, saying he knew the soldiers had need for them, b t it made no odds, as they were d—d Rebels. They burned the hogsheads with the remainder of the clothes likewise. They then rummaged the boxes from Johnson's wagon again, and finding a parcel of handkerchiefs with General Washington stamped on them, they kicked them about, saying:

"We would burn the d—— ——, too, if we had him."

"They put the handkerchiefs into

a bag and tied it up. They then rolled the bale of blankets to the fire and put a stick against it, that it might be kept to the fire. After this they came to us and told us not to describe them, and remarked that if we did they could catch us going up and down the road. They said:

"If you stir from that spot for a quarter of an hour after we are gone, we will shoot your horses and you, too. We know you, Johnson, and you, Henderson, and if you say anything about us, we will not leave you a horse." They told us not to take anything away, nor speak a word about the matter for four hours. Then they went away and took the bags with them. I heard one of them say that they rode up the road with a Continental officer, who had told them of the wagons and their loading. I had not seen either of these men before they met us on the Hill, nor in Philadelphia."

Such is the description of one of the many similar raids made on this road during and just following the Revolution and it is believed Captain Fitz had a hand in some of them. It was thought, though probably never really known, that the two men who committed this robbery were named Buller and Pile, but the identity of the man on horseback in the woods has never been even conjectured. He may have been Captain Fitz, the bold bandit leader, or he may have been Moses Doan, the Bucks County Outlaw.

**T**HE confessions of Jesse and Solomon Vickers were taken in the Newtown Jail by a committee of Bucks county citizens, probably acting in some official capacity. The names of these gentlemen were James Grier, W. McCalla, Joseph Thomas, William Hart, Daniel Thomas, Robert Gibson, Jr., Josias Ferguson and Thomas Dyer, the descendants of several of them still residing in the county. It was believed that the confessions contained important clues which would lead to the arrest of the other conspirators. The Bucks countians therefore forwarded copies of the Vicker depositions to President Moore, of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, enclosing with them the following letter, signed by all the persons above named:

"To the honorable William Moore, Esquire, President & others the members of the supreme executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"The representation of the Persons whose names are undersigned sheweth.

"That as Jesse Vickers, who was lately convicted of Burglary at a Court of Oyer & Terminer held at Newtown in and for ye county of Bucks, & has received sentence of Death for the same, has since that time acknowledged guilt and discovered several of his accomplices in villainy, some of whom have been apprehended & committed to Jail; and as it is very probable that other persons are associates in the late Robberies committed besides those already detected, and other convictive circumstances may be unfolded against those already in confinement if a little respite from the sentence of death be given to the aforesigned convicted person which advantages may be lost by a speedy execution. We cannot help humbly expressing it as our judgment that real benefit may arise to the public if ye execution of Jesse Vickers should be for a time deferred.

We are, gentlemen, with the utmost respect yours, &c."

The confessions were laid before the Supreme Executive Council at Philadelphia on Tuesday, August 6, 1782. From them it appeared that at least three of the gang of fifteen or sixteen persons interested in the County Treasury robbery were in New Jersey. The Council ordered that a

communication be addressed to Governor Livingstone, of New Jersey, setting forth the facts relating to Caleb Paul and the Woodwards, and accordingly the same day, August 6, President Moore sent the following to the New Jersey Executive:

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1782.

Sir:—By the confession of Jesse Vickars now under sentence of death for having robbed one of the Treasurers of the County of Bucks, and by the confession of his brother Solomon, it appears that two men of the name of Woodward, who live near Crosswicks, in your State, have been accomplices in the robbery of the treasury of that county, and that a certain Caleb Paul, also an accomplice in the same robbery, is now confined in the goal of the county of Monmouth, under another name. The Counsel are not possessed of a sufficient description of Paul, and have therefore ordered Mr. Forst, sub-sheriff of the County of Bucks, to endeavor to obtain it and transmit it herewith to your Excellency.

If Caleb Paul can be found, or the Woodwards taken, I beg you will please to order them to be delivered up to this State in such manner as shall be most agreeable to you. I am with great regard your Excellency's most obedient servant.

*Directed—*

His Exc'y Govr. Livingston.

To this communication Governor Livingston replied four days later as follows:

TRENTON, 10th August, 1782.

Sir,

I was yesterday honored with your Excellency's Letter of the 6th instant. With respect to Paul he is already safely lodged in goal in Philadelphia; and as to Woodward, the judicial department of this State has taken every necessary step to bring him to justice.

I heartily congratulate your Excellency on the detection of this knot of villains, which may probably lead to the discovery of more of the fraternity concerned in various robberies & burglaries in both States.

I have the honor to be with great esteem, your Excellency's most obedient & very humble Servant,

WIL. LIVINGSTON.

While no doubt the New Jersey officers applied themselves diligently to the task of apprehending the Woodwards, they were probably not successful, as there is no record of their capture and transfer to this State. It is probable that the Woodwards learned that the officers were

searching for them and fled from the State into New York, as subsequent chapters will develop. They had heard that their companion Paul was transferred to the Philadelphia jail for complicity in the Treasury robbery and they took the hint and secreted themselves.

What became of Caleb Paul after having been lodged in the Philadelphia jail the records do not show. It is not positively known whether he was ever tried, or whether the man sent from the Monmouth Jail to Philadelphia actually was Paul. The man certainly gave another name to the Monmouth county authorities. The latter had a very meagre description of Paul and it may have been that when he reached Philadelphia, the Bucks county authorities found they were mistaken in the man, and failing to identify him he was sent back to Monmouth Jail to complete his sentence. If it really was Paul, and he was tried and convicted, he must have received only a light sentence of imprisonment, as the Vickers' confession indicates that he did not figure very prominently in the Newtown Treasury robbery.

To tell the story of the captures, trials and ultimate end of the Doan Outlaws is no easy task. Materials are meagre and somethings—aye, much—must be left to conjecture. In the official records there is only a landmark here and there to direct the investigator. Most of the valuable papers that must at one time have been in the files of the Quarter Sessions' and Oyer and Terminer Courts of this county have been lost, and the light that these might have shed upon the subject has long ago gone out. There are but a half dozen references to the Doans in the criminal dockets and these are of little or no value, as they deal with crimes committed before they were hunted down as outlaws. Better success is met with in the Colonial records, and with the aid of what is found there, together with facts already in our possession, this recital of the final extinction of the famous cowboy bandits will be made as complete and accurate as possible.

The Doans pursued their reckless career of plunder and dare-deviltry for six or seven years before falling into the clutches of the law, with the exception of possibly an instance or two. It is said that two of the Doan brothers were arrested in Philadelphia in the Summer of 1776, tried, convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment, but escaped from jail

and joined their brother Moses shortly after the Americans were forced to evacuate Long Island as the result of information furnished to Lord Howe by Moses Doan. There are a number of reasons why their career of crime from 1776 to 1782 was not effectually interrupted by the authorities. The leading cause was that the war occupied the whole time and attention of the patriots. Such was the excitement resulting from the bloody struggle with Great Britain that the exploits of the Doans attracted less attention than they otherwise would, and were overshadowed by graver dangers and more momentous events. Their raids upon their Whig neighbors and the tax collectors were not so frequent at first but that one was almost forgotten before the next occurred. Another reason why the gang easily eluded the authorities was that they had a great many friends and sympathizers among the Tories, who abetted their schemes and aided their escape when aid was needed. Perhaps a third reason was that people were very much afraid of the Doans. Towards the end of the war they had completely terrorized portions of the county. Anything said derogatory to the Doans was sure to reach them, and it was generally known that they dealt the most harshly with those who were boldest in denouncing them. This may account for the fact that the name of Doan does not appear in any public proclamation concerning the "robbers" and "bandits" until 1783.

The first important arrests of the Doans were made subsequent to the robbery of the Treasury at Newtown, which took place on the night of October 22, 1781, and were the result of the treacherous confessions of Jesse and Solomon Vickers. Before proceeding, however, a more clear and connected idea will probably be obtained of the events about to be narrated by giving a resume of what happened prior to the Treasury robbery.

The Doans lost the first member of their band in December, 1776, when Jacob Harwood was shot and killed in the first attack on the Smiths at their mill near Conshohocken. He was a worthless fellow, and his death was probably not much regretted even by the Refugees. They made no effort to carry him off after he was wounded, which would seem to indicate that they did not hold him in high esteem. This is the only member of the band ever killed in a raid. Some of them were wounded, how-

ever. In the attack on Israel Lucas and his family in Chester county, the spirited farmer drew his pistol and shot Levi Doan in the arm, rendering it useless for some time. This was in May, 1777. In the second attack on the Smiths, early in July of the same year, the gang were fired upon by the Smiths from ambush and their leader, Moses Doan, was very seriously wounded in the shoulder by a musket ball. He was placed in a wagon by his companions and carried away. It was six weeks before he could again join the Refugees. Moses swore revenge upon the Smiths for this repulse, but they never molested the brave miller and his sons again.

During the next two years, 1778-79, the gang were more or less active in attacking and robbing tax collectors and prominent Whigs in their homes. Though they generally escaped with their booty, as well as their lives, and seldom met armed resistance from their victims, their outrages became so daring and numerous that several parties were organized to capture them. It became decidedly too warm for them on this side of the Delaware, and in 1780 they went into New Jersey, which was at that time practically held by the enemy, and there prosecuted their war upon society. Here we find the blackest page in the history of the Doans, which is entertainingly told by Rogers. Hardly a day passed by but what they pillaged and burned the residences and barns of the Whig residents, operating under a commission from the Hessian commander, General Knyphausen. The murder of Mrs. Caldwell and the atrocious attack upon Landlord Van Tienck occurred during this period of their careers. Surfeited with pillaging there, they returned to Bucks county in 1781, and shortly afterwards planned and executed the most daring and elaborate crime they had yet attempted—the robbery of the Bucks county treasury at Newtown.

**N**EWTOWN was an old town for a new world. It had been quite a century before that the first man had built the first house in the wilderness of forest luxuriance there. It had been almost a century since William Penn, riding through this beautiful primeval country, had stopped upon its site and said to his companions, "This is the place for my new town." The century from 1682 to 1782 was a period of slow growth, so that at the end of the one hundred years we must not look for a large town, or a thickly settled country, such as it is to-day. Still it was the most noted place in the county. It was a gem in the rough of a distinguished Quaker community. Its location, as well as its prestige as the county town, made it the settlement of the first importance in Bucks during the Revolution.

We may surmise—in fact, we know quite well—that this little community of English settlers was torn by the same dissensions that disturbed other communities. It had its quota of Free Quakers, who were uncompromisingly dealt with by Meeting. Each individual had to settle with himself, in accordance with the dictates of conscience, the question whether his allegiance lay to his King or to the struggling Colonists. And the determination of that question involved much more than appears on the surface of the dry facts that history and tradition have sparingly saved to us. Oftentimes it separated brother from brother and father from son, who faced one another in conflict for what they each believed to be right. And between those who did not take the field was the same bitterness of feeling. The good people who lived at the county seat of 1781 felt the violence of these contending passions keenly.

If passion ruled the human breast and destroyed the harmony of family and neighborly ties, there was nothing to mar the quaintness and beauty of the old town itself, as it lay in picturesque primitiveness about Governor Penn's forty-acre common. The houses—possibly forty or fifty in number were many of them charming bits of Colonial architecture. The mansion of red and black brick, with white shutters, inviting doorways, big brass doorknobs, and perhaps a knocker, was the most pretentious. Others were built of logs, with a broad sweep of roof, eaves reaching the ground, and a great central chimney and

open fire place, as suggestive of interior comfort as the exterior was quaint. The streets were laid out with some regularity, and it was a place of such pretensions as befitted a shiretown. Here lived the county officials. It had a public library. This treasury of "quaint and curious" volumes was then kept in the house of Joseph Thornton, and among its patrons was no less a distinguished Tory than Joseph Galloway. It had a curious little stone court house, and a diminutive jail that was at once the terror and contempt of the Doans and like evil spirits. It was easier for them to get out of it than it was for the authorities to get them into it.

Here lived men famous in their time. There was good blood in the veins of the Newtowner of that day, patriot or Tory. Many of their descendants were distinguished; some are to-day foremost citizens in this and other States. There was the venerable Isaac Hicks, devout, a man who feared God and walked beseemingly in the view of men. His progeny were noted in theology and art. Major Francis Murray, the brilliant young lawyer and Continental officer, who could transfix a Hessian without compunction and defend a client with equal ability. The Harrises, the fame of whose men and the personal charms of whose women tinge Revolutionary history with the rose of romance. James Hanna, lawyer, learned in legal lore, urbane and scholarly. Judge Henry Wynkoop, who held the well-balanced scales of justice in the old Newtown Court House. The Buckmans, sturdy yeomanry, respected, the bone and sinew of the land. John Dormer Murray, probably of the same family as the Major. William Linton, foremost in the community's welfare. John and Nathaniel Burrows, whose adventures in the Revolution were as daring in patriot's cause as were those of the Doan's against it. The Twinings, the Stewarts, the Hillborns, the Croasdales, and others, all hardened, vigorous, manly pioneers.

Such was this town set in the highway of the war for Independence. Nearly on a direct line between New York and Philadelphia, it was far enough away from the British lines to be out of harm's way and near enough to the Continentals to make it a convenient depot for stores. The fact that the Americans used it for that purpose was known to the British, and once the latter made a raid upon it and carried away large

quantities of cloth that could be ill-spared from a mill near the town. This was one of the very few occasions when the soil of Bucks was pressed by the foot of the hostile Briton.

Besides, Newtown was the recruiting station for Bucks county. During the year 1781 there were at different times considerable bodies of troops stationed there. On March 24 Colonel Thomas Proctor was quartered there with about 100 men. Later in the spring it was endeavored to recruit a regiment of artillery at that place, but it was very slow work. Nearly all who enlisted were old soldiers. On April 3 the total number of artillerists enrolled was about seventy. County Treasurer John Hart, who was one of the deeply-dyed patriots, was effective in raising this regiment, but he met with great discouragement. There was little or no money to pay to the soldiers, and the prospect of arduous service without pay was not relished even by the most zealous lover of the Colonies. In one of his letters to President Reed, of the Supreme Executive Council, Hart complains that the recruiting post is located "in a part of the country where there are few men that will enlist. I have likewise heard the officers complain," he continues, "that their allowance of money was so small that it did not enable them to travel on the service." By May 10 the regiment had increased to 140, and they were then under orders to march.

During the entire Spring and Summer of 1781 the recruiting of troops went on at Newtown, and on the 28th of August Captain A. G. Claypoole, of the Third Pennsylvania Regiment, was appointed to receive them. These facts are mentioned here because they have an important bearing upon the Treasury robbery. There is no doubt but that the presence of troops in Newtown delayed the robbery. The Doans had returned from New Jersey early in the year, and the Treasury raid was thoroughly planned long before it was accomplished. All the time that troops were in Newtown the Refugees chafed at their presence. They remained in the neighborhood, hidden by day in the homes of their confederates near the town, visiting the place by night, only to find from night to night that the Continentals "held the fort." All that they could do was to carefully inform themselves of the situation within the town, and this they did readily by means of friends who lived

there and at whose houses they paid many a stealthy nocturnal visit. Moses Doan, old John Tomlinson and the mysterious Hessian doctor must have frequently ridden into the town, with hastily improvised disguises, only to find the militia within ready call at their camp on the Common. Often the members of the gang made visits to different parts of the county and it so happened that Abraham and Joseph Doan were not present on the night of the robbery.

But matters were rapidly approaching a crisis, not only for the Doans and their plans, but as well for the Revolutionary war itself. The year 1781, which open gloomily enough for the American cause, had, by one of those strokes of genius of the great commander of the Continental forces, and the co-operation of the French, taken a brighter turn. The hot and sultry season, which had paralyzed the operations of the army in Georgia and the Carolinas, was over, and the Continentals renewed with increased vigor that remarkable campaign against Lord Cornwallis and his superior troops, to which no historian has as yet done complete justice. Skillfully avoiding the enemy when necessary, striking them telling blows with the strategy of a Stonewall Jackson when they had the opportunity, the Generals Washington had sent south were doing their part heroically in working out the problem of American freedom. The Commander-in-chief of the main Continental army kept General Clinton hemmed in at New York, while he watched the campaign in the south with the most intense interest. His plans had been formed. He only awaited the arrival of the powerful French fleet that he knew must soon be at hand to co-operate in the final stroke for liberty. In August he began a series of feint movements against Clinton in New York. That General became greatly alarmed over the movements of the American General and sent an order south to Lord Cornwallis to return to New York. Lord Cornwallis began his march towards Portsmouth, Virginia, where he expected to embark. Unexpected reinforcements of 3,000 German troops arrived by vessel for Clinton, and he at once sent another order to Lord Cornwallis countermanding the first. The last order was the beginning of the end of the war and sealed Cornwallis' fate.

Autumn set in and Washington still threatened New York. He began to move his troops as though disposing

them for an assault upon the enemy's works. The troops were shifted from one point to another, from the New York to the Jersey shore, as though Staten Island was the objective point of the siege. Even the Continental soldiers did not know what it all meant, until one day late in August, leaving Major Heat in command of a small number of troops to keep up the menacing sham of a siege, the main army in charge of the Commander-in-Chief stole away to the south. At Trenton General Washington and Count Rochambeau turned the command of the Continentals over to Major General Lincoln and the French to Baron de Viomenil, and proceeded a head of the troops to Virginia to take command in person of the operations against Lord Cornwallis, while the army followed as rapidly as possible. The troops did not learn of their destination until they reached the Delaware.

On the first day of September the army crossed the Delaware by ferry at Trenton and began the march across Bucks county. The line of troops, guns, and wagons was nearly two miles long. The weather was extremely delightful and the army covered nineteen miles on that day. They passed over Neshaminy Creek by a rope ferry during the afternoon, and encamped not far from Philadelphia. In the language of a chronicler of the day it was like a triumphal march. The men, long cast down by reverses and the uncertainty of the issue, were animated with the hope that at last they were on a mission that would put an end to the long and bloody war, and they were bubbling over with good spirits and enthusiasm. They marched to the rhythm of fife and drum and, what was rare in the American army, a band of music, which the French had with them. The battle-scarred old Continentals in brigades, and followed by field pieces and ammunition wagons, contrasted strangely with the gaily uniformed French soldiers. What a sight must have been that band of marching patriots! The next day they passed through Philadelphia, and thence south. If the Doans imagined that the departure of the troops would now give them a chance to put their designs upon the County Treasury into execution, they were mistaken, for just at this time another obstacle arose before them.

**T**HE removal of the main Continental army and the French to the south left a large section of country in New Jersey and Pennsylvania unprotected, and on the 10th of September Congress adopted a resolution recommending to those States that they embody three thousand men each, properly officered and equipped, and cause them to rendezvous at such place or places as their commanding officers might direct. The next day the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania in session at Philadelphia made the following order:

"That three classes of the militia of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, four classes of the county of Philadelphia, four classes of the county of Chester, four classes of the county of Bucks, three classes of the county of Lancaster, three classes of the county of Berks, three classes of the county of Northampton, the whole Light Horse of the city and the said counties, the whole Light Horse of the counties of York and Cumberland, and two companies of artillery, be immediately called into service; and that the said militia do rendezvous as soon as possible at Newtown, in the county of Bucks."

In response to this order hastily organized bodies of raw troops, some of them wholly unarmed, were hurrying towards Newtown from Reading, Chester, Lancaster, Philadelphia and the other counties named in the order. General John Lacey, a "Free Quaker," of Buckingham, was then in command of the Pennsylvania troops, and he went to Newtown to take charge of the militia now organizing. General Lacey, who was as familiar with the operations of the Doans as any officer in the service and would gladly have meted out summary justice to the gang, did not suspect that the conspirators were near by, watching him, plotting and biding the time when they could make the Treasury raid. Had he suspected that scheme, he would not have rested until he had run them down or driven them out of the State.

This was a time of intense excitement and apprehension in both Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It was currently believed that General Clinton would follow Washington's army by land to Virginia, but as day after day passed and the British still kept within their New York fortifica-

tions the impression gained ground that he would go South to Lord Cornwallis' aid on his ships, which had arrived from the West Indies and were undergoing repairs in the port of New York. A very close watch was kept upon Clinton's movements, in which General Lacey played an important part. This officer suspected that Clinton would order a raid to be made into Pennsylvania as far as Philadelphia. General Lacey took every precaution he could with limited forces to hinder such a project. Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, and President Reed, of the Pennsylvania Executive Council, were in constant communication. In his letter of September 14, Governor Livingston conveys to President Reed the first information received at Philadelphia of the burning of New London, Conn., and massacre of the inhabitants by Arnold. He relates that Arnold's horse was shot under him and his servant killed near his side. "I believe he," says Governor Livingston, referring to Arnold, "is not born to die in battle himself, but, in Pomphiot's words, 'to grace the gibbet and adorn the string.'"

The news of Arnold's raid and his return to New York again increased the apprehension of a similar sortie into Pennsylvania and vigilance was redoubled. A messenger was dispatched to Cape May to observe if any fleets should pass into the Delaware, if so, ascertain the number of ships and send the information post haste to Philadelphia. All the public officers in the city were instructed by Secretary Matlack to pack up the public records and have them ready for removal at an instant's notice. The officers at Newtown probably took similar precautions.

By the 24th of September the number of troops quartered at Newtown must have been quite large. The Supreme Council on that day drew an order for £100 specie for provisions for the militia ordered to rendezvous there, and the fact that on the 28th instant William McCalla, the Commissioner of Purchases for Bucks county, sent another request for money shows that he had not only a large but a hungry lot of men to deal with.

The work of organizing these troops went on under General Lacey's directions until near the middle of October, when one of the light horsemen that the General had sent into New Jersey towards New York to pick up information concerning the British move-

ments, brought him a letter from Lieutenant Asher Randolph, of the New Jersey militia, conveying the pleasing information that the British on Staten Island had moved near their shipping, and were only awaiting the completion of repairs to their ships of line to embark. On the 16th instant a messenger brought General Lacey another letter from Governor Livingston, of Trenton, containing definite information that a considerable body of the British troops had embarked, but had not sailed, although they were expected to sail every day, to relieve Cornwallis. It is a singular coincidence that they did not actually sail until the 19th of October, the day on which Cornwallis surrendered. General Clinton had planned to sail two weeks before, but was prevented by the vexatious delays in making his ships seaworthy. They were precious and lucky delays for the American and French armies that had Cornwallis trapped at Yorktown.

The Supreme Council as early as October 12 received information similar to that obtained by General Lacey, and on that day the Council, desiring to avoid the great inconvenience of maintaining the militia in the field longer than absolutely necessary for the defense of the State, issued the following order:

"That the militia now at Newtown be discharged, and that General Lacey be directed to issue in general orders the thanks of the Vice President and Council to the said militia for the readiess with which they have taken the field for the defense of the Commonwealth at a time of such imminent danger from an enemy who, despairing of conquest, were spreading fire and desolation through such parts of the States as were unfortunately within their power, and assure them that, as they were on this occasion called into the field in consequence of the intelligence of the designs of the enemy against the State, so there was reason to suppose that the patriotic readiness with which the freemen of the State appeared in arms, had a happy effect in preventing the intended invasion."

The day upon which he received the letter from Governor Livingston, October, 16, General Lacey discharged the militia and went to Philadelphia, taking with him what regularly enlisted and equipped men he had. Several under-officers remained at Newtown for a few days longer, as did some of the discharged troops. Every day there were departures and finally

few or none remained. The town was more quiet than it had been for many a day, so that when, about dusk on the night of October 22, Moses Doan rode into Newtown "to see if the coast was clear," not a Continental militiaman did the swarthy outlaw find. At last the longed-for opportunity to reach the county treasure so scrupulously guarded by John Hart had arrived. The story of that robbery has been told. By the uncertain rays of a tallow dip, four or five hours later, a motley company of some twenty desperate refugees were parceling out their ill-gotten gold, silver and paper money into little heaps within the security of the Wrightstown School House.

"Cornwallis is taken!" This was the glad news that reached Philadelphia on Monday, October 22. The report was almost too good to be believed. Many patriots could not bring themselves to realize that it was true, and the Tories industriously circulated contradictory rumors. But the tidings were confirmed by a special courier from the Commander-in-Chief. On Wednesday, October 24, it was announced in the Council that Colonel Tilghman, "Aid-de Camp to His Excellency General Washington," had arrived with official accounts of the "sur-  
render of Lord Cornwallis, with the garrisons of York and Gloucester, to the confederate arms of the United States and of France." Council imme-  
diately ordered a general rejoicing throughout the city. At 12 o'clock noon a company of artillery with four guns fired salutes in the State House yard, and the bells of the city com-  
menced ringing at the same hour. It was recommended "to the citizens who choose to illuminate on this glorious occasion, to begin at six o'clock, and extinguished their lights at nine o'clock." It was also recom-  
mended to the Justices of the Peace to take the necessary measures for preserving good order and decorum in the city during this even-  
ing." This precaution proved to be a wise foresight, as the patriots were almost wild with joy and they were easily led into committing excesses.

In the midst of this rejoicing comes the startling information of the New-  
town Treasury robbery, which spreads quickly, first throughout official circles and later among the people.

**I**N the midst of these rejoicings over the success of the Continental arms came the news of the great robbery at Newtown—a crime which did not have its parallel in kind in those days. The information reached Philadelphia on the 24th instant in the form of a letter from Henry Wynkoop, Esq., Judge of Quarter Sessions Court of Bucks County, addressed to the President of the Supreme Executive Council and enclosing a number of depositions. The depositions set forth the fact of the robbery of John Hart, Esquire, Treasurer of the county of Bucks, on the 22d instant, of public money amounting to near two thousand pounds, "by a number of armed men unknown." It is hardly likely that some of the robbers were unknown, but there were sufficient reasons why no names should be mentioned at that time.

The next day, October 25, the letters and depositions were read in Council, and the members present—Messrs. Bayard, Lacey, Gardner, Van-Campen and Potter—consumed the entire session in discussion of the great crime. As a result of their deliberations they adopted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That a Proclamation be issued offering a reward of one hundred pounds in specie for each and every of the perpetrators of the said robbery who shall be apprehended and convicted of the same, which Proclamation is as follows, viz.:

*By the Honorable WILLIAM MOORE,  
ESQUIRE, Vice President, and the  
Supreme Executive Council of the  
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

#### A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, By divers depositions taken according to law, it appears that on the twenty-second instant, October, the Treasurer of the county of Bucks, within this State, hath been robbed of silver and paper money to the amount of near two thousand pounds, by a number of armed men unknown:

And whereas, It is of the utmost importance that the perpetrators of such atrocious crimes should be brought to condign punishment, we have thought fit to offer, and do hereby offer a public reward of one hundred pounds in specie for each and every of the perpetrators of the said robbery who shall be apprehended and convicted of the same; and we do

hereby strictly charge, enjoin and require all Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, Constables, and all other the faithful and liege subjects within this government, to make diligent search and enquiry after the above offenders, and to use their utmost endeavors to apprehend and secure them, and every of them, so that they may be brought to justice.

Given by order of the Council, under the hand of the Honorable WILLIAM MOORE, Esquire, Vice President, and the seal of the State at Philadelphia, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty one.

WILLIAM MOORE,

*Vice President.*

Attest—TIMOTHY MATLACK, *Secretary.*  
*GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.*

The fact that Council at the same time ordered Captain Joseph Stiles, Commissary of Military Stores, to deliver to Colonel Joseph Hart, Lieutenant of the county of Bucks, "five pounds of pistol powder for the use of the militia of said county," shows that they expected summary justice to be meted out to the refugees. These expectations were not so easily realized, however. The Treasury robbers were shrewd enough to keep out of the law's clutches for some time subsequently.

At the earnest solicitation of people from this county President Moore, of the Supreme Executive Council, addressed the following communication to the General Assembly:

*Gentlemen:*—The daring and too successful attempts which have lately been made to rob the Treasurer of the county of Bucks, and several Collectors of that county and of Chester, are truly alarming. As the proclamation issued by us offering a large reward for apprehending the perpetrators of the robbery committed on the said Treasury has not yet had the desired effect, and the vigilance of the officers of justice has hitherto been eluded, in the other instances, should every means in our power prove ineffectual to discover and bring those villains to justice, there is reason to fear that like attempts will be made in other counties of the State, especially as it is but too probable there may yet remain some among us whose disaffection to the present revolution may induce them to countenance or conceal men guilty of such atrocious crimes. We have, therefore, though fit to lay

before the House such depositions as have been given in to us concerning these robberies, in full confidence that you will give attention to a case of so great importance, and make such laws as will deter the disaffected from such mischievous and dangerous measures, and be most likely to prevent a repetition of such enormities.

WILLIAM MOORE, President.  
IN COUNCIL }  
Phila., Nov. 26, 1781. }

Several of those suspected of harboring the refugees are believed to have gone out of the State, probably into Delaware and Maryland, for a time, but they subsequently returned. The active members of the gang divided, a few going to Chester county, but the main members remaining in Bucks in hiding. They were not inactive long, however, in either county and soon reports reached the authorities of numerous robberies, especially of the tax collectors. The first robberies of collectors in Bucks after the Treasury raid occurred late in November of the same year, 1781, when the refugees visited Daniel Pettit and Job Barton. Unfortunately there is no authentic account of the raid on Collector Pettit, but it must have been one of the heaviest robberies the Doans committed. The depositions of the witnesses, submitted to the Council were not preserved. Consequently it is not known which of the outlaws were there. There were six people who saw the robbery committed—the Collector and his wife, Martha Pettit, Joseph Williams, Francis Gibson, Hester Heson and Jane Jones, consequently the inference is that there was all the daring and dash about it that characterized these exploits of the refugees.

In the confession of Jesse Vickers is to be found an authentic but brief account of the robbery of Job Barton, the Buckingham township collector. It was committed by Aaron Doan, Jesse Vickers and Robert Steel. The three bandits started from John Tomlinson's house, which was still one of the refugee's main headquarters, as it was before the Treasury robbery. The plan of the robbery was concocted there, with the aid of Tomlinson. Vickers, who was not much more than a slip of a boy, was persuaded by Tomlinson to go with the other two. It appears that neither Doan nor Steel were very familiar with the road to Barton's, and Vickers was to act as a guide. He stood outside in the garden while the other two went

into the house at the dead of night, aroused the unsuspecting Barton and took from him forty pounds of taxes he had collected. Joseph Barton, Thomas Barton, Amos Fell and Abraham Pugh saw the robbery committed and witnessed the coming and going of the bandits, though powerless to prevent it. It is this robbery that is believed to have afterward led to the arrest of young Vickers.

The robbery of James Snodgrass, collector of fines and taxes of New Britain township, took place about the middle of January, 1782. It is quite likely that James Snodgrass then lived with his brother Benjamin on the old homestead, now owned by Robert Steel, near Doylestown, or else in a house near-by belonging to the original Snodgrass tract. This robbery was committed at night by Moses Doan, Abraham Doan, Levi Doan and Solomon Vickers. It appears that a man named John Ferrill was keeping the Doans posted as to the propertime to rob Snodgrass. The four men, all armed, left their rendezvous on horseback and rode up to the Snodgrass dwelling at 9 o'clock at night. Snodgrass and his wife had gone away in a sleigh, and had not yet returned. There was nobody about the house except the children, the youngest having already been put to bed. When the robbers walked into the house they found the eldest daughter, aged 16 or 18 years, alone. Though very much frightened at the rough looking bandits in their great bear-skin coats, she retained presence of mind enough not to exhibit her fear.

Moses Doan politely demanded of her the keys to all closets and chests. The spirited girl refused at first, but understanding from the rough threats of Moses' companions that she would be forced to give them up, she finally, did so. They searched the house from top to bottom, tore out every nook and corner where treasure might be hidden and were engaged in their work a long time. They were much disappointed in finding only nine Spanish dollars and about eighty paper dollars, only a small portion of it being State money. The Doans had committed so many robberies of late that Snodgrass took the predaution to carry the public money with him whenever he went away from home. Knowing that Snodgrass had just collected a considerable sum in fines and taxes, but not knowing that he had taken it with him, they were puzzled because

they could not find it. Before leaving they went to the stables, expecting to get a pair of fine young mares which Snodgrass owned, but again they were disappointed, as the Collector had taken them both on his sleighing trip. The bandits then left, much to the relief of the brave girl.

**O**N the 16th of the following month occurred the robbery of John Keith, Collector of Upper Makefield township.

Moses and Aaron Doan were the leading spirits in the raid, and it is believed that either one or both of the Vicker brothers were present, though they both afterwards denied being there. Colonel Joseph Hart's account of this robbery, written a week after it occurred, is graphic enough to reproduce. He says:

"About 9 o'clock in the evening, the house of John Keith, Collector of fines and taxes in the township of Upper Makefield, was entered by four armed men; but they brought no horses, though it is believed they had them at a distance. One man only entered the house, the rest standing sentries at the door. He had nobody to oppose him but a young woman, Keith's sister, step-mother and a boy, Keith being from home. But previous to his going had so secured the money as to elude the search and prevent the loss of a penny. The villain who entered the house, after the usual questions whether the man was at home or not, and if he was not a Collector, demanded the money. The young woman (who it seems was a little smart) was for settling preliminaries, and would know if he wanted anything else but the money, and he said he did not. 'Well, then,' said she, 'you shall take nothing else,' and watched him with a candle in her hand during the whole search, which, however, proved abortive; and they all went off, threatening they would have the man and money at a future day."

Bearing upon this robbery, in the State Department was filed the following interesting document, being the deposition of Sarah Keith, the brave young woman who accompanied the robber, Aaron Doan, he being the one who went through the house, and saw that he kept his part of the bargain to take nothing except money:

*Bucks County ss.*

On the 22d day of February A. D. 1782, Personnally appeared before me John Chapman one of the Justice of said county, Sarah Keith, of Upper Makefield in said County, (being Housekeeper for her brother John Keith) and on her oath declared, that on Saturday the 16th of this Inst about 8 O'clock in the Evening, her Brothers House was surrounded by a

number of Armed Men—and one of them entering the kitchen enquired if the Man of the House was at home; and being answered in the negative—He then asked if he was not a Collector, and this Deponent saying, yes—He then demanded if there was not money in the House—This Deponent replied, none that she knew of—He then declared that he must see whether there was or not—Ordered his Comrades who were out of Doors to take care of the people in the house—And then proceeded to seach. He went from the Kitchen very directly thro' the House and upstairs through the Front Room in the Chamber into the Back Room where this Deponents Brother John Usually lodged, immediately took hold of the lid of a Chest in said Room, and it being locked, he ordered this Deponent (whom he had Commanded to attend him with a Candle) immediately to unlock it, she did so, he searched the said Chest, and afterwards every other Chest Drawers and Cupboards that he found, and almost every part of the House. He commanded this deponent with threats, and a Boy belonging to the house with threats, and a Pistol presented to his Breast, to tell him where the Money was. They both persisted in a refusal or a Declaration that they knew not. The Robber at Length making a Motion to go away and take with him a Gun, a Sword and a Bayonet which he found in the House, the Man who stood Sentry at the Kitchen Door, bid him take Nothing but what belonged to the Congress. He accordingly left them and went off with the Others without taking any Thing but a few Biscuit he found in the Kitchen.

The One who came into the House appeared about 5 Foot 10 Inches high—about 22 or 23 years old with black Hair, dark Complexion, Smooth face, a little Out-mouthed—had on a large Scolloped Hat. A light grey Coloured Bears Skin great Coat with a large falling collar of the same, buttoned up so that his Other Cloaths could not be seen—except his pale blue yarn Stockings and Calf Skin Shoes with Silver Buckles of the French Pattern. The Man who stood at the Kitchen Door, this Deponent judged to be near the same Height—had a Great Coat on, with the Cape buttoned close to his Face—had a Gun in his Hand, and when this Deponent went to the Door with a candle, he turned his Face from her, and walked towards the Garden Pales. This Deponent

saw two other men at the other doors, and believes there were in all five Men.

In Witnessst thereof she hath hereunder Subscribed her name.

SARAH KEITH.

Sworn and taken February ye 22d, A. D. 1782, before me;

JOHN CHAPMAN.

About two weeks later the Doans robbed the house of Captain Ralph Williamson, Collector of fines for Wrightstown township. Captain Williamson had also gone away, leaving his wife and children at home. Shortly after 7 o'clock two men rode up to the house, one of them going into the house, and the other sitting on his horse at the door. The robber who searched the house found £22 in coin, but no State money. As they were leaving one of the men took a bottle out of his saddle bags and gallantly offered Mrs. Williamson "something to steady her nerves." The men said they did not want to hurt her nor her children, but if her husband had been at home they would have had something to say to him. Captain Williamson, who had only gone to a neighbor's, was called home by his wife, but the robbers had left the vicinity. The whole Doan gang were probably in the neighborhood at the time, as they were tracked the next morning in the snow. They had separated at times during the retreat to deceive probable pursuers. A man was arrested upon suspicion of having been with the gang. This may have been Solomon Vickers.

The same night a neighbor of the Collector of Warminster, thinking he heard something about the house, jumped out of bed and went out in his night clothes. A short distance away he saw three men on horseback. One advanced a few paces and inquired the way to Dilworth's. Instead of answering, the man called for his gun, which was handed to him by another member of the family who had been aroused. The gun missed fire twice, and the man on horseback quickly fled.

Scarcely a night passed now but what some Collector's house was raided and robbed. The Doans grew very bold and defiant. Colonel Joseph Hart in a letter to President Moore, of the General Assembly, dated March 3, 1782, says: "While such atrocious villains remain amongst us, no man, who can be supposed to have money, is safe; for my own part, I do not think I am, as they can collect too great a force for any common man to

withstand." But they were now being hunted down very closely in middle Bucks and it became so warm for them that they retired into their fastnesses on the Tohickon. In that section they continued their robberies. Nicholas Hole, the Collector of Tinicum, was robbed a second time in March by the Doans, who took away his duplicate and papers. It appears that the first time he was robbed he made considerable effort to apprehend the men who visited him. This angered the Doans and they threatened that if he informed on them again they would kill him and burn his house. They intimated that it made little difference to them which crime they were hanged for.

A man named Weaver, Collector of Taxes for Tinicum township, was robbed in the same manner a few nights later. George Wall, Jr., of Solebury, afterwards Sheriff of Bucks county, wrote to Colonel Joseph Hart as follows on April 22, 1782: "The villains have become very bold and daring in their attempts. I am really fearful of an attack, and do not like to be from home at nights. I keep a pretty good look out. I think we ought to have a scout and universal search all over the county, and disarm all the Tories. They certainly conceal the robbers and supply them with guns." Wall was the Agent of Confiscated Estates for Bucks County and he had good reason to fear the vengeance of the Doans. Whether they ever molested him or not is not known.

**T**HE first Doan arrested for the crimes laid at the door of the Refugees was Israel Doan, father of Abraham, next to Moses the most daring and influential member of the band. Israel was arrested for aiding the Refugees, concealing them in his house and otherwise helping them to escape the clutches of the law. He was apprehended early in 1782, and in the old records of the Quarter Session's Court of this county is a minute of the first proceedings in the case, probably the only record preserved there of an arrest for participation in the Doan outlawry. The reason there are so few records of the Doans in the Court archives in Doylestown is probably because the trials of those cases were conducted in the Oyer and Terminer Court and the records of such Courts held in this county at that time are not preserved among the other Court records. The minute referred to is as follows:

March Term, 1782.—Philip Kratz tent in £250 for the appearance of Israel Doan at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer to be held in this county. Israel Doan tent in £500 pounds for his appearance at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer to be held for this county and also to be of good behavior.

Israel was the only Doan arrested who was fortunate enough to secure his release on bail.

Between the first of March and the middle of July, 1782, at least four of the persons engaged in the plot to rob the Bucks County Treasury were arrested. Their names were Jesse and Solomon Vickers, John Tomlinson and Moses Winder. Other members of the gang, whose names we do not have, are believed to have been arrested, some, against whom there was no evidence, being released. The old Newtown jail walls fairly bulged with the bigness of the noted outlaws it contained. Fearful that some of these would escape, the jail authorities appealed to the Supreme Executive Council for aid. It was also apprehended that the friends of the prisoners, who were strong and numerous, would make an effort to rescue them. The Council, accordingly, on July 24, directed Colonel Joseph Hart, Lieutenant of the county, to order out a body of fifty men for the purpose of guarding the jail, which was at once done. Captain Joseph Stiles, Comis-sary of Military Stores, was directed to furnish Colonel Hart with ten pounds of lead to be used in guarding the jail.

The trial of Jesse Vickers took place before Judges Thomas McKean and George Bryan, of the Supreme Court, at a session of the Oyer and Terminer Court at Newtown, during the week beginning July 29, 1782. The charge was felony and burglary. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but the testimony against him was so very slight that it hardly warranted a conviction, although the subsequent confession of himself and his brother shows that they were guilty. The universal opinion inclining strongly towards Vickers' guilt, he was convicted "on general principles."

Judges McKean and Bryan, realizing the insufficiency of the evidence in Vickers' case and the even greater improbability of convicting the other three members of the gang, Tomlinson, Winder and Solomon Vickers, permitted the cases against them to go over to another term.

The record of the conviction of Jesse Vickers was transmitted to Council on August 3, when the date of the execution was fixed for Wednesday, August 7. In the Council proceedings of August 3, is also found this minute:

"The Council, considering that Jesse Vickers has probably been concerned in, or privy to, other robberies than that for which he has been convicted, and may, on assurance of pardon, make important discoveries if an opportunity of doing so be afforded him,

"Ordered, That the Secretary be directed to assure Vickers that if he shall make a full discovery of his accomplices in the robberies of public property or mails, so that they, or some of them, be convicted, that in such case the Council will extend their pardon to the said Vickers."

Solomon Vickers was also permitted to avail himself of this offer of clemency, and their confessions were taken by the Deputy Sheriff in the next four days. These confessions have been published in a previous chapter.

Meanwhile Colonel Hart kept a strong guard at the jail until August 7, when, under the instructions of Council, he removed the members of the Doan banditti from Newtown to the jail at Philadelphia for better security.

On the 18th of September of the same year, Judges McKean and Bryan addressed the following letter to the Supreme Executive Council:

SIR:—Having examined all the parties arrested in Bucks county on suspicion of being principals or ac-

cessories in robbing the Treasurer of that county, and in divers other robberies and felonies; we find the prosecution cannot be carried on with effect unless two of the particeps criminis are pardoned, and upon mature consideration of all circumstances are of opinion that Jesse Vickers and Solomon Vickers have a preference to the mercy of the Government, both on account of their youth and their early and ample discoveries.

\* \* \* \* \*

For these reasons, and as the Courts of Admiralty Sessions begin to-day, and the Courts of Oyer Terminer and General Goal Delivery on Monday, the 30th instant, for the county of Bucks, we beg your Excellency will be pleased to lay this business before Council and communicate to us the result of their determination.

We have the honor to be, with the utmost regard, Sir, Your Excellency's most obedient humble servants,

THO. McKEAN,  
GEO. BRYAN.

*Directed,*

His Excellency William Moore, Esquire, President and Commander-in-Chief of Pennsylvania.

Accordingly the same day the Council issued a pardon to both Jesse and Solomon Vickers.

Israel Doan was tried at Newtown on the 1st or 2d of August, 1782, and convicted of harboring the Refugees. He was sentenced to six months in the county jail, which sentence was afterwards extended to twelve months. At the end of six months Israel drew up and presented the following pitiful petition to the Executive Council:

To the President and Members of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania.

The Humble Petition of Israel Doan, of the County of Bucks, sheweth:

That your Petitioner, a languishing prisoner in Newtown Goal, has been in Confinement Ever since the Beginning of August last, and his Family being in a Suffering Condition, none but women and Children at home Capable of Providing for them. There has been much Sickness in his family since his Confinement, one of his Daughters being subject to very bad fitts from her Infancy, and himself often unwell in his Confinement, being a weakly person, and pretty much in years, and almost twenty miles from home, and being in low Circumstances and very difficult for his family to support him.

Your petitioner therefore humbly  
prays that you would take his Dis-  
tressed Condition into your Consider-  
ation and Release him from Con-  
finement and forgive him the fine  
which the Court has sentenced him to  
pay, as he is not able to pay it, and  
your Petitioner shall ever pray.

ISRAEL DOAN.

When sentence was passed upon me  
I understood that my Imprisonment  
was to be but 6 months, but now the  
Goaler says it is 6 months more, which  
I find myself unable to go through,  
being often unwell.

*Indorsed,*

1783, February 26th, Petition of  
Israel Doan. T. M.

The members of Council were evi-  
dently not affected by the pathos in  
the appeal, for on the same day,  
February 23, 1783, they dismissed the  
petition. Israel probably served out  
the remaining 6 months of his im-  
prisonment, and made no other effort  
to secure his release.

**J**OHN TOMLINSON, on whose large farm in Wrightstown township (lately owned by Mrs. Charles Williams) the robbery of the County Treasury was planned, was tried before Supreme Court Justices Thomas McKean and George Bryan at a term of the Oyer and Terminer Court beginning at Newtown on September 30, 1782. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The record of this conviction was forwarded to the Supreme Executive Council two weeks later, when the Council fixed the date of execution on Thursday, October 17, "at the usual place of execution, between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day." The death warrant was issued the same day and given to Henry Emmart, who "rode express" into Bucks county and delivered the papers, a service for which he received two pounds five shillings.

The execution took place at Newtown on the date named in the presence of a great crowd of people. The gallows was erected near the creek, and people lined both sides of the stream to see what proved to be the hanging in this county of the only member of the Doan outlaws.

The body was removed to his Wrightstown home, and it was buried upon his farm, where two stones mark the grave at this day. On November 20 following, an order was drawn on the Treasurer of the State for one hundred pounds specie in favor of James Tate, James Hanna, Patrick Hunter, Ann Strickland, Joshua Vanhorn, Stacy Taylor, Emon Scott, Thomas Morgan and Zephaniah Lott, as a reward for apprehending Tomlinson in accordance with the proclamation of Council of October 25, 1781.

What became of Moses Winder, the remaining member of the quartette arrested in the Summer of 1782 for the Treasury robbery can only be conjectured. He was probably acquitted and left the county, as no record can be found of him after he was removed from the Newtown to the Philadelphia jail.

It appears that Levi Doan was captured about the same time by John Shaw, John Harkius, John Fell and John Johnston. He probably escaped. There is no record of his trial at that time. The fact that his captors did not apply for the £100 reward, but

merely prayed Supreme Council "to be allowed for their services in approaching and securing," him, also indicates that he escaped from jail.

George Sinclair, one of the leading Treasury robbers, escaped apprehension. He had just before been driven out of Chester county and joined the Doan gang while they were plotting their big robbery. His lands had been seized and sold on September 14, 1781, as those of an attainted traitor.

The name of "Joseph Doan, labourer, Plumstead, Bucks Co.," is found in an alphabetical list of "all persons attainted of high treason, in pursuance of the treason laws of Pennsylvania." This refers to Joseph Doan, the father of the famous cowboys. He was forced to leave the county to save himself from arrest after the Treasury robbery. George Wall, Jr., the Agent for Confiscated Estates, seized the real and personal property of Joseph Doan in August, 1782, and writes the following interesting letter about it to Secretary Matlack:

SOLEBURY, Bucks county, }  
Sept. 2, 1782. }

Sir,

Inclosed you have the Draughts of three Estates, the Persons they belong to have been proscribed long since. Joseph Doan hath been returned home again, but on hearing he was Discover'd to be Concerned in the Robberies committed in this County, has again absconded. I have saved Doan's personal effects and should be Glad if the Council would Please to Direct me to sell them soon, as they are Dayly wasting. Also want to know if I may advertise their Real Estates for Sale. I should be Glad you will Please to Consult Council about the Matter and Send me their Determination by the bearer hereof, Capt. Kiusey.

from your

obedient humble servant,

GEO. WALL, Junior.

Directed,

To the Hon'ble Timothy Matlack,  
Secretary, Philadelphia.

On September 4 council directed Agent Wall to sell the forfeited estates, which was accordingly done soon thereafter. The real estate comprised 108 acres and 109 perches in Plumstead township. It was purchased by Colonel Francis Murray, the price being £440, 8s. specie. The deed is dated September 11, 1783.

During the Winter of 1782-83 the Doans continued their robberies.

Among the victims were Daniel Hough, Collector of Taxes for Solebury; Joseph Dyer, Collector of Taxes for Plumstead, and Jonathan Stout, Collector of Military Fines, of Tinicum. On March 17, 1783, Council was moved by petition to make another proclamation against the robbers, which was of a general nature, and offered a reward of £50 for apprehending or securing any of the gang.

On June 17, Henry Wynkoop, Esq., who had just been commissioned as a Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, presented to Council in behalf of himself and sundry justices of Bucks county, a memorial praying "that some means may be adopted more effectually to apprehend and secure the armed banditti which infests the said county." The Executive Council had practically done nothing towards apprehending the robbers, except issue proclamations, and of these the outlaws did not stand in much fear. Later, on June 30, Judge Wynkoop enclosed in a letter to Council the depositions of Daniel Thomas, John Tucker, Thomas Tucker, William Carver, John Thomas and Robert Gibson, Jr., taken before Colonel Joseph Hart, concerning the robbery of themselves and others, Collectors of Taxes, by the Doans and their companions. Thereupon the Supreme Executive Council issued another proclamation, dated June 30, 1783, and signed by John Dickinson, President, as follows:

*"By the President and the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:*

**"A PROCLAMATION.**

"WHEREAS, By depositions taken according to law, it appears that, within the last month several collectors in the county of Bucks, within this State, have been robbed by Moses Doan, Abraham Doan, Amos Dillon, and other persons unknown, of sums of money collected for the public use:

"And Whereas, It is of the utmost importance to the good people of this State that the perpetrators of such atrocious crimes should be brought to condign punishment. We have thought fit to offer, and do hereby offer, a publick reward of one hundred pounds, in specie, for each and every of the perpetrators of the said robberies, or any of them, to be paid on conviction for the same, to any person or persons who shall apprehend or secure them, or any of them; and over and beside the said reward, we do hereby promise

full and free pardon to any one of the said robbers, their aiders, abettors, or comforters, who shall discover, apprehend, and secure any other or others of the said robbers, so that he and they shall be convicted as aforesaid: and all Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, and Constables are hereby strictly enjoined and required to make diligent search and inquiry after, and to use their utmost endeavours to apprehend and secure the said robbers, their aiders, abettors, and comforters, and every one of them, so that they may be dealt with according to law."

**S**UBSEQUENT to this proclamation, another was issued on July 26, 1783, similar in terms, and was made in deference to the petitions of William Darrah, Collector of Taxes; Robert Darrah, Collector of Military Fines; John Shaw, Robert Gibson, Joseph Greer and Robert Robinson. In this proclamation Moses, Levi, Abraham and Mahlon Dean are all named, together with mention of "persons unknown."

Owing to a number of reasons taxes came into the State Treasury very slowly during the year 1783. The Supreme Executive Council addressed a letter to the Commissioners of many of the counties urging them to collect these arrearages of taxes. One of these letters was sent to Bucks county. The Commissioners, after assuring the Honorable Council that they have not been inattentive to their duties, complain that the war left the people poor and that their constant plea was a scarcity of money, saying further in their letter to "John Dickinson, Esquire, President of the State of Pennsylvania, in Council:"

"Having given your Excellency and Council the Causes which retard the Collection of the Taxes, in this County, which proceed from the Scarcity of money; we beg leave to mention another very disagreeable one, and that is a Difficulty of procuring Collectors, owing principally to the Insults and Abuses of a Band of Robbers, who infest the Middle and upper Parts of the County, and who have robbed us of large Sums, which by the Way makes our arrears much greater than would otherwise appear. Men think an appointment of this kind hard in those Parts, as it exposes their Persons and Properties to certain Danger, against which they have it not in their power to guard. They consider the Latter, in some Sort as doubly at Stake—liable to be carried off or destroyed by the Hand of Violence in Part, and to make good out of what shall remain, the Loss of any public Money of which at the same Time they may be deprived. These with other obvious Considerations, arising from the Poverty of the People, induce many to choose a fine rather than the Office. New Appointments are made, but time lost."

Signed by Saml. Smith,  
Directed, Francis Murray.  
His Excellency John Dickinson, Es-

quire, President of the State of Pennsylvania, in Council.

The operations of the Doans, therefore, seriously interfered with the discharge of governmental duties in this county, and this fact, together with the public sentiment wrought up against them by the several Executive Council proclamations, caused strenuous measures to be taken for their apprehension.

The General Assembly passed an Act in 1783 relating to the Doans, and as the main points therein are embodied in a proclamation issued the 13th of September, 1783, the proclamation is published herewith:

*By the President and Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

#### A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, By an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, entitled "An Act to encourage the speedy apprehending and bringing to justice divers, robbers, burglars and felons," reciting that "whereas, Caleb Paul, John Paul, Robert Steel, Aaron Doan, Mahlon Doan, Edward Connard, Henry Connard, Jeremiah Cooper, Amos White, Joseph Doan, Abraham Doan, Levi Doan and George Sinclair, have been duly attainted by outlawry in the Supreme Court of this State, of several robberies, burglaries and felonies, by them committed within the same; notwithstanding which attainers they continue to perpetuate the like offences, to the great disquiet, terror and impoverishing of many of the good citizens of this Commonwealth; and whereas Gideon Vernon, Thomas Bulla, Amos Williams, Edward Richardson and George Burns are suspected and charged, and it appears to the Legislature that there is good cause to suspect and charge them, and every of them, with being accomplices in the aforesaid robberies, burglaries and felonies; which crimes might be, in a great measure, prevented in future, and the said offenders be speedily brought to justice, if due encouragement be given to such as shall vigorously endeavor the apprehending the said malefactors, and some severe punishment inflicted on such as shall hereafter receive or buy money or goods by them or any of them stolen, knowing the same to be so, or shall receive, relieve, harbor, comfort or assist the said offenders, or any of them."

It was, therefore, enacted in the

words following to wit: " That from and after the publication of this act, all and every person and persons, who shall apprehend and take the aforesaid Caleb Paul, John Paul, Robert Steel, Aaron Doan, Mahlon Doan, Henry Connard, Jeremiah Cooper, Amos White, Joseph Doan, Abraham Doan, Levi Doan, George Sinclair, Giden Vernon, Thomas Bulla, Amos Williams, Edward Richardson and George Burns, or any of them, and deliver them or him to the Sheriff of any county in this State, in the common gaol of the same county, or to the keeper of any gaol there, and obtain a certificate thereof from any Sheriff or Gaoler, which one of them is hereby authorized and required to give upon such delivery, shall, on producing the said certificate to the President or Vice President in Council, the same being countersigned by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, or any two Justices of the Peace, receive an order on the Treasurer for the sum of three hundred pounds for each and every of the persons aforesaid so taken and delivered; and the Sheriff and Gaoler are hereby empowered and required, without any mittimus or other authority, to receive the said offender or offenders so delivered in such gaol, and them or him to keep safe, until thence discharged by due course of law, under penalty of being punished as for a wilful escape of a capital felon, and in case any dispute shall happen to arise between the persons so apprehending, taking and delivering the said offenders touching the right and title to the said reward, that then the said Judge or Justices so respectively countersigned as aforesaid shall, together with the said certificate, direct in writing, under his or their hands the said reward to be paid to and amongst the parties claiming the same, in such shares and proportions as to the said Judge or Justices shall seem just and reasonable; that if any of the offenders hereinbefore named, or any other person who has committed any robbery or burglary, being out of prison, shall, from and after the publication of this act, apprehend and take, and cause to be delivered as aforesaid, two or more of said persons before named, who have been outlawed as aforesaid, or two or more persons herein before last named, so as two or more of the persons last named shall be convicted of any robbery or burglary, the person so apprehending and delivering in the first case, and so apprehending and prosecuting to conviction in the second case, shall him-

self have the reward and allowance of one hundred pounds upon producing to the President or Vice President in Council a certificate signed and countersigned as before mentioned, together also with a pardon of all robberies, burglaries and other offences not capital, by him committed at any time or times before such apprehending and taking, if the Supreme Executive Council of this State shall think it advisable by their proclamation to promise the same, which pardo nshall be likewise a good bar to any appeal brought for such robbery or burglary."

We do hereby declare and promise, that if any of the offenders herein before named, or any person who has committed any robbery or burglary, being out of prison, who shall apprehend and take, and cause to be delivered as aforesaid, two or more of the persons before named, who have been outlawed as aforesaid, or two or more of the other persons herein before named, so as two or more of the persons last named shall be convicted of any robbery or burglary, the person so apprehending or delivering in the first case, and so apprehending and prosecuting to conviction in the second case, shall himself have the reward and allowance of one hundred pounds specie, upon producing to the President or Vice President in Council a certificate, signed and countersigned as aforesaid, together also with a pardon of all robberies and burglaries, and of all other offences not capital, by him committed at any time or times before such apprehending or taking.

And Whereas, By the said Act it was further enacted in the words following, to wit: "That if any person or persons shall discover any one or more persons, who from and after the publication of this Act shall have received money, good or chattles, that have been or shall be feloniously taken or stolen by the offenders herein before named, from any other person, knowing the same to be so, or shall discover any persons who shall receive, relieve, harbor, comfort, or assist the said offenders, or any of them, knowing them to be such, so as he, she or they so discovered, shall be convicted of either of the said offenses, any such discoverer shall have a reward of fifty pounds; and that the Judges before whom such offender shall be convicted as aforesaid, or one of them, shall determine and settle the rights and shares of such respective persons who shall be entitled to

the said reward, and give a certificate thereof (being thereunto required) to the person or persons so entitled thereunto, who thereupon shall, on application to the President or Vice President in Council receive an order on the Treasurer of the State for the aforesaid reward. That in case any person or persons shall happen to be killed or wounded, so as to lose an eye, or the use of any limb, in apprehending or in making pursuit after such robbers, burglars, felons, receivers of stolen money or goods, receivers or harborers, comforters of such robbers or burglars, on proof thereof, at the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Gaol Delivery, for the county where the same shall happen, the Justices, or three of them, shall give a certificate thereof to the Executor or Administrator of the person so killed, or to the person so wounded, which shall entitle them, on application to the President or Vice President in Council, to receive an order on the Treasurer of the State, if killed, for the sum of three hundred pounds, and if wounded as aforesaid, for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. That if any of the offenders herein before named shall resist any person or persons endeavoring to arrest or imprison him, and he, so making resistance, shall happen to be killed, or if any of them shall fly from any person or persons endeavoring to apprehend him and in the pursuit the said party so flying shall be killed, where he cannot be otherwise overtaken, he or they so killing shall be, and hereby are justified; and in case any prosecution shall be commenced against any person or persons for the same, he or they may thereto plead the general issue and give this act in evidence; and, moreover, he or they so killing any of the before named offenders, on proof thereof, made in any Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Gaol Delivery for the county where such killing shall happen, and the same being certified by the Justices, or any three of them, who are hereby authorized and required to certify the same,) shall, on producing such certificate, to the President or Vice President in Council, receive an order on the Treasurer of the State for the sum of three hundred pounds. That if any person or persons shall be called on by any Justice of the Peace, Sheriff, or his Deputy, any Militia Officer, Constable, or person robbed, to go in pursuit of either of the said felons or offend-

ers, their aiders and abettors, harborers or concealors, and shall refuse, he or they severally, on conviction before any Justice of the Peace where he or they shall reside, shall pay a fine of five pounds to the Commonwealth, to be recovered as debts of five pounds are recoverable by law."

We do hereby charge and require all Judges, Justices, Sheriffs and Constables to make diligent search and inquiry after, and to use their utmost endeavors, and all other persons, when called upon as aforesaid, to give their assistance for apprehending and securing the aforesaid felons and offenders, and every of them, so that they may be dealt with according to law.

Given in Council, under the hand of the President and the seal of the State, at Philadelphia, this thirteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. JOHN DICKINSON.

Attest:—JOHN ARMSTRONG, Junior,  
Secretary.  
GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH

**T**HE authorities had reason to suspect in the Autumn of 1783, that several of the outlaws named in the proclamations were concealing themselves within the British lines in the State of New York. On September 5, President Dickinson, of the Supreme Executive Council, addressed a polite letter to Sir Guy Carleton, at New York City, calling the General's attention to the fact that "several parts of this State have lately been infested by a sett of Robbers, & particularly by some of them within these last five months who have committed many enormous crimes, & in a very cruel manner. Information," President Dickinson continues, "has been received, that none of the offenders are now in New York. Their names are mentioned in the inclosed Proclamations and Certificates, Indictments & Outlawry."

The letter concludes with the hope that General Carleton would "give proper orders for securing those of the offenders who are within your lines," and that he would deliver them into the custody of the authorities. This letter was placed in the hands of Captain Elijah Weed, with instructions to deliver it to General Carleton. Captain Weed was enjoined to observe the most inviolable secrecy and utmost dispatch in executing his commission.

While President Dickinson had good grounds for supposing some of the Doans and their cempanions were in New York, the effort to apprehend them was not fruitful. On the 27th of September Sir Guy Carleton addressed a courteous note to President Dickinson, in reply to the letter, as follows:

NEW YORK, 27th September, 1783.  
Sir,

I have delayed answering your Excellency's letter of the 5th instant until now, in hopes that some of the offenders named in the Proclamation and certificates you enclosed might have been found and apprehended here. But, although diligent enquiry has been made, it has hitherto been without success.

Should any of the fugitives from Justice be discovered here while I remain, they shall be apprehended and I will inform your Excellency thereof.

I am Sir, your Excellency's  
most obedient and  
most humble servant  
**GUY CARLETON.**

Directed,  
To his Excellency John Dickinson,  
Esq.

This was the last of the efforts made to find the refugees in New York. More important events were happening, which directed attention in another direction.

Before going into this, a line or two will not be out of place concerning the capture and killing of Moses Doan on the Tohickon, as it occurred about this time, (September 1, 1783). It will be remembered that Abraham and Levi Doan escaped. As Levi retreated, from the covert of a tree he fired upon the party of captors. The bullet struck the stock of a gun in the hands of a brother of Colonel Hart, tearing from the stock a splinter, which entered Major Kennedy's groin, mortally wounding him. He was a very popular officer and his death produced regret wherever he was known.

The General Assembly took cognizance of his death in the following minute and resolution, adopted in September, the same month in which he died:

State of Pennsylvania

In General Assembly,

Thursday, September, 1783, a. m.

The report of the committee, read yesterday, was read the second time, and adopted as follows, viz.:

The committee to whom the memorial of the inhabitants of the county of Bucks, on the subject of the death of the late Major Kennedy, was referred, beg leave to report: That in consideration of the gallantry and good conduct of the said Major Kennedy in a successful attempt upon a party of robbers, felons and burglars, in which he received a mortal wound, and the misfortune, which a wife and tender offspring must naturally experience in his death, they beg leave to submit the following resolution:

Resolved, unanimously, that the Supreme Executive Council be required to pay by draught on the treasury of this State, into the hands of the Executors or administrators of the before mentioned Major Kennedy the sum of three hundred pounds, to be divided in six equal shares for the use of his widow and five children.

Extracts from the minutes,

PETER Z. LL<sup>O</sup>YD,  
Clerk of the General Assembly.

This is the only money paid out by the State for the capture of Moses Doan. Captain Robert Gibson, who

shot and instantly killed Moses after Colonel Hert had conquered him and while he was still prostrate, never applied for the reward offered by the several proclamations, nor did any of the other of the band of captors.

One of the most active men in instituting measures to run down the Doans at this time was George Wall, Jr., of Solebury. He was a distinguished resident of the county, who, after serving as the Agent of Confiscated Estates, became a member of the Supreme Executive Council on November 19, 1782, and served until November 1, 1784. Among his descendants now in this county is Willis Wall, Justice of the Peace of Doylestown borough, whose great grandfather he was. His position in the Executive Council enabled him to influence that body to issue the needed proclamations. He and his associates caused the proclamation made on September 13 to be circulated throughout this and adjoining States, with good results.

John P. Rogers' graphic account of the capture of Joseph Doan, Jr., is the only one we have, and in its essential points is undoubtedly correct. At the time of his apprehension, the Doans were putting on their boldest front and the authorities were the more determined to exterminate them. The people of Bucks county were in a state of constant terror. The Continental officers returned from war took it upon themselves in several instances to endeavor to capture the outlaws, and they were backed up by the State authorities. Yet the Doans did not hesitate to attack these very officers themselves in their homes.

On the night of July 21, 1783, they perpetrated the most remarkable series of attacks and robberies they had ever committed upon the residents of Bucks county. The attacking party on that evening consisted of Moses, Abraham, Levi, Joseph and Mahlon Doan. They visited and broke into successively six dwellings —those of William Darroch [Darrah], collector of taxes; Robert Darroch [Darrah], collector of military fines; John Shaw, Robert Gibson, Joseph Greer and Colonel Robert Robinson—and robbed them of sums of money and many valuable effects. The dwellings were all located in Dublin or vicinity.

The last place they entered was that of Colonel Robinson, who kept a famous inn at Dublin. It was well on towards morning. Rogers describes

the orgies that occurred in the little old-fashioned barroom. An early riser, who was attracted by the noise, crossed the street and peeped into the room through the blinds. He took in the situation at a glance and aroused the neighbors. The Doans, hearing the party approaching, mounted their horses and fled—all except Joseph, who was in the cellar, no doubt sampling some of the Colonel's cobweb-covered liquor treasures.

Surprised as he was, Joseph acted promptly when discovered, jumping through the window and mounting his horse. Then, at daybreak, began that famous flight and pursuit between him and Mechlin, which, though ending temporarily in the Doan eluding his pursuer after a race of at least ten miles, terminated eventually in his capture, as told in a preceding chapter. He was taken to the Philadelphia jail, thence to the Newtown Jail, from which he escaped. The following petition was presented to the Supreme Executive Council on April 20, 1874:

To the Honorable his Excellency the President and other Members of the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania.

The petition of the Subscribers Inhabitants of Bucks County Humbly Showeth.

That your Honorable Board was pleased to Issue your Proclamation Bearing Date 30th June, 1783, offering a Reward of One Hundred Pounds for Each and Every of the persons Convicted of Robbing the Collectors of public Taxes in the State—after the Date of which proclamation your petitioners did apprehend and Secure Joseph Doan, Juns., who now stands convicted of the fore mentioned Crime.

We therefore petition that it might please your Honors to grant us an order to the State Treasurer for obtaining the promised reward or to notify us in what other way we may obtain it and your petitioners as in Duty Bound shall ever pray.

We do order and appoint Col. Robert Robinson, Col. of 3d Battalion of Bucks County, Amos Thomas, Josias Ferguson to Receive & Divide to each person their Equal Share of Sd. Reward.

The Colonel Robert Robinson signing the petition is the same who was attacked by the Doans. Colonel Rob-

inson and Messrs. Thomas and Ferguson presented their report to Council, and on September 28, of the same year, an order was drawn upon the Treasurer in favor of Joseph Greer and Robert Stewart, administrators of the estate of William Kennedy, deceased, and in favor of John Greer and Josias Ferguson in behalf of themselves, for £100 specie, the amount of the reward allowed by the proclamation.



**T**HE capture of Joseph Doan and the killing of Moses Doan less than six weeks later caused the remaining members of the band of refugees to leave the county in the month of September, some of them taking up their temporary abode in Maryland, and others in the western part of this State.

On or about the 20th day of September, 1783, in Frederick county, Maryland, an aged, though well-preserved, man, was taken into custody. On the 25th of the same month he was delivered to the keeper of the Bedford county, Pa., jail, by Joseph Wilson, who presumably made the arrest. This old man was Joseph Doan, Sr., father of all the outlaws by that name, except one. To Wilson were delivered the following certificates:

Bedford 25th [September], 1783.

This day, I, Mary Hay, wife of Thomas Hay, under Sheriff and Gaoler in and for the County of Bedford, in the State of Pennsylvania, Do acknowledge to have received from Joseph Wilson, of the State of Maryland, the Body of Joseph Doan, mentioned in the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to encourage the speedy apprehending and bringing to Justice divers Robbers, Burglars and Felons," in the Gaol of the County aforesaid, agreeably to the said Act.

Certified the Day and Year aforesaid by

her  
MARY X HAY,  
Mark

Wife of the said THOMAS HAY.

Witnesses present,

THOS. BURD,

JAMES FRENCH.

BEDFORD COUNTY, ss.

We, the Subscribers, two of the Justices of the Peace in and for the County of Bedford aforesaid, Do hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that We were present and saw the above named Joseph Wilson, the Bearer hereof, deliver the aforesaid Joseph Doan to the above named Mary Hay, wife of the said Thomas Hay, (who is the Under Sheriff and Gaoler in and for the County aforesaid, and now abroad on publick Business) in the Goal aforesaid; at which time he confessed to us that his name was Joseph Doan, and that he was the father of Aaron Doan & Mahlon Doan. mentioned in the aforesaid Act

of Assembly.

In testimony whereof, We have hereunto set our Hands the said twenty-fifth Day of September, Anno Domini, 1783.

BARNARD DOUGHERTY,  
DAVID ESPY.

On the 12th of November, of the same year the Supreme Executive Council passed an order on the Treasurer in favor of Joseph Wilson for £100 as part payment "of the reward due him for apprehending and securing Joseph Doan," and on January 8, 1784, they paid to John Kleinhoff, as agent for Wilson, the balance of £200. Whether Joseph Doan was tried or not cannot be ascertained.

About the same time that Joseph Doan, Sr., was arrested in Maryland, his son, Mahlon, was captured in Bedford county. Mahlon was a thin-visaged, slender man, not more than five feet eight inches in height. He was the smallest of the brothers, but though lacking in size and brute strength, he was wiry and active. He was a hard man to capture, and a harder captive to hold. He was recognized by his long coal-black hair and a peculiar habit he had of looking down, but more positively by a blemish in one eye and a scar beneath it.

The captor of Mahlon Doan, John Solomon Miller, was less successful in securing his reward than Wilson. Miller delivered Mahlon Doan to the Bedford county jail on the 27th of September and received the following certificates:

Bedford County in the State of Pennsylvania.

I, Mary Hay, wife of Thomas Hay, Under Sheriff and Keeper of the Gaol in and for the County of Bedford aforesaid, Do hereby acknowledge that I have this Day received the body of Mahlon Doan, in the Gaol of the County aforesaid from John Solomon Miller, who delivered the same to me agreeable to the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to encourage the speedy apprehending and bringing to justice divers Robbers Burglars and Felons."

Certified the 27th Day of September, Anno Domini, 1783.

By me her

MARY X. HAY.

mark

Wife of SAID THOMAS HAY.

TEST. SAMUEL MEASHLEN,  
SAMUEL SKINNER.

BEDFORD COUNTY SS:

We the subscribers two of the Justices of the Peace in and for the county of Bedford aforesaid Do hereby certify to all whom it may concern, That we were present and saw the above named John Solomon Miller deliver the said Mahlon Doan to Mary Hay, wife of the said Thomas Hay, who is Under Sheriff and Gaoler in the County of Bedford aforesaid and now abroad upon the Business of his Office, in the Goal of the County aforesaid, agreeable to the Directions of said Act of Assembly; at which time he confessed to us that his name was Mahlon Doan, and son to Joseph Doan mentioned in the said Act of Assembly.

Given under our Hands at Bedford

Miller's inability to secure the reward probably arose from an insufficiency of identification. The certificates he already had would have, under ordinary circumstances, entitled him to the reward, according to the provision of the Act of Assembly. The identity being incomplete, he attempted to supply the deficiency by reinforcing his certificate. He secured from the Bedford county jailer himself the following:

BEDFORD, October 28th, 1783:

I acknowledge that the within Named Mahlon Doan was Delivered into the Goal of the County of Bedford whereof I am Goaler.

THOMAS HAY.

He also obtained from Justice of the Peace Bernard Dougherty another certificate, containing a minute description of Doan. These might have brought the coveted reward, but, unfortunately, Mahlon Doan escaped about this time. There were several members of the Doan gang in Bedford at the time, and they had a number of local sympathizers. A conspiracy was formed to rescue the two Doans in jail, and Justices of the Peace Dougherty and Espy called upon the Supreme Council for instructions. They addressed to Council the following letter, and sent it in all haste to President Dickinson, at Philadelphia, by William Henry Jones, a special messenger:

"Sir, We beg leave to inform your Excellency that on the twenty-fifth Day of this Instant September a certain Joseph Doan (the elder) was brought to the Goal of this County by one Joseph Willson of Maryland and that on last Saturday Mahlon Doan Son of the sd. Joseph was brought by John Sallamon Miller of this County in like manner to prison.

" We are greatly uneasy on account of these prisoners, because we apprehend from the many threatenings thrown out in the lower Counties there may be an attempt made on the prison here to take them out and therefore pray to be directed as soon as possible, what's best to be done."

To this Council sent the following reply to Messrs. Dougherty and Espy:

In Council, Philadelphia, {  
October 9th, 1783.

Gentlemen:

Council has received your Letter of the 29th of last Month. The Board desires that the Sheriff of Bedford County may immediately convey the Prisoners with the utmost Dispatch & all possible privacy under a guard of six or seven men well armed to Lancaster Gaol, & there deliver them to the Sheriff of that County, to be by him safely kept. The State will pay the charges of removing them.

In passing thro Cumberland County, the Sheriff of Bedford, will if it is convenient obtain the authority, & if necessary the assistance of the Sheriff of Cumberland.

With the aid of confederates, however, notwithstanding these precautions, Mahlon Doan some time later escaped from jail, and it is probable that Joseph Doan got away at the same time. There are no other records of Mahlon Doan's doings, and what became of him after his escape is a matter of mere conjecture.

In a return of criminals confined in the jail at Philadelphia on July 26, 1784, on charges of felony, made by Sheriff Proctor in obedience to a request from Secretary Armstrong, appears the following:

"EDW'D CONNARD.—Committed Oct'r 21st, 1783. Charged by virtue of a Proclamation by the President & Council being attained with High Treason & out Law'd. Delivered by Capt'n Franks." This was one of the participants of the Newtown Treasury robbery, but what disposition was made of his case is not known.

There was considerable contention over the reward of £100 for the apprehension of Solomon Vickers, which caused delay in its payment. During 1784 James Gregg filed a claim, and on February 22, 1785, James Snodgrass filed another. Timothy Taylor was also a claimant. These three were summoned before the Supreme Executive Council and heard on

March 30, 1785, when an order was made that the sum of 80 pounds be given to James Snodgrass and John Rice, and the remaining 20 pounds be given to Timothy Taylor and James Gregg.

**A**RON DOAN, whose case is a very interesting one from both legal and historical points of view, was arrested in Baltimore county, Maryland, about the middle of August, 1784. His captors were Captain Joseph McClellan and Amos Ogden. They delivered Doan to the Philadelphia Jail about the 13th or 14th of August and received a certificate to that effect from the jailer, John Reynolds. In addition they secured affidavits from Captain Robert Gibson and Mark Halfpenny, of Bucks county, who were acquainted with Doan and testified that they knew him in Plumstead. These affidavits were taken in the Philadelphia jail before Chief Justice Thomas Keen.

On August 16 the Supreme Executive Council passed an order in favor of Captain McClellan and Ogden for £300, the reward specified in the proclamation of September 13, 1783.

Aaron Doan was tried, convicted and condemned to be hanged in September, 1784. Shortly after his conviction, the condemned man addressed the following plaintive petition to the Executive Council:

To His Excellency, John Dickenson, Esq., Governor of the State of Pennsylvania & President of the Executive Council,

The humble Petition of Aaron Doane, a poor unhappy Man, now under Sentence of Death in the Goal of Philadelphia.

Most humbly Sheweth.

That your unfortunate Petitioner deeply Impressed with a full Sense of your Merciful Generosity for the Extension of a few days Life, most humbly throws himself at thy Mercy Seat praying thy Compassion, Humanity and Mercy.

Innocent of the Crime laid to his Charge, Outlawed & being absent from the State, which hinder'd his knowledge thereof, He is now Condemned to Suffer an ignominious death, unheard or even Tried, to know if he was guilty of the Crime or not.

Oh thou Great Ruler, to whom the Laws have given the power of being the Dispenser of Life and death—Seal not my Death—Have Mercy on an innocent Man—Shed not my Blood unheard or Tried—If by the Outlawry I am to Suffer—Consider thou great Governor, my Innocence, my not be-

ing Tried, not being heard and the Power vested in thee, to Extend it to Objects of Mercy—Save then my Life oh gracious Judge—Let Mercy and Compassion preside in thy Breast over Rigorous Law—Let thy Government be Crowned by Lenity, moderation and Mercy, not Rigor or Resentment—Pardon thy Suppliant Petitioner, Extend thy mercy towards him—Give thy distressed Servant another Sentence—Banish to other Territories thy unfortunate Suppliant—But let not thy humane hand Seal my Death. Unheard or Untried, but Shew thy Mercy; and may the Almighty Dispenser of Life and Death, take thee in his charge will be ever the prayer of the wretched unfortunate.

New Goal, 17 Oct, 1784. AARON DOAN.

*Directed,* His Excellency, Jno. Dickenson, Esq., Governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

This petition was supplemented by another in November, in which additional reasons were cited for a pardon. The petition follows:

To His Excellency the President & the Hon'ble the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

The Petition of Aaron Doane, a languishing Prisoner in the Jail of the City and County of Philadelphia,  
Most humbly sheweth,

That your Petitioner unfortunately fell under the Suspicion of this Hon'ble Board as being an Accomplice in the Robbery of the Treasurer of Bucks County in the year 1781, or thereabouts, for which supposed Crime he was called on by Proclamation of this Honorable Board to surrender himself a prisoner and undergo his Trial for the same. That not being well advised he neglected to do so whereby he became outlaw'd or attainted & with several others was afterwards apprehended & brought before the Hon'ble the Supreme Court and asked what he had to say why Judgment of Death should not pass upon him; that having unadvisedly suffered his Time prescribed to expire without a surrender of his person, his Innocence of the Fact stood him in no stead and not being able to deny that he was the person prescribed under his Name Judgment of Death was accordingly passed on him & he has now remained in Jail under a heavy Load of Irons upwards of fifteen months. Your Petitioner most solemnly declares his Innocence of the said Fact & his utter Ignor-

ance of the Time, manner & Persons who committed the said Robbery except from Information he has had since his Confinement, and for the Truth of this Declaration he appeals to the confession of Robert Johnson Steel one of the Persons who was actually Guilty & has been pardoned, who declared before his Honor the Chief Justice & is now ready to repeat it before this Honorable Board that your Petitioner was not a party nor privy to sd Robbery.

Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays that this Hon'ble Board will be pleased to take his Case into their Consideration & extend their Clemency to him, inasmuch as so long & grievous an Imprisonment may justly be deemed a sufficient attonement for his Negligence or Contempt of the Laws of his County for which he most heartily begs Pardon.

And your Petitioner will ever pray,  
&c. AARON DOAN.  
Philad'a Jail, Nov. 8th, 1785.

Aaron Doan had some influential friends at work to secure his pardon and release, and among the letters submitted to the Executive Council was the following from Halifax:

To His Excellency, the President and Honorable Council of the State of Pennsylvania.  
Honored Gentlemen,

Having lately received Information that a Certain Aaron Doane is under sentence confined in the Goal of Philadelphia, on suspicion of being in Connection with those who robbed the Treasury in Bucks County in the year 1781. We the undersigned do hereby solemnly declare that the said Aaron Doane was with us for six weeks before the robbery was Committed under Confinement in the Custody of Mr. John Ridgeway in New York & he is really Innocent of the Charge alledg'd against him on that head, but to say anything farther of him we cannot pretend as we have no knowledge of him or his proceedings untill he was with us Confined, but if he is not set at Liberty before this comes to hand we hope your honours will show him Lenity, remaining with humble respect to your honorable board, we are your honours very humble servts.,

JNO. JONES, JAMES KNIGHT,  
THOMAS GRUVER, ROBERT CLAY,  
his WILLIAM MORRISON.

W.M. X THOMAS,

mark

ADAM ROPER,

Halifax, Nova Scotia, 30th Dec'r, 1785

I Do Certify that the above is real

as witness my hand. J. RIDGWAY.

The consideration of Doan's pardon, after several postponements, came before the Supreme Executive Council on March 28, 1785. On motion of Mr. McLene, seconded by Mr. Biddle, "that the opinion of Council may be taken whether they will agree to pardon Aaron Doan," the previous question was called for by Mr. McDowell and Mr. Irvine, and the motion was carried in the affirmative. The yeas and nays being called for by Mr. McLene, the result was as follows:

Yea—John Dickinson, James Irvine, John Boyd, John McDowell, Jonathan Hoge, John Neville and John Whitehill.

Nay—Charles Biddle, John McLene and George Wall, Jr.

The question as to whether a warrant could be legally issued for putting Aaron Doan to death upon his outlawry was carried in the negative. The yeas and nays being required, the vote was as follows:

Yea—George Wall, Jr., James McLene and Charles Biddle.

Nay—John Dickinson, James Irvine, John Boyd, John McDowell, Jonathan Hoge, John Neville and John Whitehill.

After this a conflict of authority arose between the Supreme Executive Council and the Supreme Court upon the question as to whether Doan could be legally condemned to death. The Council finally won the point. Though pardoned in March, 1785, it was not until some time early in 1786 that Aaron Doan was released from confinement.

**T**HE reasons which prompted the Supreme Executive Council to pardon Aaron Doan were embodied in the following message to the General Assembly: *A Message from the President and the Supreme Executive Council to the General Assembly.*

GENTLEMEN:—Having taken into our most serious consideration a transcript of the record of the conviction and attainer of Aaron Doan by outlawry, transmitted to us by the Honorable the Judges of the Supreme Court, the capias and return, his two petitions, the answer of the Judges to a letter from us, and the consequences to citizens of this Commonwealth of establishing a precedent in a capital case altogether new, we are of opinion that a warrant cannot legally be issued by us for putting said Aaron Doan to death upon the said outlawry, for several reasons, the principal of which are contained in the paper herewith delivered.

As it is doubted whether there is any court from which a writ of error can issue, in this case, we think it proper to lay the whole proceedings before your honorable House, and leave it to your determination whether it is advisable to reverse the outlawry, in order that the party, according to his prayer, may have a trial by jury, for the offence with which he is charged.

JOHN DICKINSON.

Council Chamber, Phila., March 29th, 1785.

#### REASONS.

First—The outlawry of the said Aaron Doan being founded on the “Act for the advancement of justice and the more certain administration thereof,” passed May 31st, 1718, the said Act ought to have been strictly observed, and its directions pursued with an “exceedingly nice and circumstantial” exactness, especially as the penalty is so great, and the precedent may be so dangerous. <sup>4</sup> Blackstone, 315.

By Magna Charta, no man can be outlawed but by the law of the land. Blackstone, 142.

But the proceedings aforesaid vary from the said Act in these instances: 1<sup>st</sup>ly. It is not returned by the Sheriff that the party was called on by proclamation “to answer to the Commonwealth,” as according to the said Act and capias ought to have been done.

2ndly.—It does not appear that the capias was delivered to the Sheriff three months before the return thereof, as the said Act requires; it not being even returned that the proclamations were made by virtue of the capias.

3rdly.—The said Act and the capias order of the Sheriff to make proclamation, &c.; but the Sheriff returns that he caused public proclamation to be made, &c.

4thly.—The Act directs the proclamation in every Court of Quarter Sessions, &c.; but the Sheriff returns that it was made at two several Courts of Quarter Sessions, &c.

5thly.—The Act says proclamation shall be made for the party "to appear before the said Justices, at the said Supreme Court;" but the Sheriff returns that the party was called upon by proclamation to appear at the Supreme Court.

Secondly—The Sheriff returns upon the capias that the party was called upon "to appear at the day and time within specified," which might be done by general reference in the proclamation to the writ, without expressly mentioning the day and year when the party ought to appear. The return ought expressly to mention the day and year; and no intendment, however strong, is sufficient to supply the defect. 2 Hales, P. C., 203, 460, 94; 3 Bac., 767; 4 Burr, 2559.

Where life depends upon proclamations, there cannot be too much exactness required, in order that the party may have due notice.

Thirdly—The Sheriff returns that he caused public proclamation to be made at two several Courts of General Sessions of the Peace, held at Newton, for the county of Bucks, &c.

This return is not sufficient. It was solemnly determined on repeated argument, and the most serious consideration by all the Judges in Wilkes' Case, to which the Honorable the Judges of the Supreme Court refer in their answer, that "from the precedents, it appears that a series of judgments have required a technical form of words in the description of the County Court, at which an outlaw is exaeted; that after the words "at my County Court," should be the name of the County, and after the word "held" should be added the county of (naming it.) In the return in the present case, the name of the county is not mentioned before the word "held." Lord Mansfield quoted several cases in which outlawries had been reversed

for this defect; and one of them was an outlaw for murder.

Upon the authority of the precedents, Mr. Wilkes' outlawry was reversed, and they, together with the very remarkable judgment in his case, unite in proving the present outlawry to be erroneous, unless it is easier to take away the life of a citizen by outlawry in the State, than to inflict a lighter punishment by outlawry on a subject in England. 4 Burr, 2563, &c.

If precedents establish a form of words with so much force, tho' the Judges were clearly of opinion that they began against law, reason and common sense, and that there was not a color originally to hold these words to be necessary, and where the penalty is so far inferior, how much more ought they to be regarded, and how religiously ought the express injunctions of a law wisely and benevolently intended to guard against loose proceedings to be revered when those proceedings are to condemn to death?

So critical have the Judges in England been with respect to outlawries, that we cannot find that the use of figures to denote time, as in the return in the present case, has ever been allowed, and the difference of a single letter, as in this return, the writing "Doane" for "Doan," has been held a good objection for reversal. Style, 182, 334; Cro. Elizi., 104; Cro. Ja., 576; 3 Bac., 767.

Fourthly—It appears very doubtful whether the issuing a warrant for the execution of Aaron Doan would be a regular proceeding for these considerations:

1st. Because there never has been "an instance in Pennsylvania of a person being executed upon outlawry by Judicial proceedings alone."

2ndly, Because if the Act for the advancement of justice, &c., is construed to mean the executing of a person thereon attainted by outlawry, it would be more sanguinary than the law then was in England, for the reasons given in the letter of Council to the Judges.

3rdly. Because in such a mode of proceeding, life is made to depend not only on a supposition of the party's being guilty of the crime with which he is charged, but also on a supposition of his being exactly informed of the fact (the making of the proclamations) to which he is not privy, and to which he may be totally ignorant. Thus this mode of proceeding aims only at the destruction of

individual, and, therefore, opposes that mild system of jurisprudence which the Constitution of this Commonwealth has adopted from principles that lead to a happy combination of humanity with legislation.

4thly.—Because it would weaken that security which the Constitution of the State appears to have intended for its citizens, being a dangerous mode of proceeding that, if admitted, ought to be regulated by the most exact cautions, as a precedent of this kind established in time of tranquility, may become a very destructive engine of policy in times less peaceful.

5thly. Because it is unnecessary, as the penalties expressly mentioned in the Act—"forfeiture of lands and tenements, goods and chattles"—might be judged by the Legislature a sufficient punishment, unless the guilt be proved in the usual manner

6thly. Because the act in several foregoing parts of it, having mentioned many capital offences, and the punishment to be inflicted on the criminals who committed them, in words which have been quoted in the answer of the Judges, as extending the penalty in outlawries beyond forfeiture of lands and tenements, goods and chattels, may receive a reasonable construction by being restrained to such criminals as had been mentioned in the act before it takes notice of outlawries, and also should be prosecuted and tried; the whole clause taken together strongly implying an exclusion of outlaws as having escaped from prosecution and trial, and such construction is recommended according to the excellent and well-known maxim of law, by its operating in favor of life.

[The remainder of the reasons will be published next week.]

[Continuation of the Supreme Executive Council's reasons in Aaron Doan's case.]

The words of the Act for the advancement of justice, etc., section the 17th, relating to outlawries, upon which this outlawry is founded are these: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons who have been indicted or appealed, who hereafter shall be indicted or appealed, for any of the said crimes, did not, or will not appear to answer such indictment or appeal, the Justices before whom the same hath been, or shall be taken, shall award a writ called *capias*, against every such offender, directed to the sheriff of the county where the party indicted or appealed are by such indictment or appeal supposed to be conversant, or inhabit returnable before the Justices of that Court where such party is, or shall be so indicted or appealed to the Supreme or Province Court next after the taking of such indictment or appeal, by which writ of *capias* the same Sheriff shall be commanded to take body of him or them so indicted or appealed. if he or they can be found in his bailiwick; or if he or they cannot be found, the Sheriff shall make Proclamation in every Court of Quarter Sessions which shall be held for the said county where the said party indicted or appealed is supposed to inhabit or be conversant, as aforesaid. That he or they being so indicted or appealed, shall appear before the said Justices, at the said Superior Court, on the day of the return of the said writ of *capias*, to answer our Lord and King, or to the party of the treason, felony or trespass, whereof he or they are so indicted or appealed, which writ shall be delivered to the said Sheriff or Sheriffs, three months before the return thereof; after which writ of *capias* so served or returned, if he who is so indicted or appealed come not at the said day of return of the said *capias* and yield his body to the Sheriff, he shall be by the Justices of the Supreme Court, pronounced outlawed, and attainted of the crime whereof he is so indicted or appealed as aforesaid, and from that time shall forfeit and lose all his lands and tenements, goods and chattles; WHICH FORFEITURE, and all other forfeitures expressed or implied by the said judgments, to be given upon the said capital offences mentioned in this Act, after such criminal's just

debts and reasonable charges of their maintenance in prison are deducted, shall go one-half to the Governor for the time being, towards support of this Government, and for defraying the charges of *prosecution, trial, and execution of such criminals*; and the other half, or residue, shall go to such criminal's wife and children, equally; but if he leaves no wife or children, then to the next of his kindred, not descending lower than the second degree, to be claimed within three years after the death of such criminals, otherwise the same shall go to the Governor, as aforesaid, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

From the foregoing words, it appears that the forfeiture of lands and tenements, goods and chattels, takes place on outlawry in the case of "*trespass*," as well as on outlawry in the case of "*treason or felony*." If, then, the words "which forfeiture," are to be coupled with the word *execution*, the construction will extend too far, and reach the outlawry in the cases of *trespass*, which cannot be admitted. Of consequence, the words, WHICH FORFEITURE, relating to *trespass* as well as to *treason* and *felony*, must have been intended by the Legislature to be construed *distinctly* throughout the following part of the clause from the words OTHER forfeitures, expressed or implied by the said judgments, to be given upon the said capital offences mentioned in this Act, &c., and to go, &c., towards support of government, and for defraying the charges of *prosecution, trial and EXECUTION* of such criminals, &c.; for there was no EXECUTION for outlawry in the case of *trespass*, and yet the same form of words appropriates the forfeiture in the same manner on outlawries in the cases of treason, felony and trespass. The words, *said capital* cases, make no separation between "*treason, trespass or felony*," as to outlawries. These words refer plainly to "other forfeitures and judgments" than those on outlawry, which other forfeitures and judgments had been before mentioned in the Aet, in several sections preceding that which treats of outlawry. The "other forfeitures" referred to actually depend on the offences being capital. The "forfeiture on outlawry" does not. Therefore, the words "which forfeiture," and the word "execution," cannot be relied on to prove that the Legislature meant that the penalty on outlawry, in cases of felony, should exceed that expressly mentioned, to

wit: "Forfeiture of lands and gene-  
ments, goods and chattels." If that  
was the meaning of the Legislature,  
it is too obscurely declared to take  
away life. It may also be concluded,  
reasonably, that if such had been their  
intention, they would have directed  
in what county the party is to be  
executed. Where the offence is  
charged to be committed, the indict-  
ment is found, and the proclamations  
are made in one county, and he is out-  
lawed in another, which is the pres-  
ent case.

Under the same proclamation of out-  
lawry Abraham and Levi Doan were  
finally apprehended in Chester county  
in the Summer of 1787. They were  
taken to the Philadelphia Jail, where  
in June, 1788, they were awaiting sen-  
tence of death. A determined and ex-  
haustive effort was made to save them  
from being hanged. On the 7th of  
June, of that year, they petitioned  
Benjamin Franklin, President of the  
Executive Council, asking that the  
mercy of the laws of the country may  
be extended to them, and that the  
"outlawry, so far as it relates  
to punishing us with death, may  
be rescinded." They acknowledge  
they had aided the British and  
committed various offences, but plead  
their "youth and inexperience," and  
the "artful persuasion of designing  
men," in extenuation. In a subse-  
quent petition, dated July 14, 1788,  
they say they were induced by artful  
enemies of the Commonwealth to  
commit various crimes at a very  
early age, neither of them being sev-  
enteen years old, but declare, they  
were not, "directly or indirectly con-  
cerned in the felony or burglary  
wherewith we are charged, and for  
which this process (outlawry) was had  
against us." The petitions of the un-  
fortunate men themselves not having  
met with success desired the friends  
of the family in Bucks county, next  
interpose their influence to save their  
lives. The 10th of August, 1788, a  
number of the citizens "residing in  
and near the township of Plumstead,"  
petitioned the Supreme Executive  
Council as follows:

To His Excellency, the President, and the  
Honorable, the Supreme Executive Council  
of the State of Pennsylvania: The petition  
of the subscribers, citizens of Pennsylvania,  
residing in and near the township of Plum-  
stead and county of Bucks, most respect-  
fully sheweth:—That your petitioners, from  
reports, are acquainted with the unfortu-  
nate situations of Levi and Abraham Doan,  
who, (we are informed,) are now under sen-  
tence of death, upon a process of outlawry;  
that the unfortunate persons have not been  
tried according to the Constitution, laws

and custom of this country, for the offence charged against them in the outlawry, by a jury of their fellow-citizens. They, therefore, humbly pray that the honorable council would take the premises unto their serious consideration, and if nothing appears against them but what is alleged in the outlawry, that you would in mercy be pleased to spare their lives. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

|                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Cephas Child,       | Randle Fenton,    |
| Joseph Chiid,       | Joseph Wright,    |
| Joseph Kirk,        | John Shaw,        |
| Thomas Palton,      | Enos Halsey,      |
| Thomas Dyer,        | John Dyer,        |
| William Doyle, Jr., | Thomas Wright,    |
| John Watson,        | Robert Kirkbride, |
| Naylor Child,       | William Bradshaw, |
| John Brown,         | John Bradshaw,    |
| James Shaw,         | Daniel Carlile,   |
| Andrew Dennison,    | Joseph Skelton,   |
| Edward Mere,        | John Cutler,      |
| Bernard Heilyer,    | Joseph Shepherd,  |
| William Skelton,    | Joseph Burgess,   |
| Jonathan Hough,     | Isaac Childs,     |
| Patrick Fenton,     | Jonathan Combs,   |
| Samuel Hanin,       | William Burges,   |
| John Fenton,        | Moses Rich,       |
| Abram Brown,        | Isaiah Michener,  |
| Josiah Brown,       | Amos Carlile,     |
| John Hutchinson,    | John Shepherd,    |
| Benjamin Scott,     | George Michener,  |
| William Meredith,   | Jonathan Brown,   |
| Thomas Hubert,      | Benjamin Carlile, |
| Jacob Groff,        | Thomas Shaw,      |
| William Strickland, | Alexander Rich,   |
| Halbart Diglass,    | George Burges,    |
| Stephen Barton,     | John Brown, Sr.   |

On the 13th, the mothers and sisters of the condemned men, for they had now been sentenced to death, petitioned the Council for pardon, but they say that if they cannot do this, they ask them to grant them length of time "to prepare for their death, and to complete, if possible, the important work of salvation." This petition bears the signatures of "Hester Doane, mother of Levi Doane; Rachel Doane, mother of Abraham Doane; Rachel Doane, sister of Abraham Doane, and Mary Doane, sister of Levi Doane." This petition was supported by another, signed by over an hundred of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia, who asked that the lives of the two condemned men "may be spared, and the punishment of death remitted or altered to that of hard labor or banishment." To this petition are signed the names of Edward Fox, father of the late Judge Fox, of Doylestown; J. Swanwick, who was the owner of the land where the old Doylestown banking house stands, and which was confiscated because of his treason; Rob't Morris, the financier of the Revolution, and William White, first Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania. The petition contained many other well-known names. Two days afterward, the mothers presented another petition to the President of the Council, accompanied by one from their two

condemned sons, asking for pardon, or an extension of time to prepare for death. Another and similar petition was presented the 19th of August. On the 6th of September, Joseph Doan, the father of Levi, and uncle of Abraham, petitioned the Council in behalf of his son and nephew, and asked that their lives be spared.

These repeated applications must have made some impression on the Executive Council, for soon afterward, a petition, numerously signed by inhabitants of Bucks county, was presented to Council, asking that the law be allowed to take its course, and protesting against the pardon of the criminals. It was laid before the Council and read the 17th of September. This petition reads as follows, with the following names attached:

To the Honorable, the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania; the remonstrance and petition of several inhabitants of Bucks county, humbly sheweth, that your petitioners are seriously alarmed by a late vote and resolution of your honorable board in favor of Levi and Abraham Doane. We know that your honorable board are no strangers to the alarm and distress occasioned by these men and their accomplices to many inhabitants of this county. You are no strangers to the different robberies committed by them; their plunder of property, public and private; their violent breaking open houses in the night; their outrageous abuse of men's persons, and their murdering a subject of the State in an act of obedience to the laws of his country and in prosecuting the special design of your proclamation for apprehending these very culprits. We need not detain your honorable body by representing to you how much of the public money has been spended in apprehending these pests of society; how much time has been lost in pursuing them; how many families have been really distressed, and their business hindred by the loss of horses, some of which have been plundered before the owners' eyes, and they compelled to inform where their horses were. Could we believe your honorable board to be unacquainted with our trouble, we would inform you, that several inhabitants of this county have been obliged to forsake their houses, to abandon their crying families in the night, and to seek shelter in some lonely retreat through the threats, the insults, the personal abuse sustained by these ruffians. As long as there was any show of repentance, and prospect of reformation, several, even of the sufferers, joined with others in petitioning your honorable board to spare the offenders. But, we now find, that instead of improving our lenity as the means

of reformation, it has been construed as the effect of fear; they have added insult to their former crimes; and even now, some of their friends have had the effrontery openly to say, "They wished to God the Doanes might be pardoned," and then let those stand clear who gave evidence against them. In such a situation of things we cannot forbear remonstrating in the most earnest manner against every idea of sparing men whose dismission from a merited punishment is wholly inconsistent with the peace and safety of the good subjects of the State. As the great design of good government is to protect and encourage innocence, and to restrain vice, and as the laws of our country have this evidently for their scope, we humbly hope the Executive department will cheerfully concur in the same salutary design. As, therefore you discountenance mischief and show your approbation of a ready obedience to laws on the part of the subject; as you would protect the innocent from rapine and abuse; as you would calm the fears of those who have committed the protection of life and property to your care; as you would make our houses to be places of purity from the violence of the spoiler; as you would not wish to patronize the most horrid violation of salutary laws and give sanction to the greatest enormities by such repeated pardons; as you would shew any regard to the cry of loyal blood shed in an act of obedience to your call, we petition, we beseech, we conjure you, not long to defer the execution of those giants in villainy, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c., &c.

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| William Hart,      | Daniel Martin,     |
| James McMasters,   | William Todd,      |
| Jacob Humphrey,    | Solomon Dungan,    |
| John Shaw,         | Joseph Dyre,       |
| Thomas Hughes,     | John Grier,        |
| Robert Stewart,    | Josias Ferguson,   |
| John Price,        | H. Winner,         |
| John Ha t,         | Alexander Wyker,   |
| Tid. Hull,         | Peter Vansant, Sr, |
| Moses Dunlap,      | Silas Hart,        |
| Gayers Euams,      | Mark Hapeny,       |
| Jacob Weaver,      | Peter Roberts,     |
| Garret Dungan,     | James Kennedy,     |
| Reading Beatty.    | Joseph Scull,      |
| Augustin Willett,  | John Keith,        |
| William Calla,     | William Simpson,   |
| James Snodgrass,   | Isaac Wynkoop,     |
| George Pozel,      | Felix Long,        |
| Samuel Flack,      | James Sate,        |
| Richard Stillwell, | John Paural,       |
| William Bennett,   | John Pltner,       |
| Joseph Clunn,      | Daniel Carpenter,  |
| Gilbert Rodman,    | Thomas Gibson,     |
| Andrew McMinn,     | John Rodrock,      |
| Thomas Stewart,    | Joseph Hinkel,     |
| Adam Barr,         | Joseph Connard,    |
| John Tucker, Jr.,  | James Gibson,      |

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| John DeCourcey,   | Josiah Shaw,      |
| Archd. McCorkel,  | George Walker,    |
| James Greg,       | Robert Darrach,   |
| Richard Walker,   | Robert Darrach,   |
| George Coryell,   | Thomas Darrach,   |
| William Scott,    | William Darrach,  |
| William Crawford, | Matt. Hart,       |
| Robert Flock,     | Archibald Darrah, |
| Phillip Hinkle,   | Hugh Ferguson,    |
| Thomas Craig,     | James Ferguson,   |
| Richard Wilkes,   | Hugh Shaw.        |

The strenuous efforts made to have Abraham and Levi Doan pardoned were unsuccessful and they were hanged on 24th of September, 1788.

Robert Steele, another member of the gang who robbed the Newtown Treasury and subsequently was outlawed, was apprehended in 1785. His case is briefly described in Dallas' Reports, Vol. II., page 92. It is stated therein that when he was brought up for judgment, he denied that he was the same Robert Steele who was mentioned in the outlawry, and an issue was joined by the Attorney General to try the identity.

"Lewis, as counsel for the prisoner, took two exceptions on the trial: First, That it was not proved that the defendant was an inhabitant of Wrightstown as stated in the process of outlawry; for though it appeared that he worked there, he contended that circumstance alone did not establish a residence. Second, That the addition is false and defective; for, he is called 'Yeoman,' which means (contrary to the fact) that he is a freeholder of the value of 40 shillings per annum; and the addition does not extend to the town or hamlet, the name, degree or mystery, without which the outlawry is void.

"Bradford, Attorney General, insisted that the proof of residence was sufficiently made; and that, by the statute, the description might either be of the degree or mystery; the latter of which had been chosen in the present case.

"*By the Court* :—It is necessary to state the township; but if the defendant is proved to have been there, it is enough to satisfy the designation. The first day a man comes into a place he is a stranger; the second day he is considered as a guest; and the third day he becomes an inhabitant. But if any one comes from New Jersey, and stays only an hour in Pennsylvania, during which he commits an offense, he must be charged as of the township in which he was at the time; for, he cannot be called of New Jersey. With respect to the objection against the form of the addition, it is to be observed that the statute requires the description of a state, de-

gree, or mystery; but either of them is sufficient. For instance, it has never been doubted but that the addition of widow, or spinster, is valid, and yet such addition is certainly not descriptive of any degree or mystery."

This case was argued and decided on October 14, 1785. The issue being found for the Commonwealth, sentence of death was pronounced, and the defendant, Robert Steele, was soon afterwards executed in Philadelphia.

In the publication of this history a mass of legal matter found in Dallas' Reports, Vol. I., on the case of Aaron Doan, as well as similar matter in the cases of Abraham and Levi Doan, is omitted because it probably would not interest the general public. In its stead the liberty is taken to quote from the Autobiography of Charles Biddle, pages 232-234, the best and only really authentic account we have of the arrest and execution of Abraham and Levi Doan. Mr. Biddle saw them both and was perfectly familiar with the circumstances of which he speaks. He says:

"In the month of September, (1788,) Levi and Abraham Doan, two young men from Bucks county, were taken prisoners and brought before the Supreme Court, then sitting in Philadelphia. Being outlawed it was only necessary to identify them, to sentence them to death. As they were well known in Bucks county, this was done and they received their sentence. The case of these young men was exceedingly hard. When very young, their fathers were very ill-treated by some violent committeemen in the county, on account of their attachment to the British Government. The father of Abraham Doan had his plantation confiscated and sold, and these lads were threatened, if they did not voluntary enter into the American army they should be pressed. In consequence of this they went off and joined the British. It was said they afterwards committed depredations in the neighborhood of where they were born, and it is probably true. If the treatment of their parents did not justify them, it certainly was some excuse for their conduct. At the conclusion of the peace they returned to their county, as they said, to see their friends and relations; but one of them, it was generally thought, came back on account of a very handsome girl he was fond of before he went to the British, and his cousin would not leave him. They were concealed a considerable time

by their friends; it at length, however, became known that they were in the county, when several who were, or conceived themselves, injured by them, endeavored to have them apprehended; but as they were stout, active, resolute men, and went always well armed, those who were in pursuit of them were afraid openly to attack them. Probably there hardly lived a more active man than the younger, Abraham. If he were seen by persons on horseback in pursuit of him, and he on foot, he would run like a deer, and no fence could stop him a moment. He went over any fence without putting a hand on it. They were both tall, handsome men. A considerable time after their return into the State they were taken by surprise in Chester county, by some men who were out hunting, who from their appearance in the woods, and from their endeavors to conceal themselves, suspected them of having bad intentions, and insisted on their going before a magistrate. They made no resistance, hoping, as they were not known, they would be immediately dismissed; in this, however, they were greatly mistaken. They were carried before Colonel Hannum, who committed them to jail. Had they not attempted to conceal themselves, they would not have been apprehended, for they told a very plausible story of their being New Jerseymen on the way westward to take up land.

"Had they applied to Thomas Ross, Esq., a gentleman of the Bar, who then lived at Chester (and was present when they were brought before Colonel Hannum) within a day or two of their commitment, he would have had them liberated; but owing to some mistake they did not apply in time, and they were detained until, some people coming to Chester from Bucks county, they were known. As there was no reward offered for apprehending them,\* the people who took them were no ways anxious about their being kept in prison. Mr. Ross, who was their counsel when they were brought to the Court, has since told me that he lamented they had not applied in time to him, for he knew the family had been hardly used. He was born near where these young men were, and knew them well before they went off, but did not recollect them when they were brought before Colonel Hannum.

"After they were condemned, and a time was fixed for their execution, the father of Abraham, several female relations and friends, and some in-

fluential gentlemen, waited on Council to solicit a pardon for them, or if that could not be obtained, a reprieve. The latter was readily granted.

"Hearing much of these men, and wishing to communicate intelligence which I knew would give great pleasure to these unfortunate men and their friends, I went to jail to inform them that Council had granted a reprieve for one month. I wished also to prepare them for the worst that might happen. When I went into the room, they were surrounded by their relatives and friends, among whom were several females, two of them very handsome girls that had lived with them in the woods. It was to no purpose I told them that the prisoners were only reprieved for a month, and that it was probable they would not be pardoned. When they found they were reprieved, they gave way to the most extravagant joy; they all concluded that through the intercession of friends, they should be pardoned. This, I am told, they must not expect, although I had very little doubt myself but what a pardon would be granted. I always thought it wrong to grant a reprieve for any length of time, without granting a pardon; it is like putting a man to death in cold blood. Before the month expired the Legislature met, when they petitioned for pardon, and if that could not be obtained for a trial by jury. The Legislature were inclined to pass a bill in their favor, and appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Rittenhouse, to confer with the Supreme Executive Council on the subject of their petition. This, I believe, was what proved fatal to these young men. Several of the members of Council thought the Legislature had no business to interfere, as the power of pardoning, by the Constitution, was given to Council. They refused to pardon, or to extend the time fixed for their execution. It was in vain the members of the Legislature and the minority in Council urged the peculiar situation of these unfortunate men; the majority were jealous of the interference of the Legislature, and it was carried by a very small majority that they should suffer. Going to Council the day after the conference, I met them going in a cart to the gallows, followed by their relations and friends. It was a very affecting sight. They died with great firmness."

The loss entailed upon Treasurer John Hart by the robbery of the treasury at Newtown, caused him a

great deal of worriment and trouble and it is believed hastened his death. The exact amount of specie taken was £735, 17s., 9d.—a large sum in those days. The State money stolen Mr. Hart estimated at £1,307. Three years after the robbery, he applied to the Legislature for the passage of a law relieving him from the payment of the amount of money stolen. The Legislature appointed a committee, consisting of Colonel Francis Murray, John Carr and Alexander Hughes, to investigate the claim and report. A bill was finally passed for Mr. Hart's relief, but it was not until after his death at Newtown on June 5, 1786.

\*Mr. Biddle is mistaken in this, as Abraham and Levi were mentioned in the proclamation of outlawry.

[THE END.]





